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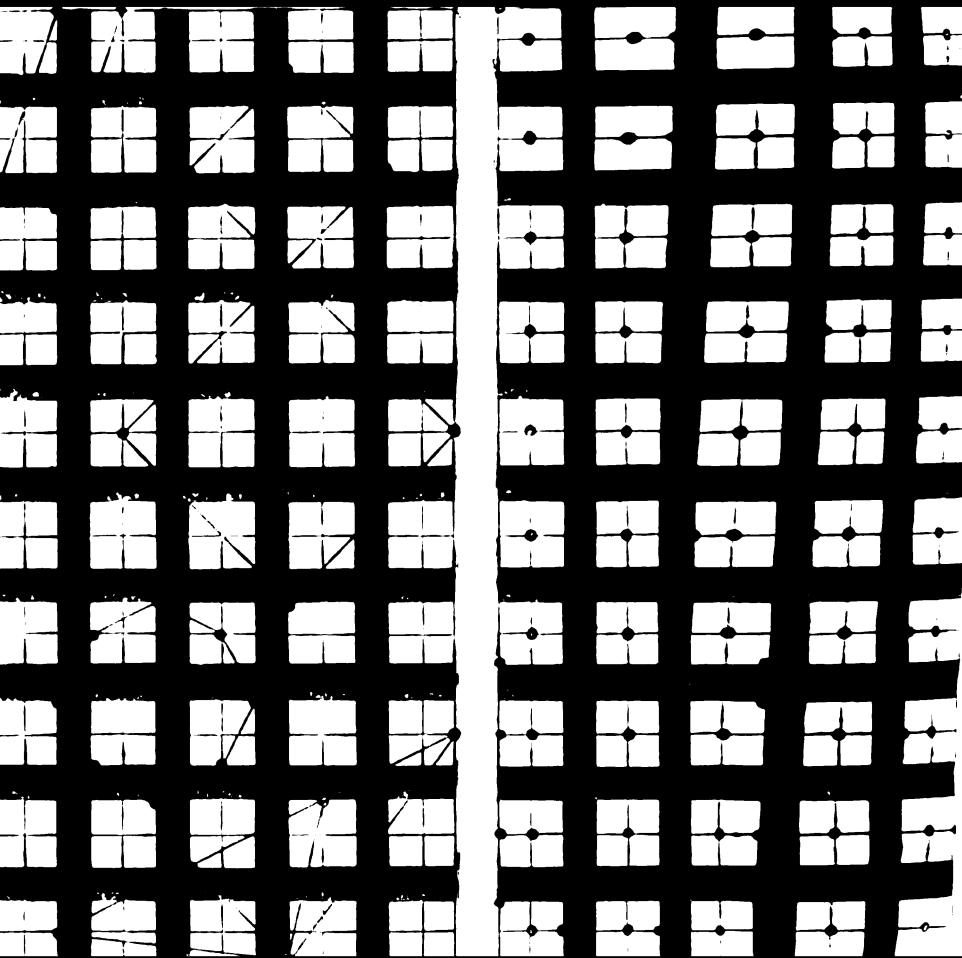
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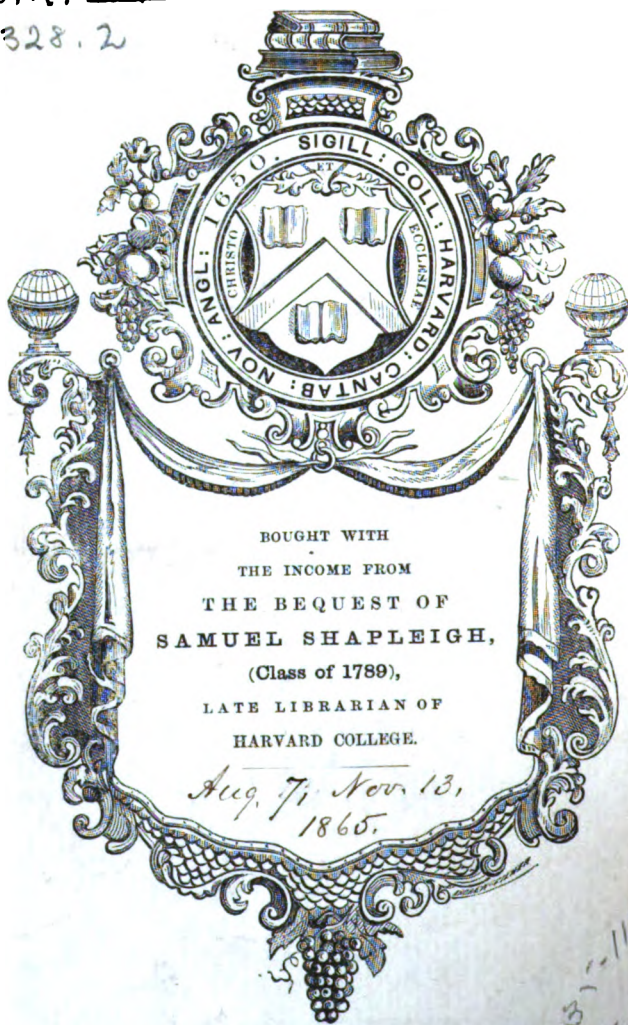
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THAT a large surface of heathclad mountain and moorland, intersected by brawling streams and unnavigable rivers, chequered here and there with broad lochs and solitary tarns, and under the influence of a climate such as to preclude the possibility of the land being brought into cultivation by any outlay of capital, should contribute in a great degree to the wealth and wellbeing of the country on which it is found mapped, may be considered a somewhat startling proposition.

If, indeed, those mountain-ranges were rich in mineral product—in coal, in iron—if those angry torrents, boring and grinding their passage through the auriferous rock, carried down with them the precious grain to gild the sandbank of the rivers to which they are tributary—the value of such possessions would be apparent, and the inhabitants of such a region would have other ties beside that dear one of home and fatherland to bind them to the soil. But no such sources of wealth are known to exist there, or they remain yet to be explored. At the present day, ‘the busy hum of men’ disturbs not the stillness of those broad straths; the sound of the forge-hammer is unheard in those remote corries; no tall chimneys are there to poison the air and mar the wild beauty of the romantic scenery; nor is it on record that any observant angler has laid aside his fishing-gear to sift gold-dust in the river’s deposit.

But this extensive tract of waste upland—which up to a recent
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period yielded little or no return to its possessors, and is left even now in all its primitive wildness—has been discovered to bear a bounteous, rent-paying product—an unthought-of harvest—to be gathered in the purple heather of its picturesque hill-sides: not, indeed, without ‘sweat of brow,’ but self-imposed and pleasant withal is the toil to the labourer as the result is remunerative and without outgoings of any kind to the proprietor of the land.

Some future Macaulay, perhaps, when tracing, literally ‘*ab ovo*,’ the growth of modern civilisation in the Highlands of Scotland, will take occasion, in a long exordium, to moralise on the great results produced by small causes, by way of preparing his readers and excusing himself for the introduction of so insignificant a subject as a wild game-bird in the serious page of history. He may suggest that he is not altogether without precedent, and will advert briefly to the services rendered by another bird (too often thoughtlessly made game of) in saving a certain capitol, before he records the indirect influence exercised by the grouse on its native land. He may deem such honourable mention of the bird derogatory to the dignity of the historian; but it is not the less a fact that the parcelling off the moor and mountain into *grouse-shootings* has been productive of a most beneficial effect in many different ways on the country. Besides increasing largely the incomes of the proprietors, the sojourn of the wealthy tenant from the South, and the consequent spreading of much money over wide and poor districts, has added to the material comfort and happiness of the people; while the introduction at the same time of new habits, new manners, new ideas, has promoted their advancement and improvement.

It is true that increased facilities of locomotion have of late years turned a part of the stream of travel northward which used to flow in other channels. A summer excursion to the Highlands is now become what a trip to Paris or a tour in Switzerland was formerly. The pleasure-seeker, the holiday tourist, is no longer obliged to cross the Channel in search of the picturesque and the grand in scenery: it is equally easy to transport himself to Scotland, and he finds there every beautiful combination of mountain and valley, of wood and lake and river.

To this influx of strangers, then, it may be objected, is due the advantage asserted to have accrued from the grouse—it is the *traveller* who has been the pioneer. Not so. The tourist hosts move nearly in the same groove; there is a certain beaten track, from which they rarely deviate, and this leads them through a comparatively narrow section of the Highlands. It is obvious that in their course much money is distributed; capacious hotels have

have risen in their wake, shops to provide for their probable wants have started up, and means of conveyance by land and water have been established on their routine line of travel; but, beyond the pecuniary advantage thus conferred on certain localities, it is very questionable whether the affluence of tourists has been altogether a gain to the country; whether it has produced a very healthy effect on the character and the *morale* of the people. It is a generally acknowledged fact that it has had a contrary tendency in those parts of the continent of Europe to which the tide of travel has set strongest, and in which the requirements and comforts of the stranger have been most studied.

While, however, the tourist has been hurrying along the route laid down for him in his Guide-book, leaving, we fear, upon his track more of evil than of good, another more influential class of aliens has taken temporary possession of a vast extent of the Highlands, and, making it a residence for some months in the year, has not only contributed essentially to the material wealth of the country, but has worked a permanent good to the inhabitants of remote and wild districts by revolutionising their habits and prejudices, by bringing them, as it were, into communication with a world to which they were strangers.

We allude to the lessees of grouse-shootings; we do not care to include those of deer-forests, because these latter are comparatively few in number, and the ranges from which the sheep have been removed are, from their more remote localities and more rugged character, for the most part but thinly populated.

Probably the first of those who visited the Highlands of Scotland with a view of testing the capabilities of the country as a sporting field were carried thither by the love of adventure and the novelty of exploring fresh ground. They had for a time but few followers, and these not mere *shooters* but *sportsmen*—there is a wide difference between the two terms—men who, tired of the hedgebound stubble-field, found on the wide moor more room for their energies, more scope for the indulgence of tastes which carried them beyond the mere killing and slaying. In later years the overflow of shooters from the crowded South naturally sought the outlet most convenient for its current.

Many circumstances have combined to multiply the number of men who take up shooting as their field-sport of predilection. The restrictions imposed by the old Game Law rendered shooting the exclusive privilege of the comparatively few—the '*fruges consumere nati*': the field was open only to those who were possessed of a certain amount of landed property. The abrogation of this statute in 1831, and the new Act, which gave the necessary qualification to any one furnished with a game certificate,

cate, let in 'the many.' The increase in wealth within the last few years has enlarged the *class* of shooters. Again, the rapidity of travelling has enabled very many to indulge in field-sports who could ill afford the loss of time and the heavy expenses incurred in the old-fashioned journey by the turnpike-road. And it is not only that the number of shooters is increased, they have become also more destructive. The notable improvements in firearms, dating from the invention of the percussion lock to supersede the old flint, down to the more recent substitution of the breech-loader for the muzzle-loader, have enabled men to shoot quicker and better.

The taste for shooting becoming thus more widely diffused, there was no longer room for the increased number of its followers, who naturally looked about them for a new and more open range of practice. Hence the irruption—it may so be called—of the Southerner into the Highlands of Scotland. A tract, which seemed to him illimitable in length and breadth, accustomed as he was to the confined bounds of an enclosed country, was there found to be attainable on lease. The 'monarch-of-all-I-survey' sort of feeling, the absolute freedom that could be there exercised from all the tedious conventionalities of ordinary life, the voluntary abandonment of all his usual luxuries, and the very *roughing it* in homely quarters had its charm; but, more than all, the bracing, life-giving air he breathed on the hills was delightful to the new-comer. A moor in Scotland became an institution: fashion sanctioned it, but the intrinsic merits of the thing established it.

The Red Grouse (*Lagopus Scoticus*) is so well known in appearance that we spare the reader the technical enumeration of the marks which distinguish it from many other birds of the same family, the genus *Tetrao*. Two other species are found with us: the Capercailzie, or Cock of the Wood (*Urogallus*), and the Blackcock (*Tetrao tetrix*). The former of these was indigenous, and, after becoming extinct, has been within the last few years successfully reintroduced into Scotland. It is the Red Grouse, however, that has unwittingly conferred so great a boon on the Highlands of Scotland.

Sir William Jardine says of it:—

'The Muir-fowl, the delight of the sportsman, may be placed at the head of the sports of the fowler; it is to him what the fox is to the hunter, the salmon to the fisher. The light air of the early morning of a fine *twelfth*, and the free and open, almost unbounded prospect, exhilarate the spirits; while the boldness of the game upon discovery, erectly uttering his cry of warning to his brood,—his vigorous, lengthened flight, so long as to create doubts of his being again seen—
carry

carry with them a continuation of excitement, long after it is satiated with following the skulking black game, or the more rural amusement of walking up partridges. But independent of this claim upon the sportsman, it has another: the red grouse is exclusively confined to the British Islands, and has never been found on any part of the continent; and it would be much to be regretted if unlimited persecution or want of preservation should in after years exterminate this bird, so exclusively national.*

Sir William might have added that the grouse possesses yet another recommendation, which with many persons will outweigh those he has awarded to it, and will be considered far more praiseworthy than the beauty of its plumage and the thoroughly game look of the bird. It is no mean addition to the *menu* of the dinner-table. This quality has established for it a reputation in parts of the country remote from the spot where it is so valuable as an object of sport and a source of revenue; and this, it may be assumed, fairly entitles it to a larger share of general interest in its family history and its peculiar habits than if it were a bird of meaner pretensions.†

The birds differ greatly in plumage, the colour varying from all the shades of brown to almost black; nor are they nearly uniform in size and weight; the grouse of the Western Highlands being much larger than those of Perthshire and the East generally, where, however, they are much more abundant. Mr. Colquhoun remarks: 'Grouse are never so plentiful on the West coast, from the wet springs addling so many of the eggs. This deficiency in quantity is the reason of the superior quality of the-

* 'Naturalist's Library,' iv. 145.

† The French reproach us with having but one sauce; it may with more truth be asserted that in the south, where grouse is an important luxury, we know but one mode of dressing it. The cook looks upon it as a bird to be *inevitably* roasted; and far be it from us to insinuate that so treated, and served up with its *garniture* of artistically browned bread-crumbs, it does not gracefully and fitly bear the honours of precedence at the second course; but we would submit that its merits are still but imperfectly developed. In fact, the real value of the grouse as food can only be fairly appreciated where the supply is unlimited. Thus, for instance, in the kitchen of every well-organised shooting-lodge is established a *pot au feu*, which, like the famous Heidelberg tun in days of yore, is never exhausted, but as its savoury contents are drawn off, it is replenished continually with new *matériel*.

To this slowly simmering caldron are consigned those birds whose mature age unfits them for a more summary process of preparation for table, and those whose inexperience or misplaced confidence has allowed them to rise too near the gun. May be an aged blackcock or an occasional hare may help 'to make the haggis good.' The result is a soup of such surpassing excellence, that once tasted it is never to be forgotten. But to *savourer* thoroughly the young and tender bird, let it be split open, broiled, and served up at breakfast, spread-eagle fashion. Those who have never eaten spatchcocked grouse can hardly be said to know the real flavour of the bird.

Argyllshire birds, it being a never-failing rule that when ground is overstocked the creatures deteriorate.*

Their food consists of the young and tender tops of the heather, and of the mountain and bog berries, of which the country affords a great variety. The young brood continues with the hen till early in October, when they begin *to pack*, as it is termed, in large flocks, to the number of forty or fifty. This packing, however, occurs earlier or later, according to the season; and if the weather set in cold and stormy, even in mid-September the birds will get together; they then become wild and difficult to approach. When the winter is severe, and the snow lies deep on the hills, they descend in great numbers to the low ground in search of food, and fall easy victims to the snare and gun of the poacher.

The first mention we can discover of grouse, as a game bird, occurs in 'Burt's Letters.' Captain Burt was quartered at Inverness about the year 1730, and it would seem that he and his brother officers, as men in country quarters continue to do, *more majorem*, took the field against the *feræ naturæ* of the neighbourhood. After relating that their diet consisted of salmon, partridge, grouse, hare, &c., and speaking of the *tarmican* as 'being like a grouse,' he goes on to say:—

'Hares and the several kinds of birds above mentioned, abound even to exuberance—rather too much for a sportsman's diversion. We often make presents to the inhabitants, who *none of them will bestow powder or shot upon any of the game*. You may sometimes buy partridges for a penny apiece: but there are not many except in snow, when there are sackfuls. I asked a magistrate why such poaching was allowed. He said, "*Oh, if it wasn't so, we should never get any for ourselves.*"'

We may gather from this that grouse were *game*; that the gentry did not care to shoot them; and that the country people taking them was considered *poaching*, though it was not looked upon as a very heinous offence.

Our earliest sporting authorities are very meagre in their accounts of the grouse; and their instructions to the shooter amount to but little. Colonel Hawker, the *great gun* of his day, dismisses the subject with a few words only; and Mr. Daniel, whose admirable work, 'Rural Sports' (1805), now almost forgotten, has nevertheless been the basis of many a later book on Field Sports, devotes but a few pages of his three ample quartos to the bird. He gives the following quaint warning of the work to be done in following grouse:—

* 'Moor and Loch,' p. 112.

‘Up the hills, where a horse can travel, grouse-shooting is a noble diversion; to be undertaken otherwise demands constant hard labour, for the shooter is, during the course of the day, ascending; that is, if he finds a brood on the top of one eminence, they will swoop over the valley till they reach the summit of another, up which the sportsman has to climb.’*

The same author affords evidence, in a foot-note, that he, like ourselves, had looked in vain for any ancient records of grouse, since he is fain to content himself with a negative proposition, going only to the extent of proving the estimation in which the bird was *not* held in the fourteenth century:—

‘Neither this (the grouse),’ he says, ‘nor the blackcock, were at the feast of Archbishop Nevil, which is somewhat surprising, especially as both are found in Yorkshire: perhaps they were unaccustomed to the taste of them, or did not consider them a dainty: they are more highly esteemed when sent as presents to the south, both fresh and potted. The expedition of the mailcoaches has at least enabled the Londoners to receive the moor game sweeter than formerly.’

‘To show the abundance’ (here speaks the true sportsman) ‘rather than the exploit itself (which by a *sportsman*, it is to be hoped, will never be repeated), the Earl of Strathmore’s gamekeeper was matched for a considerable sum to shoot forty brace of moor game in the course of the 12th of August, upon his Lordship’s moors in Yorkshire.’

‘In 1801 a gentleman in Invernessshire shot fifty-two brace of moor game in one day, never killing a bird sitting, or more than one bird at a time.’

This latter feat he leaves without comment: perhaps he could not trust himself to express his feelings. He had never heard of a *battue*, nor read the modern chronicles of the first days of grouse-shooting in the ‘Inverness Courier.’

Forty years ago the grouse and other winged game in the Highlands was hardly considered worthy of any care in its preservation; the gamekeeper’s duties extended only to the protection of the deer; for the proprietors were jealous of their forest rights, and waged fierce war against the poacher who soared at such high game. The grazings were for the most part let to small farmers; and the rental derived from these made up the aggregate income of the laird. To the latter the shootings on the ground were no source of profit, and they were of little good to the poor man, affording a few brace of grouse or a hare or two, perhaps now and then a stray deer, to those who had the activity and energy to capture them; but this advantage was more than nullified by the habits of idleness and opposition to the law thereby engendered. Fowlingpieces, too, at that time were rare as they

* ‘Rural Sports,’ iii. 75.

were rude in manufacture among the poorer classes, and the moor-game was killed more by the snare than the gun.

We are tempted to introduce a communication made to us by a Highland friend, although it carries us back to a period more remote than that to which we refer:—

‘Donald Macdonald, a native of Braemar, who died about ten years ago, at, I believe, about eighty years of age, and who was gamekeeper for many years to the late Mr. Farquharson, of Finzean, and afterwards to the late Sir Alexander Duff, was, as I have often heard from himself and others, the first man in his native district who practised shooting grouse upon the wing. He did so, not as keeper, but for his own amusement, and as what would now be called a poacher; but so little were grouse thought of in those days in that country, that his unauthorised shooting was never looked upon as an offence. On the contrary, Lord Fife’s keeper in the Mar Forest used, he said, often to get his assistance in procuring such supplies of game as were ordered from time to time by his Lordship. The keeper himself, whose employment had reference not to the preservation of grouse, but of deer, was, it may be supposed, glad of such aid, seeing that the only notion he had of shooting grouse was *potting* them on the ground with a single-barrelled gun, rested on a forked stick, which he carried with him for the purpose. This may have been seventy or seventy-five years ago.’

But while the smaller game was thus disregarded, or valued only in so far as it afforded an occasional day’s amusement to the proprietor and his friends, the forest-rights, as we said before, were jealously asserted, and the rigorous enactments of the laws remained still in force, the complex nature of which often led to bitter family feuds, to personal quarrels, and to endless litigation among neighbours.

This state of things has been most ably and pleasantly delineated in ‘Forest Sketches, or Deerstalking and other Sports in the Highlands Fifty Years ago.’ Into a tale, as well told as it is interesting in itself, the author has introduced what he modestly terms sketches, but which may rather be called finished drawings of forest adventure, deerstalking, otter-hunting, salmon-spearing, and other wild sports, all so truthfully and vividly coloured as to bring the scene of each adventure palpably before the reader. They remind us of the graphic descriptions of the late Charles St. John; and the connoisseur will see at a glance, from the handling of the subject, and the touch, and the finish, that the two artists were of the same school.

The author, in his introduction, takes a brief survey of the old forest laws in Scotland, and, among other enactments, we find one to the effect ‘that no man hunt or hault who hath not a pleugh
of

of land in heritage, under the pain of an hundred pounds.* 'This last Act,' he continues, 'still remains upon the statute book, but it is seldom enforced, except in the case of landless persons who apply for a game certificate with the object of trespassing on the ground of others, or, in other words, poaching with impunity.'

It is a curious fact that the law of qualification, which was set aside in England by the new game-law, should still exist in Scotland. In France also the *porte d'armes*, or permission to carry a gun, is never granted unless the applicant can show that he has land of his own, or an authorisation to shoot over that of another person; and few right-thinking people, we submit, would be disposed to find fault with such an enactment, on the score either of wisdom or justice.

An English traveller was unpleasantly made aware of the existence of this law in France, some few years ago. Proposing to shoot his way through the Pyrenees, he applied at the *Mairie* for the necessary *porte d'armes*. M. le Maire himself heard the request, and politely requested to see the traveller's *permission to shoot*. When he confessed his utter ignorance of such a requirement, he explained that the permission to carry arms was one thing, the law of trespass another; that the former was never granted but to those who were able to show how it could be used without infringing the latter. Utterly taken aback by this unlooked-for bar to his shooting projects (for he was a stranger in the land), the Englishman was bowing himself out, when M. le Maire, after enjoying his embarrassment for a moment, told him in the most courteous manner that he would undertake to put him within the law, by giving him leave to shoot on his property.

The French game law does not go beyond the fixing the seasons at which game may or may not be killed; the law of trespass, however, is as stringent as it is well defined. It enacts that no one shall set foot on another man's land, *on any pretence*, without leave of the owner, and subjects the trespasser to cumulative penalties. There are no legal fictions; no obligation on the part of the proprietor of the ground to swear to damage, 'to wit, to the value of three farthings;' no question as to the object of the trespasser, whether in pursuit of game or not. It is enough that he shall be found where he has no right to be.

One more extract from 'Forest Sketches,' which bears more immediately on our subject. Speaking of the good feeling existing between landlord and tenant, and the common cause made by

* Introduction, p. xiv.

both against the rights asserted by the great proprietors of forests, the author says :—

‘Then most Highland proprietors had near relations among their tenants, to whom they considered themselves bound by ties always held sacred, and who were never denied the right to shoot and kill as much game as they chose. About the end of the last and beginning of this century, some of the kinsfolk of the laird materially helped to maintain their families and retainers by means of the river and the moor, and, besides, sold game to the amount of their small rents. The game certificate now required by every sportsman had not been very long imposed, was not thought necessary, and was seldom obtained.’

It is suggestive that the word *grouse* does not occur in the volume before us.

In order to form a just idea of the state of the country at the time to which we refer it behoves us to take a nearer view of the Highland economy then prevailing. The population, though sparse and scanty in proportion to the immense extent of territory, was already too large for the resources of a soil by nature unproductive and intolerant of cultivation. Families huddled together in wretched cabins, exposed to all the horrors of poverty and privation, contrived with difficulty to pick up a bare subsistence. Their very ignorance of the comforts and refinements of civilised life, and the narrow bounds set to their wants, rendered them happily insensible of their condition. The strong feeling of clanship lingered yet among the people; and their affection for their loved mountain-land was hardly exceeded by their attachment to their chieftain; these two sentiments—instincts almost in the Highlander—contributed mainly to render their state bearable.

Dr. Macculloch says :—

‘The Englishman, to whom the habits and feelings of this people are unknown, will be surprised that such a state of things can exist at all, and not less so to find that it is difficult to apply a remedy. He expects that the natural overflowing of people in one place will, without effort, discharge its superfluity on those where there is a deficiency. He is unacquainted with the pertinacity with which the Highlanders adhere to their place of birth, and that, it would seem, in inverse ratio to all apparent causes of attraction. At the same time, it must be remarked that the insulated state, the peculiar habits, and the language of the people present additional obstacles to migration; and that many changes, yet far distant, must be made before such a free communication can be established as shall allow it to take place, without effort and without pain, before it shall become a current part of the system of action. Any expedients which shall break through these habits and destroy these bounds will facilitate this measure, so much to be wished ;

wished ; and by abolishing distinctions in the community at large, render the interchange of all its constituents easy.*

The small farms and grazings, we have said, formed the only source of revenue to the proprietor of the land. These were all in very limited holdings, tenanted by the inhabitants of the strath. That portion of the land which was under the plough, for the most part in detached patches, produced a crop of oats or bear, scanty at the best of times, precarious always ; so ungrateful the soil, and so rude the climate. The number of sheep raised was not greater than sufficed to provide food for the household of the tenant, and supply the demand of the nearest market-town. Black cattle formed the important stock of the country. It was only in the year 1803 the Highland Society offered a premium for the best essay on the '*Introduction of sheep-farming*,' the results of which might, it was hoped, render the Highlands a food-producing country, and make sheep a staple of commerce.

This was the first impulse given to a movement which has eventually led to such important results. Here the Highland proprietor reaped a twofold advantage ; his rental was augmented by the transfer of the land to men of capital and enterprise, while, at the same time, the poor and struggling families which were in some sort dependent upon him, being suddenly thinned by the introduction of a system of husbandry requiring fewer hands, were no longer a burden to him. Many of the people were obliged to leave their mountain homes to seek employment in the low country ; and this expatriation, setting aside the first painful feeling natural to those whose love of fatherland is proverbial, was an actual benefit to them ; for the Highlander, indolent and careless, as he is, in a position in which he feels that no exertion or industry on his part could avail him beyond the securing wherewithal to keep body and soul together, becomes a new creature, patient, active, plodding, industrious, and generally successful, where he is placed among stirring companions and sees his way to the attainment of a better and more prosperous condition.

It may be doubted whether the original projectors of the scheme for turning the Highlands into sheepwalks, could have contemplated the absorption of small holdings into large farms. In the mean time, it is certain that the system they advocated has been carried out to an extent they could hardly have foreseen, and with all the beneficial effects they ventured to predict. Nay, so important has sheep-farming become that it is now the main hope of those who wish to retain the existing population

* '*Western Islands*,' i. 109 (1819).

of the Highlands: and, as there are co-operative companies in almost every trade, a system of co-operative sheep-farming is growing up. The old system of club farming is applied to sheep-farming.

But it would be beside our subject to enter more fully into the causes which brought about the first social revolution in the Highlands. The progress of an improved system of sheep-farming, adapted to the natural capabilities of the country, was rapid and continual; remunerative to the new and enterprising tenant, it added largely to the rent-roll of the proprietor, while it had the effect of bringing about an entire change in the distribution of the population. The class of small independent farmers paying rents ranging from 20*l.* to 50*l.* disappeared: the crofters, whose rent varied from 2*l.* to 10*l.*, have in most parts of the country followed them, or have changed their condition for the more healthy one of farm labourers or shepherds; of the cotters, there remained only as many as were wanting to make up the number of hands requisite on extended farms, and those who, having some trade or handicraft to fall back upon, could earn a livelihood, and be useful members of the community.

Such would appear to have been the state of the Highlands when the happy idea of going further afield for the indulgence of his tastes first dawned upon the mind of the southern sportsman; and, when his inclinations pointed northward, his wildest dreams could scarcely have suggested to him that a barren moorland and rugged hill-country could ever possess sufficient charms to induce him to become a willing resident in its solitudes even for a season, still less that, after once experiencing its effects and tasting its delights, he should in after-time look forward to the same period of each year with the impatient longing of a school-boy for breaking-up day.

Among the earliest pioneers into the unexplored region of the north, was the celebrated Colonel Thornton, who, in the year 1803, made a successful progress through the Highlands of Scotland for the express purpose of shooting and hawking and fishing—we use the word *progress* advisedly, because all his appointments and appliances, both for the journey and its objects, were on an almost regal scale. He published an account of his travels and adventures in the shape of a journal, illustrated by an artist, who formed one of his numerous suite, and whose contributions to the volume formed its chief merit.* The nature of his equipments sufficiently proves the sense he entertained of the

* 'A Sporting Tour,' &c., by Colonel Thomas Thornton, of Thornville. Royal 4to. 1804.

difficulties and privations likely to be encountered in a journey so novel; and the details of his roving sport show at the same time how little the game was thought of by the proprietors of land.

Having secured the services of Mr. Garrard as artist to the expedition, the Colonel says:—

‘Matters thus far arranged, it took nearly three weeks to get everything completed. I had bespoken a very curious boat during the winter, having felt the want of such an accommodation in my former journey, and I was anxious to see it put on board a York vessel previous to my quitting town. This, together with a portable kitchen, and a variety of other useful articles, being, however, at length procured, we left London in high spirits, and on reaching Thornville found everything safely arrived but the boat and the kitchen. The former, I received advice, was delivered at Hull, but of the latter, after waiting anxiously some time, Mr. Merlin disappointed me. And now, having hired a cutter, I embarked all my stores, servants, guns, dogs, nets, oatmeal, beans, &c., together with the boats—and the whole being ready for sea, only awaited a favourable breeze, which soon after spring up—we went on board our vessel, which we christened “The Falcon.” The largest boat, which was made for me in London, I named “The Ville de Paris,” as a small honorary tribute to the brave Lord Rodney. The other boat was called “The Gibraltar,” and it being the fourth of June, we ordered the crew an additional quantity of flip upon the occasion, to drink the health of our gracious Sovereign, and then, trusting to the good fortune which attends everything done on this auspicious day, we were set on shore, the sails were spread, the crew gave us a salute, and with colours flying, the vessel fell down the Ouse to Hull. At this place she was to take in biscuits, porter, &c., as well as ale and small beer (the latter being a necessary I had found great want of), and then set sail for Forres, the nearest port to Raits.’

This was the name of a place he had hired in Strathspey as a sort of head-quarters, from which to make forays against the game with hawk and hound, with gun and rifle, and against the fish with rod, and trimmer, and net.

The cutter saved, by the presence of mind of Mrs. C., the housekeeper, from shipwreck (she hoisted, as a signal of distress, ‘what white linen she could procure, on the oar of the little jolly-boat’), arrived safely at Forres. ‘Their next concern was to procure carts to convey the cargo; and so little do these people carry in their small carriages, that it took no less than *forty-nine*, independent of the boats, which were left to the care of the captain, who pleased himself with having invented a kind of sledge which, with four horses, might transport the two boats over the mountains to Raits.’

On arriving at ‘the house at Raits,’ the Colonel makes a discovery which has been since made by many a sportsman who has

has followed in his wake. 'I find,' he says, 'its outside appearance by no means equal to what it had been represented on paper, except'—this is indeed an exception we have rarely heard of—'in the prospect of sport, and would willingly have been off on any terms, and have lived in camp, had I not engaged it at the desire of my friends, whose wishes and whose health made it necessary for them to have one; except for these causes, I should certainly have given it up on my own account; but, daily expecting them, I had no alternative, therefore took it with all its servants, gardens, grass, conveniences and inconveniences.'

The Colonel devoted his energies rather to hawking and fishing than to shooting; he did, nevertheless, make some remarkable shots, which he records with his usual becoming modesty; thus we read:—'September 7. The birds were exceeding wild, so much so, that I had very indifferent success. At one shot, however, I killed an old cock at so great a distance, that I was induced to measure it; it was not so far as I imagined, being only one hundred and three yards.'

This feat was eclipsed later in the season. 'After much walking I determined,' he says, 'to contend no longer against the weather, and returned homewards. At eight good shots my gun missed fire, though I put in five different flints; at as many bad ones it went off, and some of them I killed. Towards the afternoon it was more favourable; and my last shot, on taking leave of the Moors, I am convinced was at the distance of a hundred and ten yards, on horseback, and at a trot.... I determined now to take my final adieu with this *coup d'éclat*.'

But our author seems to have piqued himself more particularly on his achievements in the commissariat department. We see throughout the journal almost daily entries, showing the regard he paid to the creature-comforts; he sometimes goes the length of giving the bill of fare of his dinner, and it is doubtful whether, at this day, with all the advantages of transport and ready communication with large towns in which purveyors have established themselves to minister to the necessities and luxuries of modern sportsmen, the tables of the best appointed shooting-lodges are more amply and handsomely provided.

In Edinburgh we find him ordering in two large chests of biscuits, several Cheshire and Gloucester cheeses, together with a number of Yorkshire hams, reindeer and other tongues, hung beef, &c., in order to be amply provided for a large party. 'Also laid in,' he writes, 'about seventy pounds weight of fine gunpowder, shot, &c. Bought an additional quantity of fishing-tackle, with six or seven excellent rods, from that ingenious maker M'Lean; and, having provided divers portable gun-cases, plaid,

plaids, and other necessities, the baggage-waggon was ordered to be ready to set forward in a few days.

We have characterised the Colonel's equipments for his expedition as being almost regal. The pompous and inflated style he occasionally adopts in his journal would lead the reader to imagine that he must really have looked upon himself as the Commander-in-Chief in a foreign campaign. It is very clear he prided himself not a little on the spirit of adventure which had led him to break ground in a new country. The book he was about to give to the world was to immortalise him as the explorer of unknown regions, as the accomplished sportsman, as no mean contributor to the literature of his country. The following extract is not ill-calculated to give an idea of his self-importance and authority:—

'*July 24th.*—The boats, &c., being all now safely arrived, we issued the following General Orders:—

'That all the stores are to be immediately examined, and an account delivered in, and a similar one also to be sent of the condition of the hawks, pointers, &c.

Returns.	In good Order.	Damaged.	Spoilt.
Hams, bacon, reindeer and other tongues, smoked beef, pig's countenances, &c.	Enough to serve till the end of October.		
Pickles, sweetmeats, &c.	Ditto.		
Biscuits	Damaged.	
Tents and tent equipage.			
Nets of all kinds.			
Pegs for tents, wanting.			
Oatmeal wanting.			
Groceries.			

Hawks.	Good.	Hawks.	Bad.
Miss M'Gee	Red Falcons . .	{Croc Franc Craigon . .}	Red Tercels.
Miss L. Townsend			
Death	Red Tercels.		
Devil			

Setters.	Pointers.	Deer Hound.	
Pero	Carlo	Orson	} Good order.
Cato	Dargo		
Claret	Sappho		
Sancho, lame	Pero		
	Dash		
	Pluto		

Guns all in good Order.

Two double barrels.
One rifle.
Three single barrels.

Gunpowder.

Powder, dry 40 lbs.
Ditto, rather damp 40 "
Shot 11 bags.
Flints sufficient.

'Examined the above, as by order, the 20th of July.

'WILLIAM LAWSON,

'Head Falconer and Inspector-General.

'After

'After Orders.

'Two waggons to go off to-morrow to Inverness (the nearest market-town, forty-two miles off) for oatmeal, corn, groceries, and other household articles, wines, &c.'

It is enough to say, the Colonel, on leaving his shooting-lodge, fished and shot his way through the country on his road homewards. We must not, however, omit one incident he mentions, which proves that he was not *quite singular* in his northern expedition. Being at Inverness, he says, 'The rooms are comfortable, the landlord very attentive, and anxious to give satisfaction. I found two English gentlemen were in the house, to whom I introduced myself; and if some other gentlemen had remained an hour longer, the only Englishmen in the Highlands, *on the same plan*, would have met together, and, by giving an account of our different sport, no doubt we should have passed a very joyous evening, which happened as it was.'

But at a period much more recent than the date of Colonel Thornton's book it was not uncommon for some adventurous sportsman to make a sporting tour in Scotland, with all the paraphernalia of guns and dogs and fishing-gear, shooting across country and fishing every salmon river he came to. Assuming him to be a gentleman, he not unfrequently, on sending his card with a polite request for a day's grouse or fishing, found himself the honoured guest of the proprietor, who, not content with giving him a friendly welcome under his own roof, would forward him with credentials to friends at a distance, by whom he was tolerably certain to be as hospitably entertained. In fact, the society and conversation of an agreeable stranger was rather a boon to those who, living in remote localities, had but rare opportunities of hearing what was going on in the great world from persons who had actually played a part in it; while the stranger, on the other hand, not unfrequently found himself in the society of persons of taste and cultivation which he had scarcely looked for in those remote districts. Scotch hospitality was proverbial: it is so now, but the number of strangers now distributed through the country naturally prevents its being exercised in the same indiscriminate and openhanded fashion.

One of the last—we should say, judging from the circumstance of his being found in such high latitudes, *the last*—of these sportsmen errant we ourselves encountered not quite twenty years ago in Orkney. This gentleman will be well remembered there, as he had, for some few seasons, made the Hills of Hoy, which afford very fair grouse-shooting, his own. He arrived at
Kirkwall

Kirkwall on the evening of the tenth of August, accompanied by his keeper and a brace or two of pointers, as confidant in his purpose to be out on the twelfth as though he were paying a rent for the ground. Great, however, was his discomfiture when an advertisement in the local paper made him aware that the whole district was thenceforth strictly preserved, and that 'all trespassers after game would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.' His consternation was only equalled by the conviction he seemed to entertain of the injustice done to him personally. We never saw him again. Whether he resisted, as he emphatically declared he would do, the right of the proprietors of the land to exclude him from their own property, or whether he went on to Shetland on speculation, is uncertain. Most likely, however, the pressure from behind drove him in time to Iceland, may be to Spitzbergen.

Thus it would appear that the field was already closed to the migratory shooter, that the importance and moneyed value of the shootings was recognised in the extreme North. We must go back yet two decades to arrive at the date when the proprietor of wild moor and mountain first became aware that his possessions were acquiring a new importance, were to yield him a return such as he never could have dreamed of; but he could scarcely then have understood how their value should go on steadily increasing from year to year through the growing demand for shooting-ground.

It is not to be imagined that the resolution of letting their land for sporting purposes could have been adopted without hesitation on the part of the proprietors. That a strong feeling did exist on the subject in the first instance is certain. Naturally enough, there was a something repugnant to the just pride of the Highland gentleman in the very idea of parting with his seigniorial rights, even for a season; and the turning into a commercial commodity what had ever been considered a privilege of the family was regarded as an act derogatory to the dignity of the laird. But it did not require much time nor long deliberation to overcome these scruples; the advantage to be gained was too manifest to be long ignored, and the country gradually became tenanted by men of the South. A new system of game-preserving was introduced; many of the wild spirits, who found the attractions of the 'hill' too great to be resisted even in defiance of the law, found employment as keepers or gillies, and were thus enabled to indulge their inclinations in an honest and legitimate way. An onslaught was made on the so-called vermin, winged and four-footed. The eagle and all the hawk tribe, the crow and the raven, hitherto unmolested, were declared outlaws; the fox and

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the marten and the wild cat—all enemies of the now precious bird—were persecuted by every newly-imported engine of destruction, every contrivance of snare and trap and poison; and the grouse, delivered from their natural destroyers, increased in quantity sufficient to meet the demands made upon them by their new assailants.

To obtain an adequate estimate of the extent of ground thus parcelled off into shootings in Scotland, it would be necessary to see it mapped. It is not too much, however, to say that three-fourths of the high ground, or, to speak more correctly, of the wild moorland north of Tweed, pays a shooting-rent to the proprietor, and not of the mainland only. The shootings of the Western Islands have been, more or less, in the market. In Skye and the Lewis, the entire country, with the exception of a comparatively small territory retained by one or two proprietors, is let off in moor or forest; room, too, is found for the Southern sportsman even in Orkney, where grouse are less abundant, and where seals and wildfowl must help to furnish the day's shooting.

A comparatively small surface of this vast range of wild country has been forested. The term 'foresteing' simply means the taking the sheep off the ground and giving it up to deer. The districts selected for this purpose are usually in the more remote and mountainous regions, untraversed by track or roadway, where the deer may enjoy perfect quiet and roam unmolested and unscared by the sight of the passing stranger.

This act of foresting has brought down upon the devoted heads of the owners of the land an immense amount of unmerited abuse and angry remonstrance on the part of well-meaning but mistaken philanthropists and political economists. They appear to assume that every landed proprietor is under a moral obligation not only to render his property food-producing, but also to keep it food-consuming to its utmost capability,—that whoever infringes this moral law is wanting in his duty to the common weal.

Without entering into this vexed question, we must object to one conclusion of the opponents of this system. They argue, that with the sheep the *inhabitants* of the neighbourhood are removed—the country depopulated. Now, we are supported by more than one authority in stating that a forest employs far more individuals than a sheep-farm would do; about as many, indeed, as the sheep-farm and the grouse-shootings of the moor together would do (supposing the latter were so let). First, it should be remembered that one shepherd can take charge of from five hundred to a thousand sheep. Again, that the land forested is for the most part in the more elevated districts,

tricts, where the sheep and cattle cannot exist for about five months of the year, viz. from about the end of October to the end of March; and therefore every sheep-farmer is obliged to have as much pasture on the low ground in woods, &c., as, combined with the feeding on turnips (now adopted by many for their wedders), will suffice to keep the stock during the long winter. This is called the *wintering*, and it is obvious that the production must be limited to the amount of stock for which wintering can be obtained. It is very doubtful whether it could be, by any means, found sufficient for as much stock as might be raised upon the whole higher grazings of the Highlands, including the parts now forested, since there is great competition for it, and flocks travel sometimes forty, fifty, even as much as a hundred miles to their wintering ground. In this, however, as in other matters, the increased means of locomotion are beginning to tell, and many farmers have lowland as well as highland farms.

Most of the *clearances*, as they are called—in other words, the ejecting the small farmers and cotters—in many parts of the Highlands, were effected for another purpose: for throwing the small farms together and letting them to men of capital and enterprise. Mr. Colquhoun, in a note, says:—

‘A great outcry has been raised against the “Highland clearances,” and much obloquy cast upon the proprietors of these remote islands and localities for turning adrift their dependents. Many of these poor creatures, although suffering every privation, refuse to emigrate, even when given all reasonable encouragement. It is a hard case, but what can the lairds do? To give employment by reclaiming such land is out of the question, and to support such numbers of starving people would ruin the estate. The only resource, now that the kelp trade has failed, is to reduce the population, at the same time enlarging the *grazing* farms (the surest return in the Highland districts), and giving leases to respectable *Highland* tenants.’*

We have gone thus out of our way to repel the charge so freely made against the proprietors of forests, by endeavouring to show that the depopulation of certain districts in the Highlands is due to another and more worthy motive.

The deer-forests let at fabulous rents; but it must be borne in mind that the proprietor has the right to require, at the least, what his land would produce if *doubly* let, for grazing and for shooting. The deer must pay the rent of the sheep-farm, and interest on the cost of lodges and roads of access, as well as for the privilege of roaming undisturbed in his corries.

* ‘The Moor and the Loch,’ note, p. 2.

The aggregate, however, of these two returns would scarcely amount to the sums usually paid for deer-forests, which command, in fact, a fancy price, since there are comparatively few of them in the market; moreover, the glorious excitement of a pursuit in which, more perhaps than in any other wild sport, a man is dependent for success on his own resources, his own energy, *pluck*, and skill, gives to the taste for deerstalking the intensity almost of a passion that *must* be gratified, however great the sacrifice be to be made for its indulgence.

There is no reason why the Highland proprietor should be blamed for doing only what every landowner in England and elsewhere feels justified in doing—the disposing of his acres in the manner calculated to make him the most advantageous return. It may be taken for granted, that whenever the demand for sheep and cattle shall cause their price to rise so that it will remunerate the farmer for giving such a rent as will overbid the tenant of the deer-forest, the land will be occupied by flocks and herds.

That a considerable tract of country being under game alone must affect supplies of beef and mutton, to a certain extent, is true; but it is equally true, that in consequence of the introduction of an improved system of farming, a great many more sheep are bred in the Highlands at the present day than there were before foresting came into vogue; but fewer black cattle. Horses are dispensed with; fewer people employed; their wages and food are saved, and there is more grazing; the land not being required to yield other crops. The increased demand for butcher's meat is caused, not by the scarcity of the supply, but rather by the increased population, as well as by the present high rate of wages enabling certain classes to live on it, who, years ago, could not afford to do so.

It is very difficult to arrive at anything like an estimate of the moneyed value of the shootings. It varies greatly in different localities; but as railway communication is extended, and distant places are brought nearer in point of time, and made easier of access, the prices are becoming more and more equalised. These are likewise affected by the nature of the ground, its being easy or difficult to walk over; by its reputation for game; by the facilities afforded for obtaining supplies, as well as for postal communication,—and among the many temptations set forth in the florid advertisements of 'shootings to let,' is frequently to be seen that of a 'mail-gig passing the lodge.'

We have obtained from various quarters, and from persons well qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject of 'Scotch moors,' a mass of information which it is by no means easy to digest or set in order; and, even if it were so, we should be debarred from
making

making the same use of it, and giving it the value it really possesses, by the all but universal restriction imposed upon us of suppressing names.

In answer to our question, 'How has the value of property in the Highlands been affected by the letting the ground in shootings?' we will collate the answers received from different districts:—

1. 'With regard to the grouse shootings, the rental of these may, in a good district, be equal to that of the grazings, and consequently it follows that in those parts the proprietors' incomes have been nearly doubled.' (Invernessshire.)

2. 'The landlords, who in former times used the grouse for the amusement of themselves, their friends, and tenants, now very generally let the shootings separately, from which they may be said to obtain an average rate of something like 3*d.* an acre.' (West Rossshire.)

3. 'As a general answer to your question, which it is not easy to enter into easily, I think I am safe in saying that within the last forty years Highland properties have doubled in value, the increased rentals being the proper test of this.' (Rossshire.)

4. 'I will tell you one case I can vouch for, but it is only one of many like instances * * * now derives 1350*l.* a year from his property, which in 1838 produced him only a bare 500*l.* This is owing to the shootings principally, though I fancy it to be admitted that the grazings in the Highlands generally have increased in the last few years to the amount of 25 per cent.' (Perthshire.)

5. 'The shootings of Glen Urquhart were in 1836 let for 100*l.*, they now produce a rental of about 2000*l.*'

6. 'The Glenmoriston ground was rented for 100*l.* in 1835. The moors now bring in to the proprietor between two and three thousand a year.'

7. 'The shootings attached to Erchless Castle as well as those of Fasnakyle may be taken as fair examples of the rise of shooting-rents. These have increased, at the least, twenty times in value in the course of the last twenty years.' (Invernessshire.)

8. 'One of the first shootings let was Monaghla or Coignafern, on which moors the river Findhorn has its source. They are the property of the Macintosh, and were first let to a Mr. Windsor at a rent of 30*l.* with 5*l.* given back as a luckpenny. . . . Some fifteen years ago these shootings were let at variable rents from 3*l.* to 500*l.*'

9. 'The Aberarder Moors were on lease some thirty years ago at 70*l.*, the rent has been for years back on an average 400*l.*'

10. 'Stratherrick for years let without a house at 70*l.*, now let on a long lease at 600*l.* with a house.'

These facts may be taken as a sample of the effects resulting generally in the north from the growing taste for Highland life and Highland sports. A glance at Mr. Snowie's 'first list of shooting

shooting quarters' * to be let this year, will give some idea of the scale of prices demanded for shooting-ground. We find there Upper Killin (17,000 acres) advertised at 500*l.*; Glenquoich, 1700*l.*; the M'Donald estates in Skye an aggregate of 1250*l.*; Auchonachie and Cabaan, 700*l.*; Kinlochluichart, 2000*l.*; Kinlochewe, 1200*l.*; Upper Strathmore and other ranges belonging to the same proprietor, 1047*l.*; and in another list, published by the same authority, we count more than two hundred names of northern shooting-quarters actually in occupation. It is to be remembered that these consist only of such as have come under the immediate notice or agency of Mr. Snowie himself.

Forty years ago the very names of the greater part of these places were unheard of beyond their own immediate neighbourhood, and the game made no return whatever to the proprietor of the land.

The rents have gone on steadily increasing up to this time; 'for,' says a valued correspondent of ours, 'as in all marketable commodities, the prices are regulated by the law of demand and supply, so it has been from the first, and will continue to be so, with regard to Highland shootings. It is the Englishman himself that has raised the rent of shootings; and as long as there exists a class of rich men, who, doomed to the desk or sedentary occupations for three-fourths of the year, find mountain air and exercise for the remaining three months necessary to enable them to continue their labours, and who, many of them—I do not say all—are careless of the sport they get, and are probably very indifferent sportsmen, but to whom the walk on the hill is new life—so long, I say, as this class of men exists, so long will the rentals of shootings rise, and the Highland proprietor be perfectly justified in making the best of his market.'

We have only space to advert briefly to another source of revenue to the Highland proprietor—the rod salmon-fishings.

* Mr. Snowie, of Inverness, whose name is so well known in connexion with Highland shootings, has been in the habit for years of publishing an advertisement sheet of places to be let. His first list was printed in 1836. 'I find,' he says, 'that it contains only eight advertisements; since then the demand for moors has increased so steadily that for nearly twenty years I have printed three, sometimes four lists every year, and circulated them to the extent of fifteen hundred copies yearly. The first notice I find of shootings being rented before my time, is a story about a *Black Captain* who had a moor near Kinrara, and being there during a heavy snow-storm, an avalanche came down from the hills and harled his cottage, with all in it, a great distance. The superstition of the Highlands has it, that he was in league with evil spirits, and that it required the united strength of twelve men to keep down the lid of his coffin while it was nailed. Another party, he goes on to relate, 'rented shootings about the same time in the same quarter, and he wrote a work on sport.' We have no clue to the identity of the '*Black Captain*,' but recognise in the '*other party*' the Colonel Thornton, of whom mention has been made.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago these were little thought of, and liberty was easily got to fish in any river where the net and coble were not in use. Rod-fishings *were* let, however, at that time, since a gentleman, well known at this day as a keen salmon-fisher, rented about *nine miles* of the river Dee, on the Marquis of Huntley's estate, for *five pounds* a year—the same water is now let for about *five hundred*. Extravagant rents are fearlessly demanded, and cheerfully paid for good rivers, or rather for certain portions of rivers affording perhaps only four or five good casts.

Several of the best salmon rivers are farmed; that is to say, let at so much per day, or week, or month. About fifty pounds is the average sum per rod for the season, and ten shillings per day is usually demanded. In neither case has the successful captor any interest in his fish after it is fairly landed—it becomes the property of the tacksman or *entrepreneur* of the fishery. Not unfrequently a few pools on a salmon river are let to the landlords of inns, or made over to them by the owners, as a temptation to travellers to prolong their sojourn, increasing thus the rental of the house to the ultimate profit of the laird. In like manner the lake fishings, which are for the most part free, indirectly benefit the owners by the inducement held out to anglers to visit the locality.

All that has, however, hitherto been advanced in support of our first proposition, goes no further than the showing how the *proprietors* have been enriched by the invasion of the southern sportsman; but it is not here the advantage ends. We would prove how it affects, more or less, all those who come within his influence.

The tenant must and does spend at least another rent—often much more—in the district. The expenses of his household are great, and his supplies of the ordinary necessities of life are obtained usually at the farms on the ground, or from the nearest market-town or village. The employment he affords to so many about him as keepers,* watchers, gillies,

* There can be no greater mistake than the taking an English gamekeeper down to a Scotch moor. He has uphill work in his principal charge, that of preserving the game, however skilled he may be in breaking and working his dogs, and in trapping vermin. He has to contend with all the prejudices of the people, who look upon him as an interloper and a natural enemy—his ignorance of the language alone stands in the way of his making friends. It is far better to take a Highlander from a distant quarter. A keeper is not worth his salt, who, after walking once or twice over the ground, cannot predict with tolerable certainty what part of the hill will be the most likely beat according to the weather, &c. Not so a forester, on whom the deerstalker must be dependent for being brought up to

gillies,* and the numerous hangers-on of a shooting establishment, is a great boon to the neighbourhood. The shooting-lodge, in all likelihood erected at his own or at a former tenant's expense, with all its accessories of stables, kennels, &c., must be kept in repair. The private roads, bringing the lodge into communication with the highway, must be maintained in travelling order. In short, there is perhaps hardly a farmer, a tradesman, an artificer, or a labouring man in the district, who does not find his profit in the residence of the stranger in the country.

It is seldom, too, that the poor cotters on the moor—the aged, the infirm, the sick—do not owe something to the bounty of their rich neighbour. We could cite instances of the most extensive benevolence being exercised, not by the mere money gift, but by the timely administration of good diet to the invalid, the procuring of medical aid from a distance, and, better than all, by the kindly visit and the cheering word of comfort to the sufferer.

More important, however, than these material benefits is the moral advantage accruing to the people from their intercourse with strangers more advanced than themselves in civilisation. We do not use the word in its extreme sense: we would say, with those whose opportunities have been greater, whose experiences are more extended, whose manners and habits of life are more refined. Whatever tends to the more complete fusion of the two nations we hold to be a national gain.

One of the objects proposed to be attained by the Highland Society was the preservation of the language, the poetry, and the music of the Highlands. If the wish be to preserve the dying evidences of indigenous civilisation, and to put on record a language of considerable philological value, that is a legitimate object. Again, if it is said that the best way of preparing the Highlander to learn English is to teach him to read Gaelic in the first place, and not to begin by teaching him mere sounds, which he will forget more rapidly than he has acquired

to his stag. *He* must be born and bred in the forest, and even if the suspicion should hang about him of having in bygone days killed a deer or two on his own account, so much the better—he is safe to be heart and soul in the stalk. It is no superficial knowledge of the corrie and the hill that will serve him in his vocation; he ought to be familiar with every rise and depression of the ground, every boulder and rock, every tuft of heather almost. And more than this, he should be able to tell for certain how the currents of air vary in different localities, how they eddy and veer about from point to point, baffling the most reasonable calculations. Nothing but long experience and careful observation can give him this invaluable qualification.

* It is generally admitted that the wages paid to this class of persons have doubled within the last five-and-twenty years; which necessarily renders the price of farm-labour higher in the same proportion.

them ;

them ;* there is reason also in that. But we should be opposed to teaching Gaelic if we thought that it could really, as the Highland Society at one time supposed, tend to perpetuate the nationality of the Highlander, and to prevent his ever amalgamating with the natives of a country which is become one with his own, for a more effectual barrier could not be raised to the introduction of improvement and progress into the land. To ensure the entire success of such a project it had been well to have opposed the formation of roads, the construction of bridges, throwing thus another impediment in the way of communication with those from whom it was deemed desirable that the people should be cut off.

As to music, *that* will take care of itself. National melodies require no fostering care to preserve *them*. The peculiar character, the wild cadence, or the soft accent of a song, which carries with it the impress of nationality, ever produces a powerful effect on the ear and heart of any one that has a soul for music. But a difference in language presents the most unsurmountable bar to the introduction of new opinions and new ideas. It is only by a free intercourse with strangers that prejudices can be rubbed off, the habits improved, the mind expanded ; and as long as there exists no community of language this can never come to pass.

The value of a knowledge of the English language—of ‘having English,’ as the Highlander calls it—is made more apparent to him, now that he finds his usefulness as an aid to the *Sassenach* to be so dependent upon it. And this is not the least of the advantages resulting from the increased communication with the people of the South.

One of the natural consequences of this inclination for Highland life on the part of the stranger has been the alienation of many large estates from the old feudal or rather patriarchal possessors. The latter, succeeding in many cases to properties hopelessly involved, and encumbered with endless charges and annuities entailed upon them by their predecessors, were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, presented by the enormously increased value of their inheritance, of bettering their position. The ties of clan-ship had become gradually loosened by the amalgamation of the two countries, and the more free intercourse between them ; the admission of the stranger as tenant of the old feudal forest rights

* Before all things we would abolish Sunday-school teaching in English among a Gaelic-speaking population. No doubt it acts as a temptation to parents to send children to school ; but what is the use of their reading or repeating long passages of the Bible in English while they have no conception of its meaning, and cannot read it off into Gaelic ?

had weakened the attachment of the people to their natural lord, while the latter living less in the country, and making London his capital, instead of Edinburgh, had acquired new habits, new tastes, new ways of thinking.

The desire to become landed proprietors—to attain territorial importance—seems to be an instinct in those who have succeeded in amassing wealth by commerce or industry; and where could be found in the South so fair an opening for satisfying this craving as the one open to them in the Highlands of Scotland? Ready purchasers were found for every important property that offered itself; and many of the old historical family possessions have passed into the hands of the stranger.*

These innovations are regarded with no satisfaction by those whose national prepossessions are strong: their love of fatherland revolts at this naturalisation of the alien in the Highlands. Mr. Colquhoun writes very feelingly on the subject; but his love of wild sports, and his ardent admiration of nature in its savage state prevent his taking a common-sense view of it.

‘We have,’ he says, ‘the new law of entail, which will go a good way to destroy our famed nationality; and by introducing moneyed strangers who know little, and feel less of sympathy with the Highland character, will, unwittingly perhaps, do all they can to extirpate it altogether—those pioneers of civilisation, whose chief idea of a Highland estate is that of a good bargain, and whose notion of raising the Highland character consists in assimilating it to their own! They may give employment and money for money’s worth, but all their efforts will be unavailing to transform the Gael into their *beau idéal* of a peasant. Is there,’ he asks, ‘one mountain-born son of Albion who will not agree with me in preferring our unspoiled, unplanted glens, our wild game, and our national distinctness to all the important bustle of modern civilisation?’ †

No doubt the middle class of tenants, proud of their blood-connexion with their landlord, had the feelings of gentlemen; many of them had served in the army, and they had among them an amount of education which was not to be despised; but taking all classes together, and considering what is most for the benefit of the whole, we cannot think that Mr. Colquhoun’s

* As a general rule it must be admitted that the tenantry of the hereditary proprietors are more comfortable and more liberally dealt with than those on the purchased estates. In the former case, they are looked upon as having a claim to their farms at an equitable rent—in the latter, the purchaser looks for the highest percentage he can get for his money, and pays little attention to the claims of resident holders. We could, however, cite many honourable exceptions to this—instances of the new ‘Proprietors’ expending large sums not only in the improvement of their property, but in ameliorating the condition of those dependent upon them.

† ‘The Moor and the Loch,’ p. 2.

opinions will be endorsed by Highlanders generally; especially by those who have given much consideration to the subject, and who will honestly compare the Highlands of forty years ago to the country as it actually is.

It is hardly to be expected that in a volume so comprehensive in its scheme as Mr. Blaine's there would be found much useful, practical information on any one especial subject, save what may have been gleaned from works already before the public. Better would it have been for him to rest his claims to authorship on the immense amount of labour and research he must have exerted in the compilation of matter sufficient to fill some twelve hundred pages. Of the value of the author's own experiences in grouse-shooting we leave the reader to make his own estimate.

'Section 2. The Practice of Grouse-shooting' is headed by a vignette, representing a large tent pitched under a tree, and backed by a couple of log-huts. An elderly sportsman, in a round hat and tall leather leggings, mounted on a pony, is stretching out his hand for the glass tendered to him by another gentleman similarly attired, who holds the bottle out of which he has poured the cordial draught. A very melancholy fisher is seated in the foreground, bareheaded; his hat, and rod, and creel beside him, &c.

'*Brother Sportsmen!*' begins the author's address, immediately under the picture,—'*Brother Sportsmen!* what think you of our *localisation* on one of the Scotch grouseing hills? Taking, however, the precaution of the old soldier, who seldom intimates the direction the enemy has taken to other than one of his own party, we do not name the exact spot; but, be assured, if you will but do as we did, make your way to Edinburgh, and expend a few pounds among the gun-makers, newsvenders, writers (i. e. stewards), &c. &c., your inquiries of *grouse-shooting quarters*, often called *Hills*, will be satisfactorily answered. Regard our *smuggery*. No! we cannot honestly call it so; for according to our united wishes, it opens on a broad expanse of sky, earth, and water; where our whole renting can be seen and thus intruders warned off. . . . From our tented canopy some of us in the evening also again stray in pursuit of sport, with a relay of fresh dogs. Another of the party, to vary the scene, probably wends his way to the burn below, and with his rod, line, and fly, secures a dish for the morrow's wants. Dusk arrives, the outer tent coverings are let down, our lamps are lighted, our cigars and our materials for moistening our mortal clay are spread before us, and who is so happy as we? Next year, good reader, if you will apply to our town quarters, we shall be happy to have you as one of the party!'

We make this extract, not as seeking to undervalue a useful and carefully-arranged book of reference, but to give a sample of the style *vulgar* and *familiar*, generally adopted by writers on field

field sports. The purpose is evidently to establish a sort of *entente cordiale* with the reader ; to put him at once on terms of intimacy with one who must be, by his own showing, such a right good fellow, such a cheerful companion as the author. *

We will turn to the work of a more practical authority. Isaac Walton's quaint descriptions of the flowery meads and purling streams by which he loved to take his recreation, and his eloquent discourses on the value of the opportunities of self-improvement afforded to those who go a-fishing, by the study and contemplation of Nature's wondrous works and ways, not only made willing converts of his prejudiced companions, Auceps and Venator, but invested the art he professed with a charm such as to diffuse a taste for angling through many a succeeding generation. In like manner it may be said that the works of the late Mr. Charles St. John have tended more than those of any other author to elevate the character of Highland wild sports, and to make many a man a sportsman and a naturalist who was heretofore a mere destroyer of game.

It is to Mr. Cosmo Innes, who has so carefully arranged and edited the journals and papers left by Mr. St. John, at his premature death in 1856, that is due the merit of first appreciating his talents, and introducing him to the world as an author. His first essays appeared in the pages of this Review.

In the 'Memoir' appended to the 'Natural History and Sport in Moray,' Mr. Innes gives an amusing account of his first interview with Mr. St. John, and goes on to relate what resulted from their subsequent companionship. This, we think, will be read with interest ; for it is a passage in the life of a true sportsman, whose writings have given a sunny aspect to Highland scenery, and have certainly contributed in no small degree to develop the resources and to make more widely known the pleasures of Highland life.

'I became acquainted with Charles St. John in my autumn vacation of 1844, while I was Sheriff of Moray. We had some common friends, and messages of civility had passed between us ; but we had not yet met, when one day in October I was shooting down the river-side and the islands in the Findhorn, making out a bag of partridges laboriously. It was a windy day, and the birds going off wild spoilt my shooting, which is at best uncertain. While I was on the island, two birds had gone away wounded into a large turnip-field across the river. I waded the river after them, and was vainly endeavouring to recover them with my pointers, when a man pushed through the hedge from the Invererne side, followed by a dog, making straight for me. There was no mistaking the gentleman, a sportsman all over, though without any "getting up" for sport, and without a gun. I waited for him, and on coming up he said he had seen my birds pitch, and offered to find

find them for me if I would take up my dogs. When my pointers were coupled, he called "Grip;" and his companion, a large poodle with a Mephistophiles expression, began travelling across and across the drills, till suddenly he struck the scent, and then with a series of curious jumps on all fours, and pauses between to listen for the moving of the bird, he made quick work with bird No. 1, and so with bird No. 2. I never saw so perfect a dog for retrieving, but he was not handsome. After this introduction St. John and I became frequent companions. I soon found there was something in him beyond the mere slaughtering sportsman; and he must have discovered that the old sheriff had some tastes with which he could sympathise. The remainder of that season we were very much together, and often took our exercise and sport in company. On one of these occasions we went together to join a battue at Dunphail; but the weather was too bad, and after waiting for some hours without taking our guns out of their cover, St. John and I returned to Knockomie. We travelled in St. John's dog-cart through steady, heavy rain. I was well clothed in a thick top-coat, and he in a peajacket of seal-skins of his own shooting, so that there was no suffering from the weather as we drove down through the shelter of the Altyre woods; and the way was shortened to me by my companion telling story after story of sport and adventure, or answering with wonderful precision my questions about birds, beasts, and fishes. He stayed with me that night, and, when we were alone after dinner, I broached a subject which had often come into my head since we were so much in each other's society. Why should he not give the world the benefit of his fresh enjoyment of sport, his accurate observation of the habits of animals? At first he ridiculed the idea. He had never written anything beyond a note of correspondence, didn't think he could write, &c. &c. But at length he listened to some arguments. It was very true he had too much idle time, especially in winter, nothing he so much regretted as that he was an idle man. He had some old journals that might be useful. He would note down every day's observations too. In short, he would try his hand on some chapters next winter. And so it came to pass, that during the next winter I was periodically receiving little essays on mixed sport and natural history, which it was a great pleasure to me to criticise; and no one could take the smooth and the rough of criticism more goodnaturedly than St. John. As these chapters gathered size and consistency, it became a question how to turn them to account, and this was solved by accident. At that time I was in the habit of writing an article occasionally for the 'Quarterly,' and I put together one on Scotch sport, using as my material some of St. John's chapters, especially the story of the Muckle Hart of Benmore. The paper pleased Mr. Lockhart, "It would be sufficient," he said, "to float any number. . . . Whether the capital journal laid under contribution be your own or another's I don't know, but every one will wish to see more of it." I received the editor's letter at Knockomie, and, the next day, the reading of it to St. John served for seasoning as we took our shooting-

shooting-lunch together beside the spring among the whins on the brae of Blervie. Our course was now plain. I divided the money produce of the 'Quarterly' article with St. John, who rejoiced greatly in the first money he had ever made by his own exertions; and, on my next visit to London, I arranged for him the sale of the whole chapters, the produce of his last winter's industry, which Mr. Murray brought out in the popular volume of 'Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands.'

The popularity of this work was such as to carry it at once through several editions; and so highly was it esteemed in Scotland that it was not unfrequently given as a prize in schools. It established the reputation of its author as 'an authority to be consulted in all questions of Scotch sport.'

The volume before us is of a higher order, and may claim a place in every good library, as an invaluable book of reference on the subjects of which it treats. It is no compilation, but the actual record of the daily experiences of a curious observer, and an indefatigable searcher into nature and nature's laws. Great judgment has been exercised by the editor, himself a sportsman and a naturalist, in the arrangement and classification of so much unconnected matter, derived from journals, note-books, and letters to the author's friends; and the plan adopted, of collating the incidents and the shooting adventures, as well as the observations made on the same day of successive years, not only gives an additional interest to the work but removes from it all the dryness of a mere compendium of natural history.

'The rage for grouse-shooting,' says Mr. St. John, 'at present so great, is not likely to change, like many other fashions. The fine air, the freedom, the scenery, and all the other *agrémens* accompanying this amusement, must always make it the most fascinating sport in the way of shooting which the British Isles, or indeed almost any country, can afford. The bird, too, in beauty and game-like appearance is not to be equalled. In fact, as long as grouse and heather exist, and the nature of man is imbued with the same love for sport and manly exercise as it now is, grouse-shooting will be one of our favourite relaxations from the graver cares of life.

'Although, like others, I am excessively fond of this sport, yet I care little for numbers of slain; and when following it independently and alone, am not occupied solely by the anxiety of bagging so many brace. My usual plan when I set out is to fix on some burn, some cool and grassy spring, or some hill summit which commands a fine view, as the extremity of my day's excursion. To this point, then, I walk, killing what birds come in my way, and after resting myself and dogs, I return by some other route. Undoubtedly the way to kill the greatest number of grouse is to hunt one certain tract of ground closely and determinedly, searching every spot as if you were looking for

for a lost needle, and not leaving a yard of heather untried. This is the most killing system, as every practised grouse-shooter knows; but to me it is far less attractive than a good stretch across a range of valley and mountain, though attended with fewer shots. I am also far more pleased by seeing a brace of good dogs do their work well, and exhibiting all their fine instinct and skill, than in toiling after twice the number when hunted by a keeper.

'The 12th of August,' Mr. St. John goes on to observe, 'is, generally speaking, too early to commence regular grouse-shooting. The 24th would be a better day to appoint. The early period being only fit for those who shoot for the newspaper, as certain sportsmen seem to do whose names appear every season as having murdered some marvellous number of grouse on the 12th. One grouse in October is a more satisfactory prize to the real lover of grouse-shooting than twelve can be on the first day of the season.' *

Thus far, as we have shown, all has gone on prosperously with the Highland proprietor. Each renewal of a lease of his shooting-ground has brought him an increased rental. If the old tenant hesitated about accepting fresh terms, there has always been found hitherto some one with more money than—let us say—taste for sport of any kind to succeed him. Another class of persons, that not many years since looked at a moor in Scotland from a respectful distance, is gradually ousting the original order of occupants, who are beginning wisely to consider that pleasures *may* be purchased too dearly. Enterprising individuals are found who take moors on speculation and live by it, farming out the shooting at so much a gun per week or month. Poulterers of Edinburgh and Glasgow rent ground, subletting the shooting and furnishing their shops with the produce. The landlord does not care who or what his tenant may be; he obtains his price.

But prices will have a maximum, and there are strong indications that this maximum is nearly attained. Any one interested in the subject may observe certain shootings advertised from year to year up to the very 12th of August, when the proprietor is fain to abate something of his extravagant demand or lose his rental altogether.

No one can question the right of the owners of Highland property to make the most of their opportunities, and deriving, as they do, a large income from their shooting-ground, it is extraordinary they do not take some pains to gain the goodwill of their tenants. It seems to be a general complaint among these

* For sound, practical instruction in grouse-shooting, we refer our readers to an admirable chapter in Mr. Colquhoun's 'Moor and Loch.' We have borrowed from his book one or two extracts which had reference to the state of the Highlands, but have not trespassed much on his *shooting-ground*, as the volume has been already noticed in this review.

tenants that their landlord never troubles himself about their interests, however well he may look after his own. And after making every allowance for John Bull's constitutional habit of grumbling, and his fancy that all countries were created for his exclusive enjoyment, we still think that there must be something of foundation for this charge, since we can safely say we have never yet heard a knot of men discussing their several experiences and comparing notes of the dealings between landlord and tenant, without our coming to the conclusion that an almost universal feeling of dissatisfaction exists—every one who has had anything to do with Scotch shootings having some uncomfortable tale to tell of his own individual wrongs.

A man, for instance, has *made* a place. He has built or added largely to the comforts and conveniences of the lodge—he has put up, perhaps, sleeping-quarters in distant parts of the ground—he has annihilated the vermin, and rendered game abundant where it was before scarce. His lease expires, and the heavy rent he has been paying is immediately raised in proportion to the amount of improvement he has himself brought about on the property, in the reasonable expectation of not being disturbed in his holding. It may be argued that he did all this with his eyes open, to please himself, and at his own risk; he has no right to consider himself aggrieved; he ought to have looked after his own interests as the landlord intends to do after his. There are, however, two ways of looking at such a procedure.*

Mr. St. John, again, adverting to the wholesale system of grouse-poaching carried on by the sheep-tenants and cotters, says:—

‘Really, considering the great profit in many ways that this bird is to the Highland landowners, it seems both their interest and duty to protect and assist sportsmen in every possible manner in preserving the game: whereas, let the matter be glossed over as it may, every lessee of grouse-shootings knows how very little assistance and encouragement he receives from nine proprietors out of ten, notwithstanding the liberal and somewhat exorbitant rents which are paid. There are, however, many exceptions to this state of things, and landlords are yet found, who identify the interest of the tenant with their own.’

Another not uncommon grievance of the tenant is, that he has been deceived by specious advertisements into taking a moor. Now, inasmuch as few men would be incautious enough to hire a residence in the South, without taking proper means, personally

* This is far from being a rare instance. The rent of a shooting which we had in our thoughts when writing the above remarks, was raised 400*l.* at the expiration of the lease last year. The tenant left it in disgust.

or otherwise, to ascertain how far the reality corresponds with the land-agent's tempting description of the house and its dependencies, so ought the same foresight and prudence to be exercised in the engagement of a shooting-ground, and whoever blindly commits himself has only himself to blame.

On the other hand—'audi alteram partem'—we hear of tenants, in the last year of their occupancy, shooting the ground so hard as to leave scarcely a feather behind them, inflicting thereby an injury on the property which it will require years to repair. Such offensive acts as these would never be perpetrated if there existed a good understanding between landlord and tenant.

Now there are two circumstances which may happen to affect most materially the value of Highland property. The first is, that of men being *driven* for the indulgence of their taste for wild sports to foreign countries; the second, the possible and probable recurrence of the grouse disease in a more severe form than heretofore.

The love of salmon-fishing has induced men to look for it in a country more difficult of access than most others, where it is not easy sometimes to obtain the ordinary necessities of life, and where no language but that of the natives will avail them to make their wants known. Almost every river in Norway, from Bergen to the North Cape, is rented by English fishers. There are many lands that offer to the lover of shooting a wide field for its enjoyment. British America abounds in every variety of game. Corsica and Sardinia are comparatively unexplored, especially the latter island; both are rich in wild birds and large game. The highlands of Transylvania and the whole Carpathian range is a mine for the adventurous lover of wild sport. The system of letting land for shooting, as unknown now in those countries as it was in Scotland fifty years ago, would be readily adopted if any demand were created for such holdings, and another direction would be given to the energies of those who are now content to stalk deer and shoot grouse in Scotland.

The singular epidemic generally spoken of as the grouse-disease threatened at one time to exterminate the bird altogether. Untraceable to its cause, like the potato-disease and the oidium in the vine, and untreatable by any known remedy, this malady would seem now to have nearly worn itself out; but, as it is on record that a similar visitation has occurred in bygone years, so it may recur at some future period to render the shootings comparatively valueless.

Of such contingencies we devoutly say 'absit omen!' For that glorious life of the lill, who can set forth in fitting terms the sense of happiness, of contentment, it brings with it? No

words could ever convey to him who has not tried it an idea of the singular fascination it exercises on its votaries, of the marvellous rapidity with which the passion for it grows upon them; and it would be idle to say aught in its praise to him who has been fortunate enough to enjoy its delights. There are some persons whose life is but one round of pleasure; even by such as these the change from Pall-Mall and the Park, or from the Club-house at Cowes and the Solent, to the wide moor and the homely shooting-lodge is held to be an agreeable variety, not unworthy of considerable pecuniary sacrifice and personal inconvenience for its attainment. But to the man, whose whole time and thoughts have been devoted unremittingly for many long months to the hard realities and the engrossing cares of an active business life, the transition from the whirl and tumult of the crowded city to the calm and solitude of his isolated Highland home is something more: it is new existence. His rude quarters are luxury; his hardest exercise is rest to him; his excitement relaxation; his amusement a restorative cordial. As his valedictory address to his desk or his study, he may say, as Horace said of his loved mountain retreat:—

‘Hæ latebræ dulces, et jam, si credis, amœnæ
Incolumem tibi me præstant Septembribus horis.’

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- ART. II.—1. *Via Appia dalla Porta Capena a Boville.* Descritta dal Commendatore L. Canina. 2 vols. Roma. 1853.
2. *La Roma Sotterranea Christiana.* Descritta ed illustrata dal. Cav. G. B. de Rossi. Roma. 1864.
3. *Imagie Scelte della B. Vergine Maria, tratte Dalle Catacombe Romane.* Roma. 1863.

IT has been often said that the English traveller usually enters Rome the wrong way. It has never been better said than in an old book, by one who, as many men living may recollect, was held in the highest esteem and affection in the University of Oxford, Professor Edward Burton, whose early death cut him off prematurely from those highest ecclesiastical honours, which might have been commanded by his profound but modest learning, his singularly calm, yet, at the same time, singularly liberal mind. We quote the passage, in respect for his memory, and as expressing our own sentiments with peculiar force and distinctness.

‘Most people picture to themselves a certain spot, from whence the towers and domes of the *Eternal City* burst upon their view. St. Peter’s, with its cupola, the immense ruins of the Colosseum, the Pillar of Trajan, and such well-known objects, are all crowded into the ideal scene;

scene ; and the imagination is raised to the utmost pitch in expectation of every moment unfolding this glorious prospect. The traveller, after feasting upon this hope, and using it to console himself for the barrenness of the Campagna and the uninteresting uniformity of the view, approaches nearer and nearer without reaching the expected spot. His tour-book tells him that near the post of Baccano, fourteen miles from Rome, the dome of St. Peter's is first visible. This will be the commencement of his delight. But he still disregards the speck in the horizon, anxiously looking for the happier moment when the whole city is discovered. This moment unfortunately never arrives. Where that place is to be found in the approach from Florence, which affords such a feast to the eye and to the imagination, I never could discover. The view of Rome from the Monte Mario, a hill near this road, is perhaps one of the noblest and the most affecting which the world could produce : and it may be suspected that some writers, full of the gratification which this prospect afforded, have transferred it in description to their first entrance. But the road itself discloses the city by degrees. Scarcely any of it is seen till within a small distance, and then, with the exception of St. Peter's, there are few buildings of interest. The antiquities lie mostly on the other side, and are not seen at all. The suburbs themselves are not picturesque [*they are mean, commonplace, like the entrance to an English watering-place*], and the traveller finds himself actually in Rome before he had given up the hopes of enjoying the distant prospect of it.

'Had he entered the city from Naples, his feelings might have been very different. This is the direction from which Rome ought to be entered, if we wish our classical enthusiasm to be raised by the first view. The Campagna is here even more desolate, and to a greater extent, than it is on the side of Florence. For several miles the ground is strewn with ruins ; some presenting considerable fragments, others only discernible by the inequality of the surface. It seems as if the cultivators of the soil had not dared to profane the relics of their ancestors ; and from the sea on the left, to the Apennines on the right, the eye meets with nothing but desolation and decay of grandeur. The Aqueducts rise above the other fragments, and seem purposely placed there to carry us back to the time of the Republic. The long lines of these structures stretch out in various directions. The arches are sometimes broken down ; but the effect is heightened by these interruptions. In short, in travelling the last twelve miles on this road, the mind may indulge in every reflection upon Roman greatness, and find the surrounding scenery perfectly in unison. From this road, too, the whole city is actually surveyed. The domes and cupolas are more numerous than from any other quarter ; beside which, some of the ancient edifices themselves are added to the picture. After entering the walls, we pass the Colosseum, catch a view of the Forum, the Capitol, and other antiquities, which were familiar to us from ancient authors.'

* 'A Description of Rome,' by the Rev. Edward Burton, London, 1828.

Dr. Burton might have added, if he had not confined himself to heathen antiquities, that on his approach the traveller is almost confronted by the vast portico of St. John Lateran, the most venerable, if not the most imposing edifice of Christian Rome.

It must sadly be confessed that too many travellers, we fear English travellers, do not or cannot at present allow themselves the choice between these two alternatives. How many of our fellow-creatures are now shot into Rome from dreary Civita Vecchia, along the dreary morass, over which the railroad passes, to be deposited in a dreary station, as utterly unconscious, as to any of the noble and stirring emotions, which used to attend the entrance into the Eternal City, as their portmanteau in the van. Verily there is truth in Mr. Ruskin's saying, that railroads have reduced man to a parcel,—all that he can desire, all that he can demand, is speedy and safe delivery.

But back to other and better thoughts—to worthier reminiscences. If such was the approach to Rome, fallen and in ruins, what was it to Rome in her glory and in her majesty! This line of approach—or rather for the last twelve miles parallel to this—was the famous Appian Way, the Queen, as it is called by Statius, of the Roman roads; and this Appian Way, mile after mile, thronged with the sepulchres and the monuments of the illustrious dead. Conceive a Westminster Abbey of twelve or sixteen miles! on either side crowded with lofty tombs or votive edifices to the dead, and a quarter of a mile or half a mile deep; interrupted only here and there by some stately temple to the gods, or by some luxurious villa, around which perhaps the ashes of its former masters reposed in state; or by the gardens of some o'er-wealthy Seneca—'Senecæ prædivitis hortis.' Think of Milton's glorious lines:—

'There be the gates; cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:
Prætors, proconsuls, to their provinces
Hasting, or to return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the *Appian* road,
Or on the *Emilian*; some from farthest South
Syene, or where the shadow both ways falls,
Meroë, Nilotic isle; and more to West,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings and Parthian army these;
From India, and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane,
Dusky faces with white silken turbans wreathed.'

We

We break off our quotation with these tributary visitors—some from Brundisium, the port at which the Eastern, at least the Asiatic, embassies usually landed. From the other coast might be seen (remember Horace's 'minus est gravis Appia tardis'), the high-born, wealthy, or famous Romans, travelling in their state from their luxurious Campanian villas, and, with those who landed at Naples or Puteoli, offering a perpetual gorgeous spectacle along the road. It would be perhaps pressing too hard another passage in Horace, in which he describes the splendid Noble, 'well known under the portico of Agrippa, and along the Appian road,' yet doomed to the same common fate with the old kings of Rome, as if it contained an allusion to the wayside sepulchres through which the great man passed—

'Cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appt,
Ire tamen restat Numa quò devenit et Ancus.'

—*Epist.* i. 6, 25.

This was perhaps too deep a moral for the graceful Satirist.

Not indeed that the Appian was peculiarly, perhaps not pre-eminently, distinguished for these solemn and stately memorials of the illustrious dead. Juvenal speaks of those

—— 'whose ashes lay
By the Flaminian or the Latin way.'

'Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina.'

Now, however, the greater length of this 'Street of Tombs,' and the fortunate diversion of the Brundusian and Neapolitan road from near the site of the ancient Bovillæ, had left the course of the old Appian road more entirely, till the present day, in its state of wildness and desolation. To Pope Pius IX. is due the gratitude of all students of Roman antiquities, of all who visit Rome with the feelings of solemn veneration which her ancient glory ought to inspire. We write deliberately when we declare our judgment, that there is nothing so impressive, so sublimely melancholy, so appalling, we had almost said, as the slow journey of several miles, now open, along this ancient Appian Way. Even to small and graceful Pompeii, there was something grave and serious in the approach through the 'Street of Tombs.' But few as are the actual remains of this wilderness of sepulchres on the Appian—

'Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris'—

shapeless as most of these are, except the huge Cecilia Metella, and that half transformed into a mediæval fortress—comparatively few as are the glorious names decipherable, except on the tomb of
the

the Scipios; and where the names are recognisable even fewer belonging to the noblest that bore those names—still the imagination seems to people again the whole region with the great Romans of the Republic and of the Empire, to create to itself a more solemn and a more enthralling sense of the grandeur, of the power, of the vastness, and, if it were not mockery to say so, the eternity—the eternity, at least of the fame, of Rome—than on the slope of the Capitol, or within the gigantic walls of the Colosseum. Here, mile after mile, spread one, and but one of the cemeteries of Rome; and these cemeteries were of course the exclusive privilege and possession of the great, the noble, and the wealthy. It is well known, and it is a redeeming point in a society based on slavery, that the great admitted the urns of their faithful and favoured freedmen into the columbaria of the family monument. But the mass of the vulgar dead, the poor, the slaves, the refuse of those thousands, according to some the more than millions of human beings, who swarmed in the streets, lurked in the cellars, nestled in the garrets of Rome, what became of them? We know little more than that they were cast into the vast pits, the puticoli, which probably were dug in different parts of the outskirts of the city, but of which the largest, most famous—may we not say, rather, most infamous—were on the Esquiline hill—

‘Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
Conservus vili portanda locabat in arcâ,
Hoc miserae plebi stabat commune sepulchrum.’

—HOR. *Sat.* i. 8, 8.

An accursed and infected region, where the white bones cropped out of the loose black soil!

‘Quò modò tristes
Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum;’

where the foul birds of prey, the ‘*Esquilinae alites*,’ invoked by Canidia, were ever hovering, and perhaps the wolves prowling—

‘Post insepulta membra different lupi,
Et *Esquilinae alites*.’—*Epod.* v. 99.

where Canidia herself wandered by moonlight to gather bones and poisonous herbs for her spells, and to call up the ghosts of the dead. It is well known that a large part of this district—dedicated of old to the burial of the poor, as the ancient cippus declared—was granted by Augustus to his favourite. The blooming, salubrious, and much-frequented gardens of Mæcenas, spread, to some extent, over this unholy and unfertile region. Augustus is said to have been influenced by sanitary reasons. But what became of the rest of the poor, when they were mowed
down

down by thousands by the scythe of Libitina, or stole out of life, unmourned, unhonoured, unknown? This is a question which we believe that it is extremely difficult to answer fully and satisfactorily. All we know is, that intramural burial was prohibited by the laws of Rome, even by the XII. Tables, with a rigour and severity of which even Mr. Chadwick might approve. The only exception was in favour of the Vestal Virgins (Serv. ad 'Æneid.' ix.), and the families of one or two great men of old, Valerius Poplicola (Plutarch, 'Vit.') and Fabricius; but this privilege was voluntarily abandoned by their descendants, in deference, no doubt, to public feeling.

Yet vast as was the space along the Roman highways, and though many chose more quiet resting-places, like Propertius,

'Dī faciunt, mea ne terrā locet ossa frequenti
Qua facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter:'

the poet would repose under the shade of some beautiful and familiar tree. Though some had places of sepulture in their pleasure-grounds or gardens, like the Bluebeard in Martial, who had buried seven wives :

'Septima jam Phileros tibi conditur uxor in agro ;'

still, if the bodies had been generally buried entire, there might have been difficulty in finding room for the vast sepulchres and vaster monuments of the distinguished families, generation after generation ; of those who inherited or claimed from wealth or honours to belong to the nobles of the Republic and of the Empire. But the practice of burning the dead made a sepulchre of moderate dimensions sufficient to receive the remains of whole families, and even of their retainers. Only a small urn, which would hold the ashes was necessary ; and these urns might be arranged in the columbaria, the arched alcoves or niches, side by side, row above row, with the lachrymatories, or any other small memorials with which the pious affection of the survivors might wish to honour the departed. The practice of burning the dead was, it is well known, not universal, perhaps had hardly become general, till the later days of the Republic. Sylla, it is said, was the first of the Cornelii whose body was burned. Though the abdicated Dictator thought that there was such an awe about his living person, that he might defy the cowed and timid hatred of his enemies, Sylla would secure his sacred remains from insult and ignominy. But from that time, though the ceremonial of a funeral pyre must have been costly, this seems, by the perpetual allusions in the poets and other writers who touch on Roman manners, to have been the ordinary form of burial with the rich and

and the great. Nor was it indeed the especial prerogative of the wealthy. Ovid speaks of a plebeian funeral pyre :

‘ *Et dare plebeio corpus inane rogo.*’

The common term of the ashes (*cineres*) of the dead, is enough to show its general usage. Indeed in the poetry of the Augustan and later period, allusions to the coffin or the interment are rare and unfrequent; those to the funeral torch, to the pyre (*rogus*), to the cremation of the dead, common and perpetual; and urns, not large and massive sarcophagi, crowd the monuments of these crowded cemeteries.

We return to our Appian Way. It is to the credit of the present Pope, it has been said, that the opening of this imposing scene may fairly be ascribed. Whether his Holiness has consulted wise counsellors on religious, ecclesiastical, or political matters, we presume not—we are not called upon to judge; but we must do him the justice to say, that in his antiquarian advisers he has been singularly fortunate. No one who visits Rome will speak with anything but respect of the *Cavaliere Canina*, of *Rosa*, of *Visconti*, and the *Cavaliere de Rossi*. The Appian Way has been the province of Canina; the works have been conducted throughout by his industry, sagacity, and judgment; and, though he is now lost to Rome and to the world, he has left behind him, among other writings of very high value, the volumes, of which the title appears at the head of our article, the first part of the Appian Way from the Capenian Gate to Bovillæ. This work is a model of antiquarian research; inquiring, but not too speculative; profound, but not too abstruse; with imaginary restorations of some of the more remarkable monuments, checked and controlled by good engravings of the ruins as they actually appear. Under Canina's guidance we seem to walk again on the majestic Appian Way.

Had we space, we should have been delighted—reversing Canina's order—to conduct (shall we say?) some Consul on the road from Brundisium, Capua, or Naples, to a triumph; or some Prætor, loaded with the plunder and the curses of some Eastern province; some tributary king on his humiliating pilgrimage to the feet of the Mistress of the World; or shall we rather say, St. Paul, escorted by his Jewish brethren from his lodging at Appii Forum over the Pomptine marshes, and bearing the first rays of Christian light to the Capital of Heathendom, through the stately throngs of monuments, by the temples, unconscious of their doom, and the luxurious villas, to the Capenian Gate? We must not, however, linger—we fain would
linger

linger—but rather proceed with unavoidable celerity, and with only brief remarks on the objects which arrest our attention.

Canina ends, we begin, at Bovillæ.* Not that Bovillæ was the first stage from Rome; that stage, of sixteen miles, reached as far as Aricia :

‘Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ;’

and to Aricia extended the monuments :

‘Dalla porta Capena alle adiacenze dell’ Aricia, per circa sedici miglia di estensione, i monumenti sepolcrali si congiungevano l’ uno all’ altro senza lasciare alcuno spazio intermedio vuoto, ed anzi spesso nelle posizioni migliori, in vicinanza della città, stavano collocati anchè in doppia fila per ciascun lato.’

Old Varro, it should be observed, gives the religious motive for this usage, the admonitory lesson of the monuments :

‘Sic monimenta quæ in sepulchris, et ideo secundum viam, quo prætereuntis admoneant, et se fuisse, et illos esse mortalis.’

We shall not delay at Bovillæ, even to examine her circus: nor even before the vast circular nameless tomb on the left between the tenth and eleventh (Roman) mile; or that of still more imposing dimensions, between the tenth and ninth. If indeed the monuments on the whole did read, and were intended to read, a solemn lesson on our common mortality, these two huge mounds are not less eloquent on the nothingness of human pomp and fame. These vast tombs must have been raised, to the memory, doubtless it was hoped and believed, the sempiternal, undying memory, of the great men deposited within them, perhaps with the long procession and all the striking rites which attended the public, or even the private, funerals of the rich and noble. Their size—one measured 120 feet on each side of the square, the diameter of the circle was 100 feet—their splendid ornamentation (whether Canina approaches more or less nearly to their original grandeur in his fanciful restorations) may seem to imply Lucullan luxury, Crassean wealth, Pompeian magnatism, or Cæsarean glory: or it may be, after all, no more than the fond vanity of an admiring or loving family. But not only are these two tombs utterly nameless, without vestige of the rank, station, even the age at which their inmates lived (though Canina, from certain reasons, especially from the materials employed, conjectures that they belong to the later days of the Republic); on one only are three or four disjointed letters, before which even antiquarian boldness of conjecture is baffled, and holds its peace.

* From near Bovillæ the modern road branches off to the right.

As we advance towards Rome, the tombs must have been not less vast and imposing; but the obscurity which hangs over the tenants of those tombs is hardly dispersed. Near the ninth milestone stood the stately monument of the Emperor Gallienus, in which, according to Aurelius Victor, at a late period were deposited the remains of the Cæsar Severus,* slain at the 'Three Taverns' by Herculus Maximianus. Of Gallienus, Gibbon has said, with his usual sarcasm and his usual truth, that he was 'a master of several curious but useful sciences, a ready orator, an elegant poet, a skilful gardener, an excellent cook, and most contemptible prince.' Yet, though in the latter part of his life he was seized with a sort of paroxysm of activity and courage, it is difficult to imagine who (during the confusion after his death, arising from the unappeased strife of 'The Thirty Tyrants') could have raised so splendid a monument as this, as well from the ruins as from the restoration of Canina, appears to have been, to so worthless a prince.

We must hasten on to the undoubted monument of Valerius Messalinus Cotta, which covered half an acre of ground, and to the tomb which was once supposed to be that of Licinus the barber, famed in satiric verse, the ruins of which are called the Torre Selce. This conjecture was founded on two lines of Martial, in which the poet boasts that his verses would outlive the perishing stones of the sepulchre of Messala, and the marbles of Licinus crumbled into dust:

'Et cum rupta situ Messalæ saxa jacebunt
Altaque cum Licini marmora pulvis erunt.'—viii. 3, 5, 6. '

The tomb of Licinus gave rise to the well-known epigram of Varro Atacinus:

'Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet, at Cato parvo,
Pompeius nullo, credimus esse Deos?'—

Meyer, *Epigramm. Lat.* i. 77.

Unfortunately, we know, on the distinct and unanswerable authority of a scholiast on Persius, that the tomb of Licinus was not on the Via Appia, but at the second milestone on the Via Salaria. The mischievous critics too (see Smith's 'Dictionary,' art. Licinus), will have it that the tomb in question belonged to

* The very able writer in 'Murray's Guide,' who describes from Canina the whole line of the Appian Way with its monuments, has fallen, or rather has been misled, into a curious mistake. He has supposed this to refer to Alexander Severus, who, by a singular coincidence, was slain by the connivance, if not by the order, of his successor the Thracian Maximian. But Alexander Severus had been dead and buried thirty years before: and what should he do in the sepulchre of Gallienus? The passage in the Epitome of Aurelius Victor, on which the whole rests, is perfectly clear.

Licinus,

Licinus, a Gaul, a slave, afterwards steward of Julius Cæsar, not to the barber. We cannot consent to blunt the point of the epigram on Licinus. But there seems no doubt that the great circular tomb which bears the name of Cotta (see Pl. xxxviii.) was raised by the son to his far greater father, Messala Corvinus. Cotta himself was no undistinguished man: in the words of Paterculus (Vell. Paterc. ii. 112); he was nobler from his character than from his descent, worthy of being the son of his father Corvinus. Two of Ovid's melancholy Epistles from Pontus are addressed to Messalinus Cotta (i. 7, ii. 2). The exiled poet entreats Cotta to exert in his favour the eloquence which he inherits from his father:

‘ Vivit enim in vobis facundi lingua parentis.’

He implores him by the shade of his father, whom Ovid had honoured from his infancy, to intercede with ‘the Gods and the Cæsars,’ in the poet's belief one and the same,—

‘ Hoc pater ille tuus, primo mihi cultus ab ævo,
Si quid habet sensûs umbra diserta, petit.’

As to the father, Messala Corvinus, there were few men, at least of his own age, on whose monument the Roman might look with greater pride, or receive a more solemn admonition by contrasting his fame, wealth, influence, endowments, and accomplishments, with the narrow urn and few ashes, the sole sad witnesses to his mortality. The high character of Messala might almost give dignity to his political tergiversations, in those dark days of Rome, almost inevitable. The consummate general who held a high command in the anti-Cæsarean army at Philippi, almost achieved the Cæsarean naval victory at Actium. Not only was he a great general and statesman, he was poet, historian, grammarian, orator. He was one of the best and wisest counselors of Augustus, the dear friend of Horace and Tibullus, probably of Virgil, and the nursing father of Ovid's poetry. The tomb—there is no reason to doubt but that it is the one alluded to by Martial, as among the most renowned, renowned to a proverb,—was worthy of the fame of Messala.

The line of tombs was here broken for some distance by the magnificent villa of the Quintilii. The scholar cannot but think of that Quintilius, dear to Virgil and so touchingly lamented by Horace. We would fain behold his tomb, even if it bore the dreary and despairing inscription which consigned him to eternal sleep,—

‘ Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget.’

But

But the villa belonged to Quintilii of a much later age, though perhaps of not less distinguished virtue. It seems to have been a sumptuous palace, though it may be difficult to determine which part belonged to the Quintilii, and which arose at the command of its Imperial usurper. But no doubt its beauty and splendour were fatal to its owners. The front to the road (see Plate xxxiii.) exhibited the portico of a Temple of Hercules, a noble vestibule, and a rich nympheum. Behind was a large space, with courts, baths, gardens, watercourses, and all which ministered to the luxury of those luxurious times. We may fairly conclude that the desire of confiscating this noble possession aggravated the jealousy of Commodus of the virtues of its masters. The brothers Quintilii were a noble example of emulous ability and success. Together they were consuls, together governors of Achaia and of Pannonia under the just rule of the Antonines. In death they were not divided. On the discovery of some unproved conspiracy, which involved the whole race, the brothers were cut off by the ruffian Commodus, and Commodus became the lord of this tempting property.

We plunge back (and this adds to the singular interest of the whole line of monuments) from the days of the declining empire to the days of the kings. Near the fifth milestone there are two large mounds, popularly known as the tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii. Let us leave the legend undisturbed, and take no more notice of those wicked disenchanters of our old beliefs (they will leave us at least the poetry if they scatter our history into a mist), than the Emperor of the French has vouchsafed to bestow on the learned labours of Niebuhr and of the lamented Sir George Lewis.

We cannot however pass the remains of the countless monuments, which Canina has raised on each side of the Appian Way, without remarking the simple grace and beauty of many of them; grace and beauty which arises almost entirely out of that delicate sense of proportion which seems to have been intuitive in the Grecian mind, and is the soul of true Grecian architecture, indeed of all its art. These were borrowed by the Romans, or imitated in their happier hours, or were probably kept alive by the employment of Greek workmen or artists. In what does this harmony, this music of architecture, which pervades Greek art, from the noblest temple to the humblest monument, consist? Is it subject to measure and rule? Why is it so rare in almost all works but those which are purely Greek?

Few of these tombs bear names of any note; and we are in general grievously disappointed when they do. We read the name
of

of Pompey ; but Pompey, it is well known, had not the barren honour of a tomb on the foreign shore where he fell ; the pillar which long bore his name, near the mouth of the Nile, has long passed over to a more rightful and far baser owner. Sextus Pompeius Justus, whose name appears on a stately tomb, was but a freedman of that great house. But near the fourth milestone was the scene of the luxurious life, of the miserable death, and in all probability, stood the humble tomb of a man to whom, of all Romans, it is perhaps the most difficult to do justice ; and no more than justice. Here were the gardens of the 'too wealthy' Seneca ; here took place that slow death, at the command of his pupil Nero, described (we urge our readers to refresh their memory with the wonderful passage) in the 'Annals of Tacitus' (xv. 71 et seqq.). Not merely does Tacitus say of Seneca, at the time of his death, 'quartum apud lapidem, suburbano rure constiterat,' but a fragment has been discovered bearing the name of the tribune of the Prætorian cohort, Granius (Silvanus), who was said to have been commissioned to order Seneca to put himself to death. Canina conjectures that Granius may have obtained the villa as the reward of his services. If Seneca did not live, at least he died, as a philosopher. It is harsh, perhaps, to charge his memory with the crimes of his ungovernable pupil ; scarcely possible to relieve his memory from cowardly acquiescence in some of the worst of those crimes. His philosophy, as shown in his writings, is even a more difficult problem. Exquisite gleams of premature humanity, which have tempted many, in utter ignorance of the history of the times, which makes such a notion impossible, to refer them to a higher and purer source, even to intercourse with St. Paul ; a Stoicism which strives to be calm and majestic, but is far too theatrical, laboured, and emphatic for true commanding majesty : all in a detestable style, —a rope of sand as it has been described ; brief epigrams for sentences, without cohesion, flow, natural sequence or harmony. The remains of Seneca, Tacitus tells us, were burned on the spot ; we may conjecture that his ashes were gathered into some cheap urn. Canina imagines a monument ; and in a head, upon a fragment discovered near the spot, he would recognise the likeness of the philosopher. And he has explained, too, with singular ingenuity, a bas-relief (Plate xix.), representing, from Herodotus, the scene of the death of the son of Cræsus, which might have belonged to the tomb. Of this we presume he would suppose the moral to be, that no one should be called happy before the day of his death,—

'Dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.'

Another

Another mile and we stand before the colossal Cæcilia Metella tomb. This was within the older circuit of all visitors to Rome, and close to it are the ruins of the mediæval fortress of the Gaetani. Byron has made this noble ruin his own. Even in his descriptive poetry (and when he was in the vein what descriptive poet was equal to Byron?) there are few passages of equal truth and sublimity. We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines—would we had space for more—especially the first stanza, which so well displays the present aspect of the monument:—

‘But who was she, the Lady of the dead
Tomb’d in a palace? Was she chaste and fair;
Worthy a king’s, or more, a Roman’s bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir—
How lived—how died—how loved she? Was she not
So honoured and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot.

Thus much alone we know—Metella died
The wealthiest Roman’s wife—Behold his love or pride.’

Within the last three miles from Rome the approach to the great city was marked by the larger intermingling of other stately and sacred edifices with the monuments of the dead. There was the temple of the Deus Rediculus, indicating the height from which Hannibal is said to have surveyed and then turned his back on unassailable Rome. No wonder! For Hannibal, ever conqueror in the field—at Trebia, at Thrasymene, at Cannæ,—was baffled by almost every town which he attempted to besiege; for his army was utterly unfit for such operations. Unprovided with the materials for a siege,—the mining tools, the hands accustomed to use them, the engines, and all the apparatus necessary for such work. Terror or treachery opened the gates of fatal Capua.

After this appear on one side of the road, the valley and fountain of Egeria, of which the holy romance, the venerable reminiscences of Numa, were, to the indignation of Juvenal, profaned in his day with its occupation by the miserable Jews. These were no longer flourishing merchants—it may have been already money-lenders, for such, as we know from Cicero, they were in Asia Minor—but crushed down, by the hatred excited by the obstinate war, and by the influx of slaves (now scattered by millions throughout the Roman Empire), into mean pedlars, and defiling the soil and the waters of this sacred spot with their provision-baskets and pallets of straw.

The

The noble arch of Drusus perhaps bestrode the way; and other temples crowded the road up to the Capenian Gate. But there were monuments too, and those singularly illustrative of almost every period in the annals of Rome. There was the tomb of Romulus, the son of the last Pagan Emperor of Rome. Maxentius, perhaps in honour of that son, had laid out a vast circus, as though the votive offering of expiring Paganism. There was the tomb of Geta, who fell by the fratricidal hand of Caracalla, a fearful memorial of the crimes of what we call the second period of the Empire. There were the sepulchres of the freedmen of Augustus, and of the freedmen of Livia, both, as might be expected, very capacious. The ashes of Augustus himself, as is well known, reposed in the Campus Martius. There was a tomb, which though raised by a private man, must have been of unexampled splendour, that of Priscilla, the wife of Abascantius, a favourite of Domitian. It is well, among all the monuments of pride and crime, to dwell on this one prodigal memorial of true domestic affection; and this tomb, and the inmate of the tomb, are described in a work of one of the later Roman poets, worthy to live. Like all the verse of Statius, the *consolation*, as we may call it, inscribed to Abascantius, is in many parts strained, forced, exaggerated; but there are lines with a depth of tenderness unsurpassed—difficult to equal, in Latin verse. He describes the dying moments of Priscilla:—

‘Jamque cadunt vultus, oculisque novissimus error,
Obtusæque aures, nisi cum vox sola mariti
Noscitur. Illum unum media de morte reversa
Mens videt: illum ægris circumdat fortiter ulnis
Immotas obversa genas, nec sole supremo
Lumina, sed dulci mavult satiare marito.’

All Rome poured forth, to see the costly funeral procession of Priscilla, to the Appian Way, on the banks of the Almo, near the temple of Cybele,—

‘Est locus ante urbem, qua primum nascitur ingens
Appia, quaque Italo gemitus Almone Cybele
Ponit.’

She was interred (it should seem an unusual course), not burned; her husband could not have endured the sight and the tumult of a cremation.

‘Nec enim fumantia busta,
Clamoremq; rogi potuit perferre.’

The tomb must have been most sumptuous. All around
stood

stood in niches, marble statues of Priscilla, in the garb and attributes of various goddesses :—

‘ Mox in varias mutata novaris
Effigies : hoc ære Ceres, hoc lucida Gnessis,
Illo Maia tholo, Venus hoc non improba saxo,
Accipiunt vultus, haud indignata, decoros
Numina.’—*Statii Silvae*, v. 1.

Nearest to the walls of Rome, as though holding the guardians of her impregnable gates, was the well-known tomb of the Scipios. The greatest of the race, Africanus, reposed not in this sepulchre ; he died, and his ashes remained, at Liternum. But there is no reason to doubt that his place was filled by the great father of Roman poetry, the conservator of her legendary annals, Ennius. And surely we may refer to the whole race the splendid lines of Lucretius. ‘ Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, the terror of Carthage, bequeathed his bones to the earth, even as if he had been the vilest of slaves ; and wilt thou whose life, even while thou art living and in the light of day, is little more than death, wilt thou struggle, and be indignant that thou must die ? ’

‘ Scipiades fulmen belli, Carthaginis horror
Ossa dedit terræ, proinde ac famul infimus esset.

Tu vero dubitabis et indignabere obire
Mortua quoi vita est prope jam vivo atque videntæ.’

—*Lucret.* iii. 1047-8, 1058-9.

Thus, along each of the great roads which led to Rome was, as it were, a great necropolis, a line of stately sepulchres, in which lay the remains of her illustrious dead, and of those who might aspire to the rank of the illustrious. We may conjecture indeed from Cicero that, even in his day, the most famous, and hallowed by the most famous men, was the Appian necropolis. In the well-known passage, where Tully would infer the immortality of the soul from the greatness of the older Romans, he says : ‘ When you go out of the Capenian Gate, where you behold the tombs of Calatinus, of the Scipios, of the Servilii, of the Metelli, can you suppose that they are miserable ? ’ (‘ An tu egressus porta Capena, cum Calatini, Scipionum, Serviliorum, Metellorum sepulchra vides, miseros putas illos ? ’)

But during the early Empire appeared in Rome a religious community, among whom reverence for the dead, a profound feeling for the preservation of the buried body in its integrity,

was

was not only a solemn duty, but a deep-rooted passion. The Christians not only inherited from their religious ancestors the Jews the ancient and immemorial usage of interment, but this respect for the dead was clasped and riveted, as it were, round their hearts by the great crowning event of their faith. Christ, in their belief, had risen bodily from the grave; a bodily resurrection was to be their glorious privilege. Some, many indeed, no doubt, in the first ages of Christianity, looked for this resurrection as speedy, imminent, almost immediate. Their great Apostle indeed had taught a more sublime, less material tenet; he had spoken of glorified bodies, not natural bodies: *Flesh and blood cannot enter into the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.* But the sanctity of the body committed to the earth was still rooted in the very depths of their souls; the burning of the dead was to them a profanation. Long before relics came to be worshipped, the mangled and scattered limbs, it might be of the confessor or martyr, were a pious trust, to be watched over with reverential care, to be preserved with tender affection. This feeling is well described by Prudentius:

‘ Hinc maxima cura sepulcris
Impenditur, hinc resolutos
Honor ultimus accipit artus,
Et funeris ambitus ornat.
Quidnam tibi saxa cavata,
Quid pulcra volunt monumenta,
Nisi quod res creditur illis
Non mortua sed data somno? ’—*Cathem.* x.

This community had grown with wonderful rapidity, so as, even in the reign of Nero, to be exposed to a cruel—it might have been supposed an exterminating—persecution. They were of sufficient importance to be cast forth, as it were a scapegoat, to the populace, who were maddened, after the fire of Rome, by the most blind and furious passions of our nature, panic, revenge, superstition; and perhaps to divert the thoughts of the multitude from the Government, against whom some suspicious murmurs had begun to spread.

But the religion had a life which defied, which gained strength from persecution. During the reign of Domitian, in Rome, certain members of the imperial family were accused of belonging to this, for a time, proscribed race. What truth there may be in the accusation, we do not distinctly know (the whole transaction is very obscure): yet we would fain indulge the hope that in their death these victims had the consolations of Christianity.

And still the Christians grew and multiplied throughout the
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Roman world—in Rome especially, the centre of that world. There can be little doubt that, during what has been called the golden age in the Roman history, the reigns of Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and that of Marcus Aurelius down to the great Eastern plague, they were in constant unchecked accretion; they were in still advancing proportion to the pagan population. Of this wonderful revolution during those times history is silent; for the best of reasons, because there is no history. Of the long reign of Antoninus Pius we have a few pages in the volume of the Augustan historians. But, as the living Christians increased in numbers, so also must the number of their dead. That, too, which, as it were, narrowed the space required for interment, the practice of cremation, by which the body was reduced to the dimensions of a small urn, which contained the ashes, and might be respectfully stowed away in the small niches of a columbarium—this practice, now almost universal among the great and wealthy (Statius, as we have seen, mentions the case of Priscilla as something rare and unusual), was to the Christians a revolting abomination. Another circumstance perhaps added to their difficulty. The tomb of the great family might admit, as a special privilege, the remains of a few faithful and favourite freedmen, even of slaves: but these added only a few urns with their ashes; and, though it is pleasing to contemplate the usage, as showing the growth of a more humane feeling which was stealing over cruel Roman slavery, it was exceptional rather than common. But to the Christian the body of the freedman or slave (no doubt these social distinctions still subsisted) was as holy as that of his master. He had the same hope of the resurrection; to him extended that equality which alone can level all earthly distinctions—the same title to immortality. The lowest Christian was equal to his master in the hope of rising in glory from the grave. What then was to be done with Christian slaves? indeed with Christian poor? Were they to be left, abandoned, unregarded, unmourned, to be borne on the cheap sandapila by those whose office it was, and cast into the horrible pits on the Esquiline, where the scanty earth could not (as in the time of Horace) protect them from the prowling wolf and the obscene bird of prey? We must, indeed, observe that, even among the heathen Romans, there had grown up some respect for the remains of the poor. Not only imperial personages, such as Augustus and Livia, founded common sepulchres for their household, their freedmen, and slaves. It was not an uncommon act of magnificence and generosity to dig or to build a columbarium (so called from its likeness to a dovecote with its rows of niches, one above another) for the poor
or

or for slaves. One, undoubtedly heathen, situated not far from the tomb of the Scipios, has been described by Campana in the 'Bulletino dell' Instituto,' 1840, p. 135; another, as clearly pagan, in the Vigna Codini, described by Herzen ('Annali d' Instituto,' 1856), contained niches for 600 urns. To the columbarium was usually attached an *ustrinum*, which showed that the practice of burning the dead was extended to the poor and to slaves. There were speculators also, who, like our cemetery companies, let out columbaria and niches in them. There were burial clubs too (*sodalitates*), which received a monthly payment, and had a common chest, from which was paid, on the decease of each member, a sum for his funeral expenses, *funeraticum*. The reader will find very curious details on this subject, with references to the various scattered authorities, chiefly from inscriptions, in the 'Römische Alterthümer' of Becker, continued by Marquardt, Th. iv. pp. 154, 155; Th. v. pp. 372, 373.

There were family sepulchres too, and *gentilitium sepulchres*, from the earliest period, in Rome. The Christians would consider themselves very naturally as one great family, and would speedily grow to a *gens*; and every religious feeling would induce them to desire that, as they were to each other '*loving and pleasant in their lives, so in their death they would not be divided.*' But not only separate, but far more spacious burial-places would soon be required for them, than for those whose ashes were crowded together in narrow urns. And where were these to be found? Within the walls of the city interment was sternly forbidden by the law. These laws were maintained in strict force even under the Christian Emperors. When the superstitious desire had grown up of being buried under or near the altars of the churches to which the relics of saints and martyrs had been transferred, the practice was still interdicted with the utmost severity. That furtive piety sometimes eluded this law (we are irresistibly reminded of one of the cleverest scenes in '*Les Misérables*') is shown by the strength and the frequent reiteration of the enactments.*

Nor could the cemeteries of the Christians be conveniently constructed at any great distance from the city. The principal catacombs are all within three miles of the walls. But within

* '*Ne alicujus fallax et arguta sollertia se ab hujus præcepti intentione subducatur, atque Apostolorum et Martyrum sedem humanis corporibus existimet esse concessam, ab his quoque, ut a reliquo civitatis, noverint se atque intelligant esse submotos.*'—quoted by M. S. de Rossi, *Analisi*, p. 43. M. de Rossi must excuse us if we dismiss with a quiet smile what he seems inclined to treat with gravity, an Inscription in the church of S. Pudenziana, near an altar of that church, commemorating the discovery of the bodies of five Holy Martyrs, *with the sponge yet red with their blood.* And this in the year 1803 !!!

this distance, crowded as it already must have been along all the great roads with heathen cemeteries and monuments, and with houses, gardens, vineyards, large plots of ground would be, no doubt, very costly. Here and there a wealthy Christian might devote a vineyard or a garden to this holy purpose. It was possible, it should seem, to secure by law the peaceable transmission of such hallowed places either to natural heirs, or even to religious descendants; yet there might be times when their violation, their desecration, might be enjoined by persecuting rulers or by a fanatic populace. As the living were not yet secure on the face of the earth, so neither were the dead under its immediate surface. But why not deeper beneath the earth? why might not subterranean chambers be formed, comparatively inaccessible; separate, as it were, in holy seclusion alike from the stir of the living world and the intermingling of profaner dead? Might not the bodies of the brethren be deposited entire, only subject to natural decay, to await in God's good time the glad day of resurrection?

From these deep-seated feelings, from this necessity (ingenious, inventive, keen-sighted, as necessity ever is), began the famous Roman Catacombs. It is to be observed, too, that in all probability the Christians were not, if we may so speak, the inventors or first discoverers of these subterranean receptacles for the dead. The Jews had the same, if not so strong, yet a profound hereditary aversion to any mode of sepulture but interment. It is unquestionable that the earliest Catacombs were Jewish. One was discovered by Bosio, at a very early period in the investigation, undoubtedly Jewish, near their great settlement on the Vatican hill; another more recently, intended for those who, to Juvenal's indignation, had taken up their residence about the romantic but desecrated Valley of Egeria. In other parts of Italy Jewish Catacombs have come to light: of which there can be no question; for instead of the usual ornaments and sacred things buried with the Christians appear the seven-branched candlestick and other sacred emblems of the Jewish faith.*

On the Christian Catacombs, we have now before us the first volume of what we may consider the classic and authoritative work. It bears the name of the Cav. de Rossi; and could not bear a name which would so strongly recommend it to every one who takes an interest in this important subject. All who have visited Rome will bear witness to the indefatigable industry,

* Compare Bosio and '*Cemetero degli Antichi Ebrei*,' par Raffaello Garrucci, Roma, 1862; and Milman, '*Hist. of the Jews*,' vol. ii. pp. 456-459.

sagacity, perseverance, even bodily labour, which the Cavaliere has devoted to the investigation of the Roman Catacombs. The crowning proof of this has been his discovery, by very acute powers of discernment and of reasoning, of the true Catacomb of S. Callistus, up to his time misplaced, and supposed to be that close to the Church of S. Sebastian. Many will bear witness to his extreme courtesy in unfolding to the uninitiated as well as to the initiated the secrets of his subterranean treasure-house. The Cavaliere de Rossi has been singularly fortunate also in the zealous co-operation of his brother, Michael Stefano de Rossi, a man of very high scientific attainments (he exhibited a very curious instrument at our Great Exhibition, invented for the purpose of taking accurate measurements and levels in the Catacombs, to which we believe a prize was awarded), and with a knowledge of geology, which has thrown a full and steady light on the origin, extent, boundaries, ramifications, construction, and nature of these vast sepulchral excavations. Sig. M. S. de Rossi has contributed a most valuable Appendix (we are inclined to think that it had been better as a Preface) to the Cavaliere's volume: at all events we should strongly recommend to our readers to begin the book at this end.

One result is triumphantly obtained from these inquiries. That the Catacombs, properly so called, are originally and exclusively, except the Jewish, Christian. The title prefixed to this volume, '*Roma Sotteranea Christiana*,' is in every respect just and legitimate. It might seem that the discussion of this question has been carried on with very unnecessary toil and trouble: it might appear a purely historical and archæological problem. Unhappily, on the first discovery of the Catacombs, certain Protestant writers—one of considerable name—took it into their heads to raise about the most idle controversy which ever wasted Christian ink, or tried, we will hardly say Christian, temper. The Catacombs were declared to be only old sand-pits or quarries; and by some asserted to be Heathen, not Christian cemeteries. This narrow Protestant jealousy betrayed not only a strange perversity, but a most lamentable misconception of the true grounds of the Reformed religion (we fear that we must revert to the ungrateful subject), and a surprising ignorance of Christian history. The only questions really raised at that time, which caused this senseless Anti-Romanist panic, was whether or no the Christians had become very numerous in Rome during the first three centuries, and had provided places of quiet and secure burial for the brethren.

The profound and scientific investigations of M. de Rossi have not only scattered these follies to the winds, but they have dissipated

pated other extravagant notions, entertained by some of the most learned of the Roman antiquarians, particularly by the Padre Marchi, who perhaps occupies the highest rank among the searchers of the Catacombs, between Bosio and the Cavaliere de Rossi. Marchi, impressed, perhaps bewildered, by the vast expanding labyrinth of galleries and floors which he had begun to trace, had imagined a complete network of catacombs, extending all round Rome, connected by secret ways, and, it might seem from some of his expressions, spreading under the whole city. But science, real science, forces men back to good sense and truth. The fact is, that the Catacombs, vast as they were, and found in greater or less numbers, in greater extent and depth, on almost every side of Rome, were directed, limited, necessarily self-adapted to the conformation of the land and to the geological strata, some of which received them with welcome and security, others inhospitably repelled them, being altogether unfit for such use.

Without going deep into the geological formation of the basin of the Tiber, in which lies Rome with her seven hills, and amid the adjacent valleys and heights, there are *mainly* three kinds of deposit left by the successive changes in the geology of the region. These are (the scientific reader will find the whole subject simply and clearly developed in the third chapter of the Appendix) the *tufa litoide*, the *tufa granulare*, and the *tufa friabile*. From the first of these came probably much of the stone, used when Augustus transformed the city of brick to what his flatterers called a city of marble; from the latter the *pozzulana*, and the sand used for building and for other ordinary industrial purposes. Of these the first was too hard, it would have been enormously costly, to hew it out into the spacious and intricate necropolis, which must be perpetually enlarging its dimensions to receive the remains of the growing and multiplying Christian population. The latter was far too loose and crumbling for the purpose of secure and lasting burial. But the second, the *tufa granulare*, formed chiefly of volcanic deposits, was not too hard to be worked, yet was solid enough to make walls for long and intricate passages or ambulacra, to be hewn into arches, vaulting over deep recesses, in which the coffins were arranged; and to support floor below floor—two, three, four, five—down to the utmost depth at which the formation was found. But, of course, when these formations so suited for them ceased, the Catacomb stopped; the passage died away (this is De Rossi's expression) against the hard rock, or as it approached the crumbling *pozzulana*. The Catacomb must also maintain itself at a certain height. If it descended towards the Valley of the Tiber, the course of the Anio,
or

or even of smaller streams like the Almone, it would be liable to be flooded, or at least suffer from the filtration of water, dangerous, if not to its security, yet to its decent propriety. In parts it might expand into a more spacious area, where, we know not how early, might be the lowly chapel, and in times of persecution, the place of refuge from cruel death. We will translate a passage from M. de Rossi, which appears to us to illustrate all this, as well as the situations of the chief Catacombs, with clearness, and at the same time with brevity.

‘All that part of the ground which lies to the left of the Tiber, perhaps because it was more depressed before it emerged from the waters, contains these volcanic deposits in greatest abundance. Hence in all this region the strata of the granular tufa are of the most spacious extent and depth. Therefore almost all the higher summits which rise in succession from the “Monte Pariolò,” along the old and the new Via Salaria, the Nomentana, the Tiburtina, the Prænestina, the Labicana, the Asinaria, the Latina, the Appia, and the Ardeatina, till they meet again the Valley of the Tiber on the Via Ostiense, are suited for the excavation of catacombs, and have been in great part devoted to these purposes. Here, moreover, the depth of those beaches has been hollowed out, sometimes in four, in some cases even in five, floors of galleries, one below the other. But if throughout this region the strata are found to an indefinite extent fit for this purpose, they are limited by the lie of the land. The valley of the Anio forms a boundary about two miles along the Via Salaria and the Via Nomentana. On the latter, however, before the valley, interposes itself a great barrier of “tufa litoide,” which makes its appearance all along this way, and has interrupted here and there the cemetery excavations. Besides this, valleys and beds of torrents run along in the same direction as the Roman roads, and disgorge themselves into the valley of the Anio.’

For the description of the rest of the circuit round to the Via Latina and Via Appia, we must refer to the original.

‘The Via Latina, the Appia, the Ardeatina, offer the most extensive field for those operations. There, for more than two miles, every elevation appears to have been hollowed out, and it forms the most celebrated group of these vast and continuous catacombs. This region is often broken by the usual courses of the streamlets, especially on the Appian and Latin ways, where the Almone flows.’ ‘This rapid survey, besides the reasons alleged above, clearly manifests how impossible was the general connexion of subterranean Rome, and places in a stronger light the necessity of those laws which I have shown to have regulated the excavations, chiefly to protect them from the filtration or the flooding of waters. For the rest it is an ascertained fact, from the excavations made with the greatest advantages, that each of the great cemeteries, having its proper name and separate existence, was divided from and independent of the contiguous one,
even

even where there appears no natural obstruction to their fusion. Thus, for example, the well-known cemeteries of Pretextatus and of Callistus were excavated, one on the right, the other on the left of the Appian Way, and extended opposite to each other without any communication. If any communication is found between neighbouring or contiguous cemeteries, it is irregular, exceptional, and of a later period, and does not prove the throwing two distinct catacombs into one.'—*Appendix*, pp. 51, 52.

It is this immense necropolis, (that as Rome became Christian, and in proportion to its slower or more rapid advance to Christianity, grew into the necropolis of Rome,) which the Cavaliere de Rossi aspires to include in one vast and accurate topography. He would penetrate, describe, plan, each of the separate provinces of this vast kingdom of the dead. He would make the world as intimately acquainted with the extent, the divisions, the monuments of subterranean Rome, as generations of archæologists have made known to us the Rome of the upper world. It might even seem, from some expressions, that M. de Rossi's ambition would not confine itself to suburban Rome, but dimly contemplates the iconography of Christian catacombs throughout the world. And when we remember that the Cavaliere de Rossi is also engaged in a great and exhaustive work on Christian inscriptions, of which the first volume has appeared (it has unfortunately broken off at the point at which we might expect that its historic interest would begin), we almost tremble at the boldness of these, though collateral indeed, coextensive, schemes. We can only express our devout hope that M. de Rossi may complete what few of us, we fear, can hope to see in their completion.

The Cavaliere de Rossi certainly possesses eminent qualifications for his vast and noble task,—indefatigable industry, sagacity almost intuitive and prophetic, the power of combining minute circumstances, and drawing out grave and important conclusions by a bold induction from mere hints and suggestions, from words and letters; a command of the whole wide and somewhat obscure and scattered world of archæology, which nothing escapes. The atmosphere of Rome,—as is inevitable in the case of a man of such deep and absorbing enthusiasm, exercises over him an influence which at times provokes our severer northern critical spirit, *e. g.* when he gravely refers to the puerile fables in Tertullian, of the dead body of a saint which lifted its arms in the attitude of prayer; another which moved to make room for a saintly partner in her narrow bed. At times too he pays far more respect to legend than we can admit. (We write as historians and archæologists, not as Protestants.) Yet on the whole it is impossible not to acknowledge

ledge and to admire his perfect honesty of purpose. If, therefore, here and there we venture to take exception at words or arguments, it is in what we firmly believe to be the interest of truth, and not without the utmost respect and gratitude for his devoted labours. Let us express too our hope, that even in these, to them, hard times, the Roman government will not be niggardly, or, if there be any difficulty, will not be too lofty to decline aid from external quarters for a work of such general Christian interest.

The first section of M. de Rossi's splendid volume gives the history of research and discovery in the Catacombs: he does ample justice to his predecessors in these inquiries, from Bosio, or those who were before Bosio, though Bosio was, in M. de Rossi's fervent language, the Columbus of this new underground world. After Bosio the study and the real science of discovery rather receded than advanced, till the days of M. de Rossi's own leader, the second great discoverer, the Padre Marchi. Marchi's works, though in some points conjectural, and not always happily conjectural, yet showed clearly the right way, on which he has been followed by his as ingenious and more discerning disciple. To all the intermediate inquirers M. de Rossi does fair and ample justice; having ourselves investigated the subject with some care, we can bear witness to his impartiality. He also distributes in general sound and judicious praise or otherwise, to the more recent writers on the Catacombs.* The whole of this section, however (our lessening space admonishes us), we must pass over, yet not without reluctance. We should like to have dwelt on the very curious fact, proved beyond doubt by M. de Rossi, that the first explorers of the Catacombs, the first whose names, written in modern times, appear upon the walls, were neither industrious antiquaries nor the zealous Faithful, eager to show their reverence for the hallowed remains of their Christian ancestors. They were some of those half-Paganising philosophers, somewhat Epicurean we fear, a certain Pompeius Lætus with his disciples, who endeavoured to blend the newly awakening ancient philosophy with Christianity, and Christianity rather receding from than maintaining its endangered ascendancy. Where the Christians used to seek refuge from their heathen persecutors, these heathenising Christians concealed their bold speculative discussions, perhaps certain feastings not less ill-suited to the place,—from the jealous vigilance of the Christian authorities.

Nor can we follow our author in his singularly ingenious

* We cannot but be amused with the struggle between M. de Rossi's candour and his courtesy when writing on the splendid French work on the Catacombs, that of M. Perret—a beautiful book, so beautiful as to be utterly worthless to the archæologist or historian: it wants only two things, truth and fidelity.

elucidation

elucidation of the site, the names, the topography of the cemeteries, which lie hid near or under every one of the Roman roads. For this purpose he has searched with unwearied industry, the martyrologies, the lists of the Popes, the ritualistic books, down to the Pilgrimages, which border on, if they do not belong to, the Middle Ages. We might demur to the use of these very questionable and suspicious authorities, where history or even art is concerned; but for the traditions of the names by which the cemeteries were known, the saints or martyrs from which they were commonly called, the shrines or churches which were built over them and by which their ancient names were preserved, this legendary lore may be trusted if used with discretion and discrimination.

But we must hasten back to the *Appian Way*, the scene of M. de Rossi's own extraordinary discoveries. We must confine ourselves to the three great cemeteries on either side of this road; and as we have rapidly, with M. Canina, surveyed the monuments of Roman greatness, in its Pagan days, above the earth, so descend with M. de Rossi under the earth, to the memorials of her no less wonderful greatness when gradually becoming Christianised or entirely Christian. The Christians indeed did not raise the stupendous mounds, the mountains, as it were, of marble, encircled with countless statues, the stately and harmonious and the graceful, if humbler tombs, which lined the whole road from Aricia to the Capenian Gate. But assuredly there is something not less stupendous (we use the word advisedly) in the immense and intricate wilderness of galleries, ambulacra, arched alcoves with their layers of sarcophagi one above another, their lucernaria for light or ventilation, their stairs, straight or winding; and all this not on one level only, but floor beneath floor, one, two, four, five, hewn out on a labyrinthine yet harmonious and economic plan. And all this was designed and executed from reverence and from love of the brethren, to preserve their sacred bodies, as far as might be, whole, undisturbed, inviolate, for the day of resurrection. Let the reader examine the ground-plot of the great cemetery of Callistus, among the plates to M. de Rossi's work. It represents the several floors, distinguished by lines of different colours, with all the passages, galleries, alcoves, or wider areas in each. Network is perhaps a feeble description of this vast and intricate maze; a spider's web seen through the glass of a naturalist, or rather four or five spider-webs, one within the other, would seem a more fitting illustration; all the threads spun out with infinite perplexity, yet with a certain unity, and converging as it were to one common entrance.

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The two subjects, however, to which we would confine ourselves, are the history and the archæology of the Catacombs. Their origin, extension, and use, singularly coincide, we rejoice to observe, with the views which we have long formed of the growth, progress, and development of Christianity in Rome. Out of that growth and development they grew and developed themselves naturally and of necessity.

Of the first preaching of Christianity in Rome, and the sudden interruption of that preaching, by the Neronian persecution, the Catacombs, then unformed, can of course give no record. If there be truth in the tradition of the preaching and martyrdom of St. Peter at Rome, the secret of his first burial-place on the Vatican lies beneath the mighty monument to his memory, the ponderous and unmovable dome of St. Peter's. The burial-place of St. Paul, of whose martyrdom there can be no doubt, is assigned, by probable tradition, to the Ostian road, near that spot where that noble old church S. Paolo fuori delle Mura stood, which has risen from its ashes in our days in such majestic splendour. There are indeed obdurate sceptics who, from the silence of St. Paul's Epistles and other not despicable arguments, still doubt whether St. Peter ever was at Rome. That there should be such persons may perhaps be heard in Rome with a contemptuous or compassionate smile of incredulity, such as good St. Augustine wore when men talked of the Antipodes; yet these are men too who believe themselves to be good Christians, and persuade others that they are so by the not untrustworthy evidence of their Christian lives. But even the hardest of these Pyrrhonists will scarcely doubt that in the latter half of the second century (as shown by the letter of Dionysius in Eusebius and the passage (in mutilated Latin) of Irenæus) the belief in the *foundation* of the Roman Church by St. Peter and St. Paul, had become a tenet generally received in the West. Nor can there be any reasonable question that what were supposed to be the remains of the two great Apostles were removed to one of the Catacombs on the Appian Way, to be afterwards carried back for security to Rome. Even this however rests on tradition—but on tradition, which history may accept without reserve. If little is known of those older times (for our real voucher for the Neronian persecution is after all the heathen Tacitus) perhaps less is certain as to that of Domitian. We would fain believe with M. de Rossi, that the Domitilla, the relative of the Emperor, who suffered with the Consul Flavius Clemens for atheism (generally, and we think justly, interpreted Christianity), bequeathed her name to a catacomb on the road to Ardea, possibly

possibly constructed under some villa or garden belonging to her.

But from the accession of Nerva the Church of Rome was in long and undisturbed peace. And here we must protest against the extraordinary and utterly unwarranted language used by many who know no better, by many who must know better, but who with one voice, from mistaken devotion, or indulgence in poetic phrases, we hope not from wilful deception, write and speak of the history of the Christians as one long persecution; who describe the Catacombs not as their place of repose after death, but of their actual living; as their only dwelling-places, their only churches: who call them for two or three continuous centuries *lucifugæ*, as if always shrouding themselves in darkness from the face of their enemies,—as a people constantly and habitually *under the earth*. We might have supposed that Old Dodwell's unanswered and unanswerable essay, '*De Paucitate Martyrum*,' had never been written. Poor Dodwell! his fate has been hard, but we fear that he was the author of his own fate. The honest old Nonjuror frightened even the most faithful of the faithful by his wild paradox, that the immortality of the soul depended entirely on baptism—we suspect orthodox baptism. And the Nonjuror unhappily lay in the way of Lord Macaulay, who, scanning with his searching eye this and his other absurdities, has devoted to him a page or two of withering and undying scorn. Yet if Lord Macaulay, who read almost everything, had read the '*Dissertations on Irenæus and Cyprian*,' especially the treatise '*De Paucitate*,' he would not have been content with a few extenuating phrases on Dodwell's undoubted sincerity and erudition; he would have hailed him as perhaps the first who, before Mosheim, let in the light of historic truth into the thick jungle of legend, which darkened and bewildered the early Christian annals. Dodwell's treatise was refuted, as it was said, by the learned Benedictine, Dom Ruinart. But the refutation was the best confirmation of Dodwell's views. The '*Sincera acta Martyrum*,' might have taken the title, as compared with the Bollandists and other martyrologies, of '*De Paucitate Martyrum*.'

During all this long period, from Nerva to the middle of the reign of Marcus Aurelius (from 96 to about 166), and so onward to the great persecution under Decius (A.D. 249, 250), the Christians, if exposed here and there, and at times, to local persecutions, were growing in unchecked and still expanding numbers:—

'In the following times (the year after the accession of Nerva), during which many good emperors held the sceptre and the sway,
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the Church, having endured no assault from her enemies, stretched out her hands to the East and to the West. . . . The long peace was broken, and after this arose that execrable creature Decius, who plagued the Church.'

These are no words of ours; they are the words of Lactantius. Can any one read the defiant and boastful 'Apology' of Tertullian, written probably in the reign of Severus, making all allowance for the vehemence of the orator, the passionate character of the man, or the African fire of his diction, 'we fill your cities, islands, castles, municipalities, councils, even your camps, your tribes, your demesnes, your palaces, your senate, your forum. We leave you only your temples' (he might have added your burial-places), c. 37, and suppose the Christians subject to that perpetual persecution? Must we adduce also Tertullian's positive assertion, 'that the impious and insane laws against the Christians were not carried out by Trajan, by Hadrian, by Vespasian, by Antoninus, by Verus'? (c. 5.) Were these words spoken as relating to those who could not live in the light of day, who might not bury their dead in peace, even in the vast capital of the world? The truth is, that the persecutions during the reign of Trajan were altogether connected with circumstances in the East—very remarkable circumstances, as has been shown in Dean Milman's 'Hist. of Christianity.'* Ignatius, the one undoubted martyr, was sent to Rome to suffer death, but implored his Christian brethren in Rome not to intercede in his behalf—a clear proof that they were in no danger. Pliny's persecutions in Bithynia were checked rather than authorised by Trajan. Dom Ruinart (we cite him rather than Dodwell) has two martyrs during the long reign of Hadrian, S. Symphorosa (this is of very late date), who had seven sons, and S. Felicitas: she had also seven sons, who suffered with their mother. Surely this, even to the least critical, is legend, if there be legend. The reign of Antoninus the Pious, though distinguished by pagan zeal, shown in the venerable and magnificent temples erected, especially in Egypt and in the East, did not belie the gentleness of his character by shedding Christian blood (there are one or two very questionable cases,

* Except as illustrating what men will believe and will write, it is hardly worth noticing the romance (we fear got up for a special purpose) of the Catacomb, at the seventh mile on the Via Nomentana, called that of S. Alessandro, said to have been a Martyr-Bishop of Rome in the reign of Trajan. We have visited the spot where a church, if we read right a subterranean church, of the time of Trajan, is traced out, according to the authorised pattern of later days, with all its divisions, and columns, pulpits, ambores, &c. At all events, whatever the mound of ruin conceals, that building was always aboveground. Read (and with astonishment) the 'Breve Notizia intorno all' Oratorio e alla Catacomba de S. Alessandro al vii miglio della Via Nomentana.' Roma, 1857.

as that of the Pope Telesphorus). It has also been shown in the same 'History of Christianity,' how the circumstances of the Empire under Marcus the Philosopher caused temporary and local persecutions against the Christians. On every side darkness seemed gathering over Rome. The Marcomannian war on the Danube, the Eastern war on the Euphrates, and, far worse than the war, the terrible plague, brought back by the triumphant legions of Rome, had raised a mad panic throughout the Empire. Victims must be found to appease the angry, the insulted, the deserted gods. 'The Christians to the lions!' was the general cry; and to this period belong the martyrdom of Polycarp and the martyrs of Lyons, of which the pathetic description seems so authentic, and is so well known; perhaps the fate of Justin Martyr in Rome. It is curious that, as far as we observe, perhaps somewhat hastily, we find no record of the Martyr Philosopher in any part of the catacombs. Were any of the catacomb churches built in his honour or consecrated by his name? These perilous times passed away. Christian brotherly love did not shame or restrain the fratricidal jealousy of Caracalla, though he was said to have had a Christian nurse. There seem to have been some strictly local persecutions under Septimius Severus. The brutal Commodus, we know from the authority of the Philosophumena, had a Christian mistress. Alexander Severus placed Christ in his gallery of Sages; and in other respects this Emperor's reign is a marked era. His grant of a litigated piece of land for a Christian church seems to us to prove that this was not an innovation—not an unexampled precedent; but that Christian churches, public edifices for Christian worship, were already common; and, if Christian churches, no doubt Christian cemeteries. This brings us to the years A.D. 222-234. The Emperor Philip, who ruled between Alexander Severus and Decius, is reported to have been a Christian: this report may have arisen from some favour shown to the Christians as contrasted with the internecine hostility of Decius. The truth is, that the Christians were really *lucifugæ*, at the utmost, during the reigns of Decius and Valerian, A.D. 249-260; and under Diocletian, for a year or two beginning A.D. 303.

During all this period of more than a century and a half the Christians were multiplying in Rome, no doubt from every class, station, and order. As the living Christians increased in number, so would the number of the Christian dead. We have already dwelt on their profound religious reverence for their dead; and shown how their feelings revolted from the heathen usage of cremation. The absolute necessity for secure and capacious cemeteries,

cemeteries, which would admit of continual enlargement, became more and more pressing and inevitable. At the commencement of these operations, it may be not improbably supposed that, after all, the *arenaria*—deserted *arenaria*—may have suggested thoughts of subterranean sepulture. M. de Rossi speaks of one catacomb within an ancient *arenarium*; he judges of its antiquity by its construction, and from the superior style of art in the ornaments, sculptures, and paintings, which degenerate with the growing degeneracy of the arts during the decline of the Empire.* The oldest sarcophagi too are manifestly from the hands of heathen workmen; and it is curious that the inscriptions, at first hardly more than names, then gradually the simplest expressions of Christian faith and affection, are at first more generally Greek, then Greek mingled with Latin, till Latin assumes its predominance. The earlier tombs too are without those distinctive titles, which on the heathen monuments discriminate the noble from the plebeian, the master, the *Libertus*, the *Libertinus*, the slave. M. de Rossi, as well as his brother, enters with almost unnecessary copiousness and minuteness into the legal tenure by which these subterranean possessions were held. We apprehend that they would at first be guarded by that general, almost legal, sanctity, by which parcels of ground devoted to purposes of burial, were secured as sacred, and did not follow the rest of the inheritance; and the jealousy of the heathen would hardly, except in the exciting times of persecution, care to invade those deep and hidden chambers, which provoked no notice, and seemed as it were to withdraw into modest obscurity. They would not rigidly inquire whether they were the property of some single wealthy Christian, under his garden or vineyard; or held in common property by the Church or by separate churches, just as places of sepulture above ground were held by heathen burial clubs or cemetery companies. More especially when public feeling began, as we suspect it did earlier than is commonly supposed, to endure buildings set apart for Christian worship in the publicity of open day. This feeling would be less suspicious of these hidden and to them inaccessible vaults, deep in the bosom of the earth.

We must return however to our Appian Way, and to the great discovery of M. de Rossi, the true but long lost catacomb of Callistus. We read in the newly recovered *Philosophumena*, that Zephyrinus, Bishop of Rome (A.D. 197-217), appointed

* M. de Rossi repudiates the notion maintained by Raoul Rochette, and most earlier antiquarians, of Heathen ornaments and emblems in the Christian Catacombs. We cannot enter into the controversy; but it seems to us that M. de Rossi has undertaken a difficult task.

Callistus, his future successor, after the very singular adventures which he had undergone, to the care of a cemetery on the Appian Way. But there was clearly more than one cemetery in this quarter. One near the Church of S. Sebastian was long believed to be the cemetery of Callistus. It was the one in former days visited by strangers (above forty years have passed since our descent). By a most felicitous divination, or rather a most sagacious induction from traditions scattered in various documents, M. de Rossi not only detected the error which had so long prevailed, but clearly ascertained the site of the two other catacombs, some half mile or more beyond S. Sebastian's, one called that of Prætextatus on the left, the other that of Callistus on the right of the road. With the energy and self-confidence of an experienced gold-digger in California or Australia, he obtained permission from the proprietor of the soil, and set to work in search of his not less highly valued antiquarian and Christian treasures. He knew that in this catacomb, famous of old, many bishops of Rome had been buried. At his bidding the ancient grave revealed its secrets. We can conceive no triumph greater, no satisfaction more intense, to a man of M. de Rossi's temperament, and one so wrapped up in his peculiar studies, than when he stood before a niche with several sarcophagi, on which stood out in distinct letters (some hardly mutilated) the names of Anteros, a pope who ruled scarcely more than a month, and of his successor Fabianus, the Martyr Pope in the persecution of Decius. The two other names were those of Popes Lucius and Eutychianus. This discovery determined at once and for ever the site of the cemetery of Callistus, and was an important revelation of true Christian history, unobscured, unmythified by legend. Here was the tomb of an undoubted martyr, the first martyr pope since St. Peter. It is a curious point that the letters of these inscriptions differ. Those of Anteros are more elegant and finely cut; those of Eutychianus coarser and more rude. M. de Rossi has no doubt that they were the primitive epigraphs inscribed after the death of each pope. The monogram, *M, martyr*, after the name of Fabianus, de Rossi ingenuously observes, is of a later date, by another hand, and less deeply cut. Yet it is not less clearly ancient, and not of, what we venture to call, the martyr-making period. (See page 256.) In the gap after Lucius was probably Episcopus, the first four letters of which follow the name of Eutychianus. Lucius was Bishop of Rome, A.D. 254: Eutychianus, A.D. 275-283. But where was interred the more celebrated (at least in extant writings) successor of Fabianus? Cornelius is by some said to have been banished to Civita Vecchia by the Emperor Gallus (who continued to some extent the

the persecution of Decius), and to have died there. The evidences for his martyrdom are not so conclusive as for that of Fabianus. Conflicting authorities connected his name with the cemetery of Callistus; others seemed to throw doubt upon his burial there. By a singular accident, for which M. de Rossi accounts with great ingenuity (and we see nothing impossible in his theory, too long for us to explain), cropped out, if we may use the expression, a broken stone, evidently part of a monumental stone, with the letters NELIUS MARTYR. With infinite pains and labour M. de Rossi forced his way into the subjacent cemetery, and in an obscure nook, as if it were intentionally secluded, he found the tomb with the rest of the epigraph. This crypt turned out to be that called after S. Lucina, bordering upon, if we may say so, an offset, rather than an integral part, of the Callistian catacomb. Later legend had indissolubly connected the names of Pope Cornelius and Cyprian of Carthage. Their names are mingled up together with the famous Novatian controversy. Though Cornelius, if a martyr, as we can hardly doubt, died and was buried at Rome, and Cyprian several years later at Carthage, two figures, representing the two saints, manifestly of more recent date and of inferior art, appear *in situ* on a wall of this remarkable crypt. An inscription was also found in this crypt which may show the singular felicity of M. de Rossi in conjectural emendations, or rather in filling up of imperfect inscriptions. Here too appears his perfect honesty, which is rarely misguided even by the inextinguishable prejudices which haunt Rome,—part, alas! of the *religio loci*; and which throw reasonable suspicion on much of Roman antiquarian lore. There was sore temptation here to find allusions to the strife of Cornelius with the Novatians, which might perhaps have furnished plausible grounds for the higher antiquity of the inscription. M. de Rossi resisted the spell, and read off the inscription, in our opinion convincingly, into commemorative verses by Pope Damasus, according to our severer judgment the spoiler and violator—according to Roman tradition, the restorer, adorer—of the Catacombs, who laid them more open to the light of day, crowded them with churches and chapels, and allured and encouraged hosts of pilgrims to do homage to martyrs, multiplying as fast as piety could demand or legend invent. We give the epigraph as read by M. de Rossi :—

‘Aspice descensu extructo TENEBRISQ FUGATIS
Corneli monumenta vides tUMULumque SACRATUM.
Hoc opus instantis? DAMASI PRÆsTANTIA FECIT.
Esset ut accessus melIOR POPuLISQ PARATUM.
Auxilium Sancti.’

Bentley might have owned such a conjecture.

We must not omit another remarkable discovery of M. de Rossi in these catacombs; the name of one who with many of his readers will rival in interest even martyr Popes. The same kind of authorities which guided M. de Rossi in his adventurous, dare we use the coarse and profane word, 'diggings' for buried Popes, led him to expect to find the name of S. Cæcilia in the same hallowed crypt. And so in due time S. Cæcilia reveals herself in distinct letters. We cannot fully trace out in our pages the course of this discovery; we are rather disposed to follow up with M. de Rossi a train of thought which might tend to throw some light on a most interesting question. Of its success we will not absolutely despair, as he does not despair. We would fain know the process by which some at least of the older and more famous names in Heathen, and Republican or Imperial Rome, passed over into the ranks of the Christians. On the whole it is clear to us, we think that it is beyond doubt, that the old noble families remained in general to the end the most obstinate Pagans. Men with the virtues as well as the birth and descent of old Rome (Milman's '*Hist. of Christianity*,' iii. 80, 81); men like Vettius Prætextatus, were the hope and strength of the Pagan party. Paganism in that class did not expire till all the older and nobler families were scattered over the face of the world, after the ruin of Rome by Alaric and by Genseric. But there can be no doubt that many of them had already forsaken the Jove of the Capitol for the Cross of Christ. (Jerome's writings are conclusive for his period.) M. de Rossi observes that Cornelius is the only pope who bears what he calls the *diacritic* name of one of the famous Gentes.

Above the Catacomb of Callistus stands, or rather seems nodding to its fall, a huge mound, or ruined structure, manifestly one of the vast and costly monuments which in Heathen days lined the Appian Way. What if this was a monument of the Cæciliæ, built on an estate belonging to that noble family? What if S. Cæcilia was descended from this illustrious race?—what if the estate had passed into the hands of Christian Cæciliæ, and given a right and title, or at least furnished a free and lawful access to the subjacent catacomb? All this, we admit, is extremely visionary; but, as an acknowledged vision, may perhaps be indulged, till disproved—it can hardly be fully confirmed—by later investigations. No one is more sensible than M. de Rossi of the difficulties which encumber, and which we fear must encumber, such questions:—

'Ma nelle tenebre che coprono le genealogie durante il secolo dell'impero, nel mescolamento delle stirpi e de' gentilizii, in mezzo a tanti uomini

uomini nuovi, innalzati dai principi ai supremi onori, è impossibile di veder chiaro, e dai soli nomi argomentare con sicurezza legami genealogici od ereditarii.'

Is there not the further and perhaps more serious difficulty, in the assumption of, or permission to assume noble and gentilitian names, by Freedmen and Libertini?

Persecution after the reign of Decius was not unknown, especially under Valerian, in which occurred the martyrdom of Pope Sixtus II.; but it was intermittent, not more than local, till the final conflict under Diocletian. The late Cardinal Wiseman, it is well known, with his characteristic prudence, laid the scene of his romance of 'Fabiola' in the reign of Diocletian, when above two centuries had matured and completed all the arrangements for Christian burial in the catacombs; when the Christians were perhaps driven to take refuge in these vast and unexplored depths, and really became what they have been fondly and foolishly declared, or suggested, or hinted to have been, *lucifugæ*. The Catacombs may in those dark days of calamity have become places of worship, even worship of martyrs, whose holy example the pious fugitives might at any time be called upon to follow. It is certainly a whimsical sign of the times that a grave Cardinal, in the fulness of his cardinalate, should have bowed to the all-ruling influence of novel-writing, and condescended to cast the doctrines of his Church into this attractive, it should seem almost indispensable, form. A Pope of old, and a very clever Pope, wrote a novel, but it was in his younger days of lay-hood; and if he heartily repented of the Boccaccio tone of his novel, he still hung with parental fondness over the elegance of its Latinity. Let us hasten to say that the Cardinal's romance (this is not mere respect for the departed) was not only altogether irreproachable, and in harmony with his stainless and serious character, but, if it had not been too didactic, its avowed but fatal aim, it might have enjoyed a wider and more lasting popularity. But the persecution of Diocletian is far less clearly illustrated than we might have expected from the study of the Catacombs. There is an obscurity which has not yet been dispersed, nor seems likely to be dispersed, over the acts and the fate of the Popes who at that period ruled in Rome. There are no years, from the very earliest in the Papal annals, so utterly obscure as those of Pope Marcellinus, A.D. 296-307. During the reign of Diocletian the great persecution commenced, Feb. 23, A.D. 303. It began and raged most fiercely in the East. Maximian ruled in the West, and in Rome. Diocletian appeared there to celebrate his Vicennalia, but soon departed. For Marcellinus himself, he was arraigned by the earlier Christian writers as an apostate who

offered sacrifice to Cæsar. But this, as well as the fable of the Council of 300 Bishops of Sinuessa, is rejected by the later and better writers of the Church of Rome. But Marcellinus, as all agree, was no martyr. Where he was buried we know not. There is of course no vestige of him, nor, we believe, of his successor, Marcellus, in the Catacombs. The whole history in truth is a blank ; even legend is modest.

With the cessation of the persecution the Church of Rome resumed, of course, with her other rights or immunities, the possession of her places of sepulture. But it appears that, on the triumph and supremacy of Christianity, the Roman Christians began in some degree and gradually to disdain these secret and hidden places of rest for their dead. M. de Rossi states (we accept his authority from the epigraphs), that from A.D. 338 to 360 the proportion of burials was one-third aboveground, two-thirds in the Catacombs. After the reign of Julian—

‘ The use of the subterranean sepulchres visibly declines ; the numbers become equal. After 370 there is a sudden but not unexplained reaction. Magnificent churches began to rise over what were believed to be the burying-places of the Martyrs. But while the tomb of the Martyr was preserved inviolate, the altar being usually raised over it, the first or even the second floor was frequently levelled for the foundations and construction of the Church. Still the privilege of burial, as near as possible to the sacred and now worshipped relics of the Martyrs, crowded the crypts below, and subterranean interments in subterranean chambers under or close to the altar of the Martyrs came again into honour and request.’—*De Rossi*, p. 212.

Then came what we presume to call the fatal Pontificate of Damasus. This was a great epoch of change, or rather the height and, in one sense, the consummation of a change in Christianity. Among the signs of this change were the strife and frightful massacre at the election of Damasus—the degeneracy of the clergy, so vividly if darkly described in the well-known passage of the Heathen Ammianus Marcellinus, confirmed by many passages in the writings of S. Jerome (these overcharged no doubt by the Saint’s natural vehemence and passion for monasticism)—the dominance of that monasticism under the influence and guidance of Jerome. But nowhere was this change more marked than in the Catacombs. Through the irreverent reverence of Damasus, from hidden and secret chambers, where piety might steal down to show its respect or affection for the dead, and make its orisons, which might tremble on the verge of worship ; the Catacombs became as it were a great religious spectacle, the scene of devout pilgrimage to hundreds, thousands. They must be opened as far as possible to the light of day ; the lucernaria

naria (the light-shafts) were widened, spacious vestibules or halls were hewn out for the kneeling votaries ; shrines, chapels, grew up ; new and easy steps were made in place of the narrow and winding stairs. We suspect that in many cases the simpler works of art were *restored* (fatal word in art), brightened, made more vivid, and, as it was thought, more effective. What is worse, we are now in the full blaze or haze of legend. The utmost scope is given to the inventive and creative imagination ; truth fades away, not from intentional repudiation, but because intenser devotion, and what was thought a much higher purpose than knowledge, edification, was the aim and purpose. There was an absolute passion for the multiplication of martyrs ; and their lives, which had before been enveloped in a sober and holy twilight, came out into a dazzling glare of marvel—the more marvellous, the more admired and the more readily accepted as veracious. Read the poems of Prudentius, which claim belief as real history. The mythic period, which lasted throughout the middle ages, and which still hovers undisturbed over its chosen sanctuaries, has now commenced. Pope Damasus was, as he esteemed himself no doubt, among the great benefactors, one of the most pious patrons, one who did most honour to and sanctified most deeply the Catacombs of Rome. To us he was one of the worst offenders, the most real enemies to their inherent interest. Inscriptions, in letters of a peculiarly bold and square type, everywhere betray his presence and mark his operations. He aspired to be, in a certain sense, the Poet of the Catacombs. Some, from antiquarian motives, may regret the loss of very many of these flat hexameters : for us, who desire that the privileged and excusable mendacity of poetry should be compensated by some of its graces and harmonies, enough seems to have survived.

After the age of Damasus and his successors, the history of the Catacombs is brief, dark, and melancholy. Barbarians, Heathen barbarians, Christian barbarians, closed around Rome. Siege after siege ; Alaric, Genseric, Vitiges, Totila, Belisarius, girt her walls with hostile hordes. Her suburbs lay waste ; at least all the extramural churches, raised over the Catacombs, were at the mercy of the spoilers, who, if Heathen, knew no reverent mercy, if Christian, at a later time, became perhaps more cruel enemies. Not only were the stately colossal monuments of republican or imperial Rome, which lined the Appian, Latin, or Flaminian Way, trampled as it were into ruin, made use of for military purposes, their materials knocked or hewn off for any base uses ; but the Christian monuments, the churches, which rose above the Catacombs, perhaps the more accessible parts of the Catacombs, were exposed to insult, ravage, destruction. It was even worse with
Christian

Christian invaders. The relics or supposed relics of saints and martyrs became a sort of *spolia opima*, which the victorious foe searched out with the keenest avarice, and carried off with the most devout triumph. If we remember right, the hated and heretical Lombards were most covetous of that pious plunder. Rome must now perforce submit to the desuetude, to the tacit abrogation of her ancient and venerable laws against intramural burial. The insulted or coveted saints and martyrs must retreat for security within the walls. Accordingly, at different periods, the more precious and sacred remains, those of St. Peter and St. Paul, for the second and third time, were transplanted to more secure sanctuaries. In intervals of peace the suburban and extramural sites of churches, built over the Catacombs, maintained the names of their, alas! no longer, tutelar saints. They were pointed out to and visited by a succession of pilgrims, M. de Rossi's friends, whose records he has made use of to so much advantage in his industrious inquiries.

We have left but narrow, we fear much too narrow, space for that most interesting subject, Christian Art, as preserved and exhibited in the Catacombs. Unhappily these investigations have, especially in late years, been conducted in a spirit which seems to us sadly polemic and controversial. For ourselves we must confess, though, as we trust, firmly attached to our own doctrines, that we look upon the results which have yet been obtained with utter indifference, on any which may transpire, with the calmest confidence. That member of a Reformed Church must be deplorably ill instructed in the distinctive grounds of his faith who can feel the slightest jealousy and alarm. If indeed we were to discover genuine documents concerning Papal infallibility, or even Papal supremacy,—if we were to read in distinct letters of that age any of the false Decretals; if the title-deeds to the temporal possessions of the Pope were to come to light; if any of the mediæval, or approximately mediæval, doctrines which separate Rome from us, were to be announced, as fully developed, and resting on irrefragable evidence,—we might be disposed to part from our friendly company with M. de Rossi, and to withdraw ourselves from his excellent and courteous guidance in these explorations.

We are bound, however, to justify our confidence, and are thus forced to enter upon one or two subjects, which we would willingly have avoided. We have read with care the very learned and remarkable Essay, addressed by M. de Rossi to Dom Pitra, the Editor of the '*Spicilegium Solesmense*' (now for his erudition and character justly promoted to the Cardinalate), on the famous symbol or emblem, the ΙΧΘΥΣ—'Ἰησοῦς Χριστός Θεοῦ Τίος Σωτήρ', pp. 545-584.

In

In this Essay (pp. 560, et seqq.) M. de Rossi describes some very curious pictures discovered in the cemetery of Callistus (of the age, he states, of the middle of the third century), evidently relating to the Holy Eucharist. We have ourselves seen, too hastily perhaps, these pictures. If M. de Rossi had not warned us (p. 360) that he was about to adduce something fatal to the new views on this subject, advanced in the 16th century, we should have read in unsuspecting innocence, and accepted the whole as a pleasing testimony to the profound reverence in which the Holy Eucharist was held by the earliest Christians. We have again read this part of the Essay with great care, and, for the life of us, can detect nothing, not the most remote allusion in the pictures themselves, or even in the interpretation of M. de Rossi, to which, we will not say, any high Anglican might not assent, but even all those likewise who in any way acknowledge any presence of Christ, spiritual or symbolical, in the Lord's Supper. The Fish, the divine Saviour, is in more than one way represented in juxtaposition to, or in a sort of parallelism with, the sacred elements. Here he is supporting a basket (*canistrum*) containing the bread, of a peculiar shape and colour, with what M. de Rossi supposes, with some subtlety, to signify or represent the wine. There the Fish appears with the bread and wine on a *table*. In another (a pendant, let us observe, to a painting clearly representing the Sacrament of Baptism) there is what seems a priest or bishop in the act of consecrating the elements, with a kneeling female, doubtless representing the Church. We must cite, though Latin, M. de Rossi's own words:—

‘*Jam quis dubitare possit ἰχθῦν, sive ille panem et vinum dorso sustinet, sive in mensâ cum pane positus, sive sub ipsâ consecrantis sacerdotis manu depictus est, Christum esse in eucharistiâ.*’

Here we pause, for M. de Rossi cannot, or will not perceive, that as to the litigated question of the *nature* of Christ's presence, it stands precisely as it stood, in the mysterious vagueness in which it was left by our Saviour's words. Of the two main points of difference between our Churches, the iteration of the *sacrifice*,—which we hold to have been made once for all, as ‘a sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction:’ and the absolute transmutation of the elements, so that the bread and wine cease to exist,—of this materialistic change there is total silence, there is neither word nor hint. Indeed the symbolic character throughout would seem to favour those who interpret the whole symbolically. We must decline to follow M. de Rossi in some of his further speculations about the Supper of Emmaus, into which, we think, that the

the more cautious divines of his own Church would hardly follow him.

The last publication on our list will perhaps still more have alarmed some of our readers; it has not in the least disturbed our equanimity. In this we must indeed express our regret that M. de Rossi again appears, and more avowedly, no longer as the calm and sober inquirer, and the candid and conscientious archæologist, but rather as a thorough going controversialist. We had rather meet him in amity in the former character; we cannot think that he is equally successful in the latter. He may convince those who are determined to be convinced, or are already convinced; we do not think that he will be held to have made out his case by a single sober or dispassionate inquirer. Though his Preface is more peaceful, M. de Rossi's almost ostentatious object, in his few pages (illustrated by very beautiful chromo-lithographic engravings, which do great credit to Roman art, but which seem to us almost, like the French work, too beautiful to be quite true), is to show that the worship of the Virgin, in general supposed, even by the most learned in his own Church, as he himself admits, hardly to reach earlier than the second Council of Nicæa, is to be found *in initiate*, if not in full development, in the Catacombs of Rome; M. de Rossi would persuade us nearly in Apostolic times. We confess that we look on this question with greater indifference than may be pardoned by some of our more jealous brethren. At what time that holiest, most winning of human feelings, maternal love, appealed to the heart of the believer, kindled the imagination of the artist, and induced him to bring to life, as far as he could, in his speaking colours, or even to express in marble, the Virgin Mother and the Divine Child; at what particular period the solemn and devout affection, which hallowed every passage in the early Evangelic History, everything relating to the birth as well as the life of the Saviour,—how soon, and by what slower or more rapid degrees, respect, reverence, tender and devout interest, passed, imperceptibly no doubt, into adoration, worship, idolatry, till it culminated in merging as it were the Redeemer in his more powerful and more merciful mother, 'jure matris impera filio;' till it added, literally, a fourth person to the Trinity:—

'Ante adventum Mariæ regnabant in cœlo tres personæ,

* * * * *

Alterum thronum addidit Homo Deus;'

* * * * *

—all this we hold it absolutely impossible to define with precise accuracy.

accuracy. Bolder steps may have been taken, at an earlier period, in certain times, certain places, by certain persons of more fervent religious passion. We are silent on the greater change in our own days; when a revelation has been made to the holiness and wisdom of our contemporaries, which was not vouchsafed to the piety of St. Bernard or the angelic theology of Thomas Aquinas.

But as to the works of art now before us, the few early pictorial representations of the Virgin, as dwelt upon by M. Rossi, they are of two kinds; one of the Virgin Mother with her Child in her lap, or on her bosom; the other as a female in the attitude of supplication, or as M. de Rossi would fondly believe, of intercession. As to the latter M. de Rossi is obliged, by that natural candour which he cannot shake off, to acknowledge that it may be no more than what it appears to our profane eyes, a female, possibly a martyr, or one of the faithful women in the attitude and act of adoration; or still more probably, an impersonation, by no means uncommon in the earliest periods, of the Church. But though M. de Rossi fairly admits all this, by some strange process of reasoning, because in some passages of the most poetical or metaphor-loving of the Fathers, the Church was represented as a Virgin, and by others an analogy drawn between the Virgin Mother and the Virgin Church, therefore he would assume that these are premature representations of the Virgin herself. So bold a conclusion from such scanty premises we have rarely known.

The former, the Virgin with the Child, are in truth simple Bible illustrations of the first chapters in the Evangelic History. In almost all it is the adoration of the Magi; it is the worship of the Child not of the mother. In one of these, that from the cemetery of Domitilla, the worshipping Magi are four. The theory that they were three, though M. de Rossi cites many earlier instances, does not appear to have been rigorously established. The number, as we know, is not declared in the Gospels. Is it not probable that the three were settled in conformity with the three oblations? One, as we often see, bears the gold, another the incense, the third the myrrh, as the tribute of different Eastern nations. After all, may not the four be here, as M. de Rossi suggests, to balance and give symmetry to the design. On some sarcophagi, it may be added, appears the Child laid in the manger, in his swaddling clothes, with the mother near him, and the ox and the ass, once thought only to belong to later compositions, in mute adoration. No instance of this has been found in the catacomb paintings.

The adoration of the Magi appears again in a lunette of an
arcosolio

arcosolio in the cemetery of St. Peter and S. Marcellinus. Here it is remarkable that the head of the Virgin is without a veil. This is supposed to indicate her virginity; as unmarried maidens did not wear the veil. In this there are only two Magi, looking much less kingly and less Oriental than in later art.

The third picture is the one which has been so often copied, from a lunette in an arcosolio in the cemetery of S. Agnese. This is familiar to all inquirers into ancient Christian art. It appears in Bishop Munter's '*Sinnbilder der alten Christen*;' who does not scruple to recognise in it a representation of the Virgin. It represents a female with uplifted hands, as in prayer, with a child in her lap. But the style of art, verging towards the Byzantine, and other indications noted by M. de Rossi, especially the double monogram, which rarely appears before the unfolding of the Labarum by Constantine, clearly prove that this is the latest of the four paintings of the Virgin, and dates assuredly after the peace of the Church under Constantine.

There remains the first, on which M. de Rossi lavishes all his ingenuity, and indeed rests the whole strength of his case. It was found on the vaulting, over a '*loculo*' in the cemetery of Priscilla. The chromo-lithograph is of the size of the original. Another of these chromo-lithographs exhibits the whole vaulting with the other paintings which cover it, and deserves our serious attention. Half of the centre of this (of one half unfortunately the plaster has entirely fallen away and left no trace of the design) is occupied by the Good Shepherd carrying the lost sheep to the fold; the other two animals on each side of him are figured in relief of the finest white stucco, as is the trunk of the tree, of which the branches, foliage, fruit, and flowers are only painted. It seems to us rather a bold conjecture to suppose that the obliterated half of the picture represented the female, whatever she be or signifies, in the attitude of prayer, because this figure is more than once the '*pendant*' to the Good Shepherd. And M. de Rossi here cites a parallel case, which seems to us altogether at issue with his interpretation of the praying female. On a sarcophagus in the Lateran, which has the Good Shepherd balanced by the praying female, appears over the female the name IULIANE. Now as this was the name of the person deposited in the sarcophagus (as appears by an epigraph from her widowed husband) it is clear that in this instance it represents the departed wife, whose piety is thus imaged forth. To return: in another part, on the right-hand side, of the '*loculo*,' there is a group to which a more commanding personage, almost obliterated, appears to point, of singular interest. The group consists of three figures; one a female in the

the attitude of prayer, with a long tunic and pallium; the second, a man in a short tunic and pallium, also with his arms uplifted as in adoration; the third a youth about ten years old,—this figure is less perfect.* We at once made a bold conjecture, anticipating, we rejoice to say, the interpretation of M. de Rossi, as to the Scriptural scene here represented, the return from the visit to the Temple, where our Lord, at twelve years old, disputed with the Doctors. ‘Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.’ ‘Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?’ Of the same size with this (*the chromo-lithograph is that of the picture*) is the important painting on which M. de Rossi dwells with such satisfaction. The Virgin Mother is seated with her Divine Son in her lap; above her, faint but still distinctly to be traced, is the star always seen in the representations of the Adoration of the Magi. In the front, to the left, is the figure of a man, youthful, with a few thin hairs on his cheeks, standing up, clothed only in a pallium, with his hands pointing at the star above the Virgin and Child; he holds the volume of a book in his hand. Who can this represent? St. Joseph? That Saint, though usually represented in later times as advanced in years, sometimes, as we are informed, appears as a beardless youth. But why the book? M. de Rossi suggests (and we accept his interpretation with hardly a doubt) that it represents one of the prophets of the Old Testament pointing at the star, and so signifying the fulfilment of prophecy. We had thought of Balaam; M. de Rossi inclines to Isaiah, and cites an authority for the prophet’s youth in a glass ornament (*vetro*), described in P. Garrucci’s curious work. There are not wanting pictures and sculptures which bear close analogy to this, as a painting, described by Bosio, where the Virgin is seated before two towers, with a figure behind, which is supposed to designate the towers of Bethlehem where the Child was to be born. Be this as it may, we have before us nothing more than what perhaps may not be strictly called a scene from the Evangelic History, but, as it were, a symbolic picture, founded on a real scene. It very nearly resembles those typical pictures so common in early Christian art; Jonah prefiguring the Resurrection, Moses striking the rock, in all which there is ever something more than a mere representation of the scenes in the Old Testament, ever a constant reference to their bearing on the Gospel. In short, we see no reason why the most scrupu-

* We accept M. de Rossi’s description of the three figures; which seems to us from the print somewhat doubtful.

lous A Catholic, as by a courteous euphemism we are called in the preface to this work, may not gaze on this picture with as profound interest as the most devout worshipper of the Virgin. Of that worship, there is in the design not a shadow of a shade; the adoration is all centred on the child Jesus. Our own illustrated Bibles (Mr. Longman's or Mr. Murray's) may, without fear, transfer it to their pages.

The age of this picture M. de Rossi labours to raise, if not to that of the Apostles, to a period closely bordering upon it. It cannot at any rate be later than the Antonines. Into one of our author's arguments we fully enter. Its rare beauty shows a time when Roman art was yet in its prime, before it had begun to degenerate into that rude and coarse conception and execution which gradually, during the third and fourth centuries, darkened towards the Byzantine. We are the last to doubt that the accomplished student of early Christian art, with the countless specimens which are now multiplying around him, collected, and examined and compared with such eager and emulous zeal, may acquire that fine perception which can assign probable dates for their execution. Yet there must still be limits to this critical divination; some uncertainty will cleave to the soundest judgment. The individual artist may be later than his age, as he may be before his age. The sense of beauty and the skill, as they rose to precocious life, so may still linger in some chosen votaries.

Where the periods are defined, and marked by great names, each with his distinctive character; where the advance or degradation may be traced through numerous and undoubted examples, as in the history of Greek sculpture or Italian painting, we receive the decisions of the wise without mistrust. But it seems far more questionable, whether any taste however sensitive, any knowledge however extensive, can peremptorily discriminate between the Flavian age and the age of the Antonines, or even that of the immediate successors of the Antonines, especially in Christian art, of which, after all, the examples are comparatively few, and far from perfect; and where the employment of Pagan artists may in some cases have continued longer, in others been sooner proscribed and fallen into desuetude.

But while we treat M. de Rossi's artistic argument with much respect, he must permit us to say that his historical argument for the antiquity of these paintings, however ingenious, seems to us utterly worthless. It rests on very doubtful legend, on the forced association of names, arbitrarily brought together. Our doubts would require more room than his statement, for every
step

step in his reasoning seems to us liable to doubt ; there is hardly an assumption which our critical spirit would grant ; and the whole is as inconclusive as the separate steps.

We know not that we can better part with M. de Rossi (we would part with him on the friendliest terms) than with the old Spanish salutation, ' May you live a thousand years.' Certainly, considering the extent and variety of his undertakings, the magnificent scale on which those undertakings are conducted, the narrow three score years and ten, to which it has pleased Divine Providence to contract the life of man, that span would seem to offer but insufficient space for the full accomplishment of his ambitious schemes.

ART. III.—1. *Dramatis Personæ*. London, 1864.

2. *Robert Browning's Poems*. 3 Vols. London, 1863.

AT a time like the present, when the tendency is for minds to grow more and more alike, all thinking the same thoughts with the regularity of Wordsworth's forty cattle feeding as one ; when for a single original poet, like Mr. Tennyson, we have a hundred tuneful echoes, and one popular novelist has his scores of imitators, we think that a writer of Mr. Browning's powers ought to be better understood than he is, and the discrepancy lessened betwixt what is *known* of him by the few, and what is *thought* of him by the many. He has qualities such as should be cherished by the age we live in, for it needs them. His poetry ought to be taken as a tonic. He grinds no mere hand-organ or music-box of pretty tunes ; he does not try to attract the multitude with the scarlet dazzle of poppies in his corn ; he is not a poet of similes, who continually makes comparisons which are the mere play of fancy ; he has nothing of the ordinary *technique* of poetry ; he has felt himself driven, somewhat consciously, to the opposite course of using, as much as possible, the commonest forms of speech. The language of his verse is generally as sturdy as is the prose of Swift or De Foe. Certainly these homely words are to be found in singular places, saying strange things now and again,—many things not easily understood, and many which good taste must condemn,—but the poetry is full, nevertheless, of hearty English character. In his process of thinking, he is the exact reverse of those writers who are for making the most of their subject in expression. Mr. Browning can never concentrate sufficiently.

The current opinion of his poetry, outside the circle of the few

few who have thoroughly studied the subject, and met with their reward, would be somewhat nearer the mark, supposing the poet had only written his poem called 'Sordello.' That work has all the poet's faults, and all the defects of his poetry. It has only a few of the merits. Flung down, as it was, to make readers stumble on the threshold of their acquaintanceship with a new poet, the obstacle has remained in memory, and in the minds of many has influenced, if not determined, their estimate of all that he has since written. 'Sordello' has to answer for much of its author's lengthened unpopularity. It revels in a mental motion swift as that of the Irishman who said with him it was a word and a blow, and the blow came first. So with 'Sordello;' we get blow after blow, and shock after shock, without knowing what these are for. There is flash after flash of a lightning energy, and all is dark again, before we have caught the object that should have been illuminated.

The author certainly was not one of the 'serene creators of immortal things' when he wrote 'Sordello.' It has not the look of a finished poem. It rather represents the confusion of the mental workshop, with the poem in the making and the poet hard at it; the whole poetic process instead of the pure result. Even then it sometimes looks as though the poet were tearing a poem to pieces, and flinging the reader jewels by the lapsful, rather than creating a work of art, and giving his gems a worthy setting. The author may know his own meaning, but it is not conveyed to us. Mr. Browning tells us that there is little worth study in 'Sordello,' except the incidents in the development of a soul. But for our part we cannot see how 'Sordello' the poet is evolved from the incidents of the story. The inner life of the poet, and the outer movements of the history, remain apart by hundreds of years; are never combined. The poetic experience has much more of modern meaning than of ancient application. Whatever the 'Sordello' of Italian story may have been, the poet of this work has the mark of a nineteenth century creation. We hold the poem to have been an imperfect conception, fatally flawed from the first. The author has, in the latest edition, endeavoured to complete his work; tried, as it were, to drop a keystone between the two sides of an imperfect arch, by means of headlines to the pages, in spite of which few readers will ever be able to cross the arch. Mr. Browning will, after all, have to give up 'Sordello' to the rage of the irritated reader, as Nelson gave up his jacket when pursued by the bear, and rest content with the knowledge that he is now safely past it by
some

some twenty-five years. He can afford to offer as a sacrifice that serves a purpose a poem which was written by an immature dramatist, who had strayed into narrative poetry by mistake, and erred in trying to obtain certain modern reflections from an uncertain story of the past.

Next to 'Sordello,' which is an obstacle of the poet's own making, the greatest hindrance to a proper appreciation of Mr. Browning appears to us to lie in the critical treatment his poetry has hitherto received. It has been dealt with just as though the writer had been 'altogether such an one' as the rest of the poets of this century; and half the objections that have been urged, half the faults that have been discovered, really resolve themselves into a complaint that he is not a subjective poet, but something quite different. Now the mass of our nineteenth century poetry has been mainly subjective. Very few are the *characters* in its whole range to which we could point as uncoloured by the personality of the writer. We seem to have lost the secret of the old dramatists, who could make plays that were peopled with real human beings, and pour forth such a prodigality of what we may call physical life. The objective poetry of simple description, broad handling, and portraiture at first sight, seems to have passed away with Scott. Indeed, it almost looks as though in our time the poetic mind was divided against itself. Instead of great poets, we have poets and novelists, the latter employing themselves upon the rich range of human character, while the former shut themselves up more and more in the special domain of their own personal experience. Mr. Browning came at a time when there was every likelihood that the excessive subjectiveness of our modern poetry would lead to decay. He supplies a counter-irritant. He 'blows through bronze' oftener than through silver, a music calculated to awake God Mars rather than 'serenade a slumbering princess,' a '*medicated music*,' as it was rightly called by Elizabeth Barrett.

Mr. Browning is not one of those who can look upon men as trees walking, and see all things through a misty glamour or a 'kind of glory,' which is really a suffusion of self; not one of the cloud-worshippers who, as Aristophanes says, 'speak ingeniously concerning smoke,' and who, in their inability to dramatise human nature, are for ever endeavouring to humanise external nature, and always paint it according to their special moods of mind. He belongs to a robuster race of thinkers. His genius being dramatic, he has to make his way to the heart of a character, conceal himself there, and then, looking abroad through the eyes of the man or woman, reveal their nature

nature in their own speech. He is dramatic down to his smallest lyrics. He is not present in person to help us in making out his meaning. He cannot show us all he has to reveal, from the describer's own personal point of view. We must be able to reach many a point of view, according to the character of the speaker. Let us quote an example of his way of working. Here is a perfect little poem, entitled, 'My Last Duchess'; the scene is 'Ferrara,' and the Duke is the speaker.

'That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive: I call
That piece a wonder now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a while, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat;" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked
Somehow,—I know not how,—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years'-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark;"—and if she let
Herself be lessened so, nor plainly set

Her

Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 E'en then would be some stooping, and I chuse
 Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below there. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down. Sir! Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.'

A slight examination will serve to show with what consummate art a world of character is portrayed in that small poem. The person of the speaker stands firmly full-drawn, as one of the portraits by Titian, with their live eyes, and long beards, and black velvet dresses. The proud bearing, together with the love of a proud bearing, the indifference to shedding blood which had not the true-blue drop in it, the gentlemanly way in which that 'matter of the murder' is delicately implied, and the subject dismissed, as with a graceful wave of the hand, for another passing glance at the bronze statue—the feeling for art which sets the portrait above the wife, the painter's name over both—the slight touch or two at which the dead face comes and smiles as in life—all is done with the easy stroke of a master, and the verse, too, is exquisitely modulated for its purpose, never pausing because it has to rhyme its lines. From this quotation we may see how Mr. Browning's poems have to be judged. They were not put together by parts. Hence they are not to be enjoyed piecemeal. We cannot point out that this is valuable for some deep thought or just reflection, and another for a magnificent image. Each poetic characteristic is merged in the human character which we find so frequently unfolded with great fulness in a few lines.

These poems of Mr. Browning, which are dramatic in principle and lyrical in expression, are not always easy to master. The poem once presented, we get no help from the poet. He is only a dumb showman. We have to work our way back from where the poet left off, and get to the centre of the web, whence strike out all the rays of detail. The complaint often made is that readers do not at once catch the idea, which is the root of vitality to the poem. Now the question is, not

whether obscurity is a fault or not—we think it is a great fault, and we should have thought Mr. Browning a much greater poet if he had been free from it; but whether it is too much to ask one or two readings of a few stanzas in order that something worth getting at may be reached. Is it not well known that no true work of art with any depth in it can be fathomed at first sight? that, as Bacon says, there is an element of strangeness in all the highest beauty? The question is, Is there something worth getting at in such poems? And we have to answer emphatically in the affirmative. There may be difficulties to unlock, but it is worth while to try to unlock them, for the sake of the hidden treasure which they keep concealed. When we have conquered, we are wealthier by a substantial gain. The result is not like a pleasant ripple of emotion that passes away, or a mere play of feeling, as with the subjective poem. We are the richer by some new and original picture of life, of intricate character, of uncommon manners, which has been almost engraved upon the mind by the process of getting at it, and remains a possession for ever.

Another complaint is that Mr. Browning is unmusical. But in every case we must first grasp the character before we can judge of the fitness of the verse, or the quality of its music. The music may not be our music, or Mr. Tennyson's music, or like anything we ever heard in verse: that is not the point. The point is whether the music and movement of the verse receive their impetus and government in any sensible way from the character, so as to become its natural expression. This we cannot determine until we know the character well enough to be able to read the poem off at an unchecked heat, such as may fuse all down into a music of a fit and efficient kind, that could not be excelled for its purpose; which can only be done upon acquaintance. It is often a very grave and difficult character that has to be dealt with, and the smooth music and liquid lapse of vowelled sounds which serve to convey mellifluous emotion would be altogether inadequate to wrestle with the sterner strength. The subjective lyric can wander at its own sweet will, and slip softly through sunshine and shadow with pleasant murmurs for the dreamer's ear; but the dramatic lyric has other work to do.

We think it quite probable that Mr. Browning has a peculiar sense of music. He is, we have heard, an educated musician, and a great lover of music. Indeed, we might learn this from his poems. Now, it might be shown that some of the most melodious verse has been written by poets who could not read music, or rather who put all their feeling for music into their language, and the hidden quality has worked more sweetly, perhaps

perhaps because it was more a music of the spirit than of the sense. Whereas the poet who could read music has sometimes appeared harsh, crabbed, unequal, in the music of verse. With Mr. Browning it would seem that his sense of music served to put into his verse a greater use of *accent* than flow of melody; conducing to a kind of *staccato* mental notation in words; and that much of the meaning in some poems was intended to be got at through this stress of the accent or dash of the notes. The whole poem entitled the 'Laboratory' would illustrate our remark. Here is one stanza:—

'He is with her; and they know that I know
Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow
While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
Empty church, to pray God in for them!—I am here!'

The accent serves to *italicise* the meaning in these lines. It helps to make the music *bite* into the subject—so to speak—in a most bitter way, corresponding to the feeling of the speaker. Then the accent is often varied very suddenly, intricately, and is not followed easily by the lovers of jog-trot verse and common metre. The first two lines of the galloping ballad, called 'How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,' will afford us a brief specimen—

'I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three'—

with their sudden reversal of the accent in the second line.

Following out this cue we think it will be found that the coarse, blunt, guttural sounds, and dogged stiffnecked movement of the 'Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister,' are characteristic; an essential and effective part of the character, they aid materially in embodying the imaginary speaker, as in the poem first quoted, the supple, fluent movement, the low-toned suavity and colloquial ease give an insinuating grace of manner to the Italian Noble. Still the question remains whether such harsh, abrupt sounds can be legitimately introduced into poetry. We do not think them well suited to the English language.

In his purely lyrical measures the poet appears at times to tread a rugged path with lame feet, and it is not easy for the mind of the reader to move to the measure. The music does not meander. It is much more like a cascade that comes hurrying from some far-off hill-top, leaping from crag to crag, and seems to split its force in twain because of the haste with which it dashes at all obstacles. Of this, however, we cannot judge apart from the character of the speaker; we must distinguish

guish before we are able to divide the merits from the defects. Mr. Browning, in his dramatic poems with a lyrical utterance, undertakes to do more than any lyrical poet who ever lived. He writes under conditions hardly ever attempted hitherto, and has given to the world many lyrics, dramatic in principle, and lyrical in expression,—containing a great amount and variety of character. So that whatever flashes of lyric energy his mind may be capable of kindling into, it is impossible for us to sum up his lyrical power as we might that of Moore and Burns, who are all the while singing their own sentiment or emotion, and have nothing else to do! We cannot compare Mr. Browning's lyrics with those of any subjective poet; he has called them *Dramatic Lyrics* for the very purpose of distinguishing them from such. Nor may we judge him as a lyrical poet by comparison with any subjective lyricist. We must in both cases appraise them on their own grounds; and if we applaud the subjective lyricist because the movement of his verse felicitously corresponds to the thought or emotion, then we must at least estimate the fitness or beauty of the movement in the Objective Lyric by its correspondence with the speaker's character, or the nature of the action. If we were to judge the fine dramatic lyric entitled 'A Grammarian's Funeral,' as we should a lyric of emotion set to its own music, we should make little of it. We might probably think the poet had gone to the extremest limit, out of the ordinary way, to discover the most uncommon and uninteresting measure. But, let us read it with an understanding of what is meant. It is the burial of a man of learning who had toiled up through the dark to meet the dawn; who was awake and working whilst the rest of the world were asleep, or in gross darkness. He has done his work, and shall have a symbolic burial!

'Leave we the unlettered plain, its herd and crop;
 Seek we sepulture
 On a tall mountain, citted to the top,
 Crowded with culture!
 All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
 Clouds overcome it:
 No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's,
 Circling its summit!
 Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:
 Wait ye the warning?
 Our low life was the level's and the night's;
 He's for the morning!'

So the bearers chant as they carry up the corpse of the master, 'famous, calm, and dead, borne on their shoulders,' and having reached the topmost height they sing—

'Well,

' Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place :
 Hail to your purlieus,
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and ourlews !
 Here's the peak-top ! the multitude below
 Live—for they can, there.
 This Man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man *there* ?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go ! let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send !
 Lofty designs must close in like effects :
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.'

Now, to our feeling, the movement of this verse is most dramatic, and answers admirably to the character of the poem. It conveys a great sense of going up-hill, and the weight of the burden,—together with the exultation of the bearers, which gives them strength to mount ; it *toils* upward step by step—long line and short—best-foot forward,—and altogether carries out the idea of a spirit that climbed in life, and a burial that shall afford the dead rest at the effort's end, with his resting-place in the pathway of the Morning.

We must understand the principles of Mr. Browning's art, then, before we shall be on the way for interpreting his poems rightly. A good deal of the difficulty in getting at them lies here in the beginning. Next we must try to enter into the nature of his genius, and its peculiar predilections. He has 'strange far-flights' of imagination. He is fond of dwelling abroad, and of working widely apart from the life and circumstances of our time. He loves a gnarly character, or a knotty problem ; a conflict that is mental rather than emotional ; and he has given full scope to his choice at times in the strangest rhymes on record. He is not yet entirely free from the mannerisms of 'Sordello.' Nor does he allow sufficiently for the difficulties of his own conditions, and for those of the reader in following him. Here, we think, is a grave fault in art. But, what strikes us as one of the greatest drawbacks of all, is this : that, whereas the subject selected, the character portrayed, is often of the remotest from the common apprehension, it is treated in a manner totally new to objective poetry. The objective poets of the past dealt with their subjects in a simpler way, and more in the mass. A few broad touches sufficed for their

their portraits; but Mr. Browning will carry out the utmost fidelity of detail—painting in all the minutiae of a pre-Raphaelite foreground—whilst representing some unfamiliar character, unknown scene, or rare circumstance. Thus the matter may be recondite, the manner novel, and all the conditions startling; the result is sure to be somewhat bewildering—especially at first sight.

We shall meet with the same closeness of observation and directness of description in the pictures of external nature. There is a lunar rainbow in the poem of 'Christmas Eve' which any one who ever witnessed the phenomenon could swear to as drawn by a man who had seen what he painted, and who painted what he saw. Suddenly

'The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
Received at once the full fruition
Of the Moon's consummate apparition.
The black cloud-barricade was riven,
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
Deep in the West; while, bare and breathless,
North and South and East lay ready
For a glorious Thing, that, dauntless, deathless,
Sprang across them and stood steady.
'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
It rose, distinctly, at the base
With its seven proper colours chorded,
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
Until at last they coalesced,
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of the whitest white,—
A bow which intervened the night.
But above night too, like only the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence,
Reaching in rare and rarer frequency,
Till the heaven of heavens were circumflect.
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier, and flightier,—
Rapture dying along its verge!
Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,
Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?'

Of course a subjective poet might not have painted in this piercing, keen-eyed way. He might have given us effects that should have been produced according to our preconceived notions. He might have brooded over the sight until it passed into

into memory with a sense of rest. But Mr. Browning, in his imaginary person, saw a startling thing, and he has reproduced it so as to create the precise effects in the reader's mind that were felt by the startled seer, and not the conventional effects which some people look for. He is describing of the instant—the object itself, and not a dream of it. The truth is that many persons, when they meet with a novel picture—something fresh from nature, in poetry or painting—do not judge of its truthfulness by a knowledge of, or reference to nature itself. They test it by what they know of previous pictures in poetry and painting. If it be unlike these, they are in haste to condemn it. If like what they have been accustomed to, then it must be natural. Now, Mr. Browning's work is the last to be judged in such a way as that. He does not appeal to the secondhand knowledge of nature, but often to the very rarest intimacy and clearest vision. Again, there is a great deal of haze in current criticism with regard to poetry, which was first breathed from the mind of Coleridge. Much of his criticism was made to match the poetry of Wordsworth, in his exposition and defence of the same. But the view which might be very just when applied to Wordsworth, would do great injustice if forced on Mr. Browning and his readers. In the one case it might shed a clear light, and in the other only create a luminous mist. Coleridge would seem to maintain that it is the true sign of greatness in poetry, indeed that it is a part of the poet's work, to paint creation with an atmosphere and tone out of his own mind; that in rendering objects he should seek for the 'sense of something interfused,' and *add it* to what we see. Mr. Browning would say, 'Let us have things first, their associations afterwards. Let us reach the ideal through the real.'

Mr. Browning is, as we have already said, essentially a dramatic poet. So long as he speaks through some clearly-conceived character we recognise the master's presence. When he speaks in person, which he seldom does, he never quite reaches us or we him. He has shown himself a skilful delineator of those conflicts in which good and evil strive and wrestle for the victory, and noble spirits are caught up in the tragic toils which death alone can loosen. He has created characters intensely human, real enough to stir the profoundest feelings, and exhibited them to us bound by the nearest and dearest ties in that web of a bitter fate which is the dark delight of tragedy, which loves to show us how they might be saved, even with a word, and we cannot save them. The theatre would probably have unfolded more of the theatrical part of his genius; he would have grown more in a direction
toward

toward the people, and cultivated such qualities as stir the national feeling, instead of giving so great a range to those personal predilections of his which cling to what is peculiar and problematic. We should have seen less of the philosophic thinker, and felt more of the emotional energy of the catholic poet. Likewise he would have derived help from the actor, in giving a tangible embodiment to his creations, and conveying to thousands of minds some personification of those shapes of grandeur or of grace which are now shut up in the pages of a book. But we imagine that the theatre in our day is about the last place Mr. Browning would care to be found in; and ever since he wrote his plays the theatre and the poet have been pulling more widely apart. The qualities that now-a-days win theatrical success are precisely those which Mr. Browning has endeavoured to strain his poetry quite clear of.

Howsoever unfitted for our stage his dramas may be, many of the characters in his plays will take their place, and become abiding presences on the stage of the reader's mind. There is 'Pippa,' the Italian girl, a sunny little godsend, direct from heaven, unconsciously touching the edge of other lives with a beam that flashes through her own, and showing to the uplifted eye that 'God is in His Heaven:' 'Luria,' the Moor, who can so magnanimously forgive a great wrong: the 'Duchess Colombe,' who, like 'Pippa,' is one of everybody's favourites: Poor 'Mildred,' with that

'Depth of purity immovable
Beneath the troubled surface of her crime':

superb, haughty 'Ottima,' 'magnificent in sin:' 'Jules and Phene,'—and a long line of characters that start into memory to show us how much we are indebted to the poet, how greatly his art has enriched us.

If any one thinks Mr. Browning cannot enter into a woman's heart or paint the feminine character, let him especially study the sayings and doings of the 'Duchess Colombe,' the latter part of the 'Blot on the Scutcheon,' and feel its ineffable pathos—the subtle force, as of sun and rain on plants, which 'Polyxena' brings to bear on King Charles, making the character grow visibly. The two widely-different interpreters of the passion of love, who are at cross purposes in the 'Balcony Scene.' There is not one of these plays but contains fine characters and a great wealth of dramatic qualities: whilst one alone, 'King Victor and King Charles,' would furnish proof that the author possesses the secret of unfolding the character whilst the action flows on continuously. We hardly know pathos more piercing
than

than that of the 'Blot on the Scutcheon,' pathos more grand than that of 'Luria,' or pathos more passionate than in the 'Return of the Druses.' Although it is almost as vain as trying to take a dew-drop in hand, we extract a specimen of the latter. In the closing scene 'Anael' has fallen dead, and her brother pleads with 'Djabal,' having a perfect belief in his supernatural powers to restore her life.

'Save her for *my* sake !

She was already *thine* ; she would have shared

To-day *thine* exaltation : think ! this day

Her hair was plaited thus because of thee.

Yes, *feel the soft bright hair—feel !*

Just restore her life !

So little does it ! there—the eyelids tremble !

'*Twas not my breath that made them : and the lips*

Move of themselves !

See, I kiss—how I kiss thy garment's hem

For her ! She kisses it—Oh, take her deed

In mine ! Thou dost believe now, Anael ?—see,

She smiles ! *Were her lips open o'er the teeth*

Thus, when I spoke first ? She believes in thee !

Go not without her to the Cedars, Lord !

Or leave us both—I cannot go alone !'

The conclusion of this tragedy is splendid as some fierce sunset after storm. The mustering of the dramatic forces, and the mustering of the 'Druses,' who are 'bound for the land where their redemption dawns'—the words of the dying leader who, with his last breath of life, leads them on the first few steps of the way, and promises that he shall be with them, his spirit will await them 'above the cedars,' see them return 're-people the old solitudes ;' the complexities of life made clear in death. It is all exceedingly fine.

Mr. Browning has none of the humours of farce which the Elizabethans supplied so plentifully, as sops to Cerberus, and which seem to have been looked for in dramas ever since. But if he causes no horse-laughter he has a contemplative humour of a rare kind. We should say that it is a strong sense of the grotesque which caused him to take in hand several of his singular subjects. See the curious poem entitled 'Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis,' wherein the speaker describes the vengeance he wreaked on a dry pedantic book which he had carried into the garden to *amuse* himself with, and, seeing that Nature had nothing to do with the inside, he left it to see what she would do with the outside of the book.

Also in 'A Soul's Tragedy,' there is a comic creation which is very droll. There has been a local revolution at Faenza,

as

as large as the little place could get up, and the Provost has been killed. All is commotion when the Pontifical Legate comes trotting quietly into the town, a portly personage on muleback, humming a '*Cur fremuere gentes.*' 'Ah,' he says to the populace, 'one Messer Chiappino is your leader. I have known *three-and-twenty* leaders of revolt!' and he laughs gently to himself. The way in which he helps demagogues to 'carry out their own principles,' judges 'people by what they might be, not are, nor will be,' shows the leader how *not* to change his principles but re-adapt them more adroitly, turning him inside out softly as he might a glove on his hand, is delightfully humorous. 'And naturally,' says the changing leader, 'time must wear off such asperities (betwixt the opposite parties), the bitterest adversaries get to discover certain points of similarity between each other, common sympathies, do they not?' 'Ay,' replies this humorist, full of smiling satire and wise insight, 'had the young David but sat first to dine on his cheeses with the Philistine, he had soon discovered an abundance of such common sympathies. But, for the sake of one broad antipathy that had existed from the beginning, David slung the stone, cut off the giant's head, made a spoil of it, and after ate his cheeses alone.' Having quietly upset the revolution, sent the leader to the right-about, put the keys of the Provost's palace in his own pocket, he dismisses the populace to profitable meditations at home with this finishing stroke to his homily:—

'You do right to believe you must get better as you get older. All men do so, they are worst in childhood, improve in manhood, and get ready in old age for another world. Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem to be bestowed on us to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid, when they leave us. *Thy* sweetest child we all smile on, for his pleasant want of the *whole* world to break up or suck in his mouth,—seeing no other good in it,—would be rudely handled by that world's inhabitants, if he retained those angelic infantine desires when he has grown six feet high, black and bearded: but little by little he sees fit to forego claim after claim on the world, puts up with a less and less share of its good as his proper portion,—and when the octogenarian asks barely a sup of gruel and a fire of dry sticks and thanks you for his full allowance and right in the common good of life,—hoping nobody may murder him,—he who began by asking and expecting the whole of us to bow down in worship to him,—why, I say he is advanced far onward, very far, nearly out of sight, like our friend Chiappino yonder. Good-by to you! I have known *four-and-twenty* leaders of Revolt.'

Turning from the plays to the poems we find that a large number of these are to be judged as the work of a dramatic poet

poet who has no stage. They are single-character pieces. The poet has no aid from the actor, and we get no help in the making out from the usual stage directions to the lookers-on, and from the shows and circumstances of action. The poet has to dispense with the old stage machinery. Also he has to rely more on the quick apprehension of his readers. He requires that all their mental powers be awake. To follow him fully in all his ramifications of remote character the reader should be able to meet him halfway at the outset. If it be a loss, however, for this writer to be limited to dramatic fragments which have to be presented under these more difficult conditions, he has his compensations. He is able to make points in various directions where he could not have shaped out complete plays. He can thus portray much that is of intense interest to us in our modern days. There are dramas of mental conflict, such as could not be shown on the stage in action; tragedies and farces that occur in the intellectual sphere, as well as in the world of feeling, to be witnessed by God and his angels rather than by men. Mr. Browning has taken advantage of this liberty. He has thus given us such a daring delineation of the struggles of some solitary soul, as we find in *Paracelsus*; thrown off a most wonderful series of sketches and portraits of character in attitude; produced things sometimes totally unlike anything called 'poems' hitherto, but remarkable works of art nevertheless. We allude now more particularly to 'Mr. Sludge, the Medium,' and 'Bishop Blougram's Apology.' This dramatic latitude has permitted Mr. Browning to indulge his taste for the untrodden paths, his tendency to prefer such forms of character and such mental conflicts as afford the more startling contrast, the swifter movement of thought, the far-off foreign colour, showing everywhere the subtlest intuition in following nature through some of her most secret windings. Also it has allowed him free scope amongst his favourite subjects—painting and music. He has portrayed the inner man and outer relationships of characters, which in the hands of biography have so often lacked interest because the life was uneventful. For example, if we turn to that reproduction of the painter 'Lippo Lippi,' we shall see how he has set before us, with his surroundings, the very man of a sensuous southern soul, compelled to wear a shaven crown and a monk's serge garb,—the merry eye twinkling from under the cowl,—the painter who so conscientiously felt the 'value and significance of flesh,' doomed by circumstances, and the monks, to be preached to in this style:—

'Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay;

Make

Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
 Give us no more of body than shows soul!
 Why put all thoughts of praise out of our heads
 With wonder at hues, colours, and what not?'

The humour of the contrast is capital, and the painter, his art, the art of his time, the local scenery, are all rendered with the most faithful exactness. It has been pointed out with what truth Mr. Browning writes of the Middle Ages being, as he is, always 'vital, right and profound.' Mr. Ruskin remarks that there is hardly a principle connected with the mediæval temper that he has not struck upon. He says, 'I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry, in which there is so much told, as in these lines (the Bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church), of the Renaissance spirit, its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, luxury, and of good Latin.' The Bishop is on his death-bed, and he has come to the conclusion that Solomon was right after all, and all is vanity. So drawing his sons—if they be his sons, for he is not sure that their mother may not have played him false—round his bed; he gives directions for his sumptuous tomb which they are to erect in the church. It must be rich and costly, and prominent enough for Gandolf, his old dead enemy, who probably had his wife's heart, to

'See and burst for envy;'

and of

'Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe,
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse,
 Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
 Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
 Rosy and flawless.'

His epitaph must be 'choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word'—

'No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
 Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need.'

Then he will be able to rest in peace beneath his tabernacle amongst the tall pillars, just in sight of the 'very dome where the angels live and a sunbeam is sure to lurk;' there he can

'Watch at leisure if he leers—
 Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
 As still he envied me, so fair she was!'

The chief cause of the complaint which we hear, that Mr. Browning's poetry is wanting in common human warmth and personal nearness, undoubtedly arises from his genius being more intellectual than emotional; and the intellect, unless drawn down,

as

as it were, by the heart, and made to brood in a domestic way, is apt to dwell aloof, and remain remote. The higher the intellectual range, the larger and more genial the humanity necessary to bring the poet home to the mass of men. Impersonal as Shakspeare is, we do not feel that to be the result of his remoteness from us. He is hidden by his nearness, rather than lost in the distance. We lose him through *interfusion*, not in isolation. He has passed into invisibility. We feel his presence through his sympathy with his subject. He floats the profoundest thoughts on a warm tide of human feeling. He is able to waft us within reach of lofty things—of all that may be uncommon with us, in virtue of his wealth of those feelings which we share in common with him. Lack of this human quality, which, like personal love, melts all barriers, fuses down all difficulties, will for long, if not for ever, keep the poetry of Mr. Browning an arm's-length farther from the popular heart. In despite of this constitutional defect, however, he has shown a power quite capable of moving the common human heart in portraying various characters and conflicts of emotion. In addition to such proofs as may be adduced from the dramas, there are certain little poems, special favourites of ours, in which the intellect is more than usually domesticated, and the poetry breathes the most fragrant warmth of affection in the shyest of ways. One of these is a happy reverie by the fireside, in which the husband looks back with brimming heart and eyes to the hour—the very moment—when, 'at a touch of the woodland time,' two lives—subtly as two drops of dew—closed together in one.

BY THE FIRE-SIDE.

' Oh moment, one and infinite !
 The water slips o'er stock and stone ;
 The west is tender, hardly bright ;
 How grey at once is the evening grown—
 One star, the chrysolite !
 We two stood there with never a third,
 But each by each, as each knew well :
 The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,
 The lights and the shades made up a spell
 Till the trouble grew and stirred.
 Oh, the little more, and how much it is !
 And the little less, and what worlds away !
 How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
 Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
 And life be a proof of this !

Had

Had she willed it, still had stood the screen
 So slight, so sure, 'twixt my love and her :
 I could fix her face with a guard between,
 And find her soul as when friends confer,
 Friends—lovers that might have been.

* * * *

Oh, you might have turned and tried a man,
 Set him a space to weary and wear,
 And prove which suited more your plan,
 His best of hope or his worst despair,
 Yet end as he began.

But you spared me this, like the heart you are,
 And filled my empty heart at a word.
 If you join two lives there is oft a scar,
 They are one and one, with a shadowy third ;
 One near, one is too far.

A moment after, and hands unseen
 Were hanging the night around us fast ;
 But we knew that a bar was broken between
 Life and life : we were mixed at last
 In spite of the mortal screen.

The forests had done it ; there they stood !
 We caught for a second the powers at play ;
 They had mingled us so, for once and for good,
 Their work was done—we might go or stay,
 They relapsed to their ancient mood.'

Another, entitled 'Any Wife to any Husband,' is a poem full of quiet beauty and a most searching pathos. The subject is a dying woman, or, at least, one who is gradually fading away—a true wife, who offers up the last of her life in an incense of love for the husband. He loves her, too; loves her with all manly fervour; would, if she lived, love her to the end. This knowledge is sweet to her; but then, measuring his love by her own great feeling, dilated to its present height through nearness to death, 'this is the bitterness' to know that, with all his truth and love, he will marry again when she is gone. He thinks such a thing impossible, but she knows it will be. When they loose hands, and she arises to go, he will sink; he will grope; he will take another hand in his, and she must see from where she sits watching—

'My own self sell myself, my hand attach
 Its warrant to the very thefts from me.'

See

See him—

'Re-issue looks and words from the old mint,
Pass them afresh, no matter *whose* the print
Image and superscription once they bore!'

She thinks no blame. It must all come to the same thing in the end. Back to her he must come :—

'Since mine thou wast, mine art, and mine shall be,
Faithful or faithless, sealing up the sum
Or lavish of my treasure, thou must come
Back to the heart's place here I keep for thee!
Only why should it be with stain at all?
Why must I 'twixt the leaves of coronal,
Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?
Might I die last and show thee !'

How much the woman's wedded love transcends the man's, in ranges out of sight! The poem contains a true statement of one of those facts of life that make so much of the tragedy of the human lot, the pathos of which is so intensely human.

Here, again, is a touching little 'interior' from married life. There has been a quarrel, and, in the tearful calm that follows, the wife steals closer into her husband's bosom with a 'woman's last word;' and, if women must have the proverbial last word, they will seldom find one more apposite or beautiful under the circumstances. The poem should be read slowly, the music being helped out with thoughtful pauses, that are filled up with meaning :—

'Let's contend no more, Love; strive nor weep—
All be as before, Love,—only sleep!

What so wild as words are?—I and thou
In debate, as birds are,—hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking—while we speak—
Hush, and hide the talking,—cheek on cheek!

What so false as Truth is,—false to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is, shun the tree.

Where the Apple reddens never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,—Eve and I!

Be a god and hold me with a charm—
Be a man and fold me with thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!—as I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,—think thy thought—

Meet—if thou require it—both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit in thy hands!

That shall be to-morrow, not to-night:
I must bury sorrow out of sight.

Must

Must a little weep, Love,—foolish me!
And so fall asleep, Love, loved by thee!

At the risk of quoting lines amongst the best known of Mr. Browning's poetry, we make room for these affectionate 'Home-Thoughts;' being, as we are, only too glad to catch the writer on English ground, where we should like to meet with him oftener:—

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

'Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

'Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water full in face Trafalgar lay:
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and
gray;
"Here and here did England help me; how can I help England?"
—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turns to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.'

Again, a picture of life from the modern Italian point of view—

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY.

AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY.

'Had I plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!
Something

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least !
There the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast ;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa ! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain's edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush, with hardly a leaf to pull !
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses ! Why ?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the
eye !

Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry !
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by ;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high ;
And the shops with fanciful signs, which are painted properly.

What of a villa ? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the
heights :

You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam and
wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint grey olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you ? you've summer all at once ;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns !
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at the end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square ? There's a fountain to spout and
splash !

In the shade it sings and springs ; in the shine such foam-bows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and
pash

Round the lady atop in the conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort
of sash !

All the year long at the villa, nothing's to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like Death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty when they mix in the corn and mingle,
Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on
the hill.

Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever and
chill.

Ere opening your eyes in the city, the blessed church bells begin :
No sooner the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in :
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.

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H

By

By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth ;

Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping hot !
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.

Above it behold the archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's !

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,
"And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of St. Paul
has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than
ever he preached."

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession ! our Lady borne smiling
and smart

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her
heart !

Bang, whang, whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife ;

No keeping one's haunches still : it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear ! fowls, wine, at double the rate.

They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing
the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city !
Beggars can scarcely be choosers : but still—ah, the pity, the pity !
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and
sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow
candles ;

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention
of scandals :

Bang, whang, whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life !

Notwithstanding that spirit of impatience to be felt in many
of Mr. Browning's pages, that tendency which we have admitted,
to dart his thoughts at us after the manner of these lines:—

'A shaft from the Devil's bow
Pierced to our ingle-glow,
And the friends were friend and foe !'

or, to spring a mine of thought in a moment, thus:—

'*Me* do you leave aghast
With the memories *we* amassed ?'

yet he has given us poems in which the struggling forces
have all blended in a brooding calm. These are generally in
blank

blank verse, which does not impose the difficulties of a more lyrical movement. One piece of this quiet kind is a surpassingly beautiful picture of 'Andrea del Sarto' and his wife; a twilight scene, full of the sweetest silvery greys. It is twilight, too, in more senses than one. Twilight in the poor painter's soul, whose love-longings bring him no rest; light up no evening star large and luminous against the coming night. The poem is sweet to sadness; the pathos of the painter's pleadings with the bold bad woman whom he loved, and who dragged down his lifted arm, broke his loving heart, is very touching. The evening hush, the twilight tone, the slow musical speech, serve solemnly to lay bare the weary soul and wasted life, and make clear the wreck lying below the surface, that is trying so piteously to smile, with a cheery effort to love and labour on.

There is a stately calm in the poem called the 'Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician.' Karshish is on his travels, picking up the crumbs of learning, and he makes a report of his discoveries in a letter to his master, Abib, the 'all-sagacious' in medical art. But the real object of emptying his wallet is not to show the curious spider that 'weaves no web,' the 'blue-flowering borage,' the Aleppo sort, more nitrous than theirs at home, the three 'samples of true snake-stone,' or any other little rarities he may have found. The secret truth is, he has met with one 'Lazarus, a Jew,' and he wishes to report his case to the master; only, being ashamed and bewildered at the hold which the man's story has taken upon his mind, he approaches the subject in a stealthy way, and with windings truly oriental. Of course the tale is despicable, still it were best to keep nothing back in writing to the learned leech. He means only to allude to it in an offhand manner; just skirt the edge of the subject; but it fascinates him, and draws him into a whirling vortex of wild strange thoughts which he cannot resist.

'And first, the man's own firm conviction rests
That he was dead (in fact they buried him),—
That he was dead and then restored to life
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe;
—Sayeth the same bade "Rise," and he did rise.'

Such cases are diurnal, the master may reply. Not so 'this figment.' For here is a man of healthy habit, much beyond the ordinary; he is sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age.

'Think, could we penetrate by any drug,
And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair by three days' sleep!
Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?'

He points out the effect of this trance on the mind of Lazarus, and the way in which he takes up his after-life. This grown man now looks on the world with the eyes of a child. He is witless of the size, and sum, and value of things. Wonder and doubt come into play at the wrong time, 'preposterously at cross-purposes.'

'Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing Heaven.
He holds on firmly to some thread of life
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
The spiritual life around the earthly life!
The law of that is known to him as this—
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.
So is the man perplexed with impulses
Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on.
And oft the man's soul springs into his face
As if he saw again and heard again
His sage that bade him "Rise," and he did rise.'

He works hard at his daily trade, all the humbler for the exaltation that made him the proud possessor of such a secret.

'Sayeth he will wait patient to the last
For that same death which will restore his being
To equilibrium.'

Some of his friends led Lazarus into the physician's presence obedient as a sheep. He did not listen except when spoken to; he folded his hands and let them talk, watching the flies that buzzed. And yet no fool, says Karshish, nor apathetic by nature.

'This man so cured regards the curer then,
As—God forgive me—who but God himself,
Creator and sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it a while!
And must have so avouched himself, in fact,
In hearing of this very Lazarus.'

Of course, says Karshish, this is the raving of stark madness, and yet here is a case before which science is dumb and made ashamed. What is the fact in the presence of which he stands, and is touched with awe?

'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.

Thou

Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee !"
The madman saith He said so; it is strange.

The spell which this new fact, in the physician's experience, exercises on his imagination, is most subtly and exquisitely portrayed. And throughout, the character, so faithfully conceived, completely informs the movement of the verse with its own spirit. We have no hurry, no gasps of utterance, but a work perfect in manner as in matter, grave and staid, the pauses answering to the pondering, and altogether fine in expression as it is weighty in thought. This poem leads us up into the highest range of Mr. Browning's poetic powers. He has the true reverence for the Creator of all that beauty on which poetry is fed—the clearest of all the seeing faculties—and recognises the Master of the feast. His poetry, however, is not religious in a vague general way, nor dry through being doctrinal: it is, as in 'Christmas Eve' and 'Easter Day,' passionately alive with the most intense yearning for a personal relationship. In many places we shall find the influence of the unseen treated as a solemn verity—the dark disc of this life's orb edged with a touch of light from the next. But in the last-mentioned poem the mystery of the Incarnation is pondered and proclaimed in the most powerful way. In a 'Death in the Desert,' there is a close *grapple* of thought with the Subject of Subjects. No one can understand Mr. Browning's poetry without having fully examined these two poems. The casual reader may possibly set the 'Christmas Eve' down hastily as a strange mixture of grave matter and gay manner; a religious subject loosely treated with quips and cranks of irreverent rhyme. But this would be a mistake. The author has a sardonic way of conveying certain hints of the truth when no other way would be so effective. In this poem we have a contrast such as furnished a hint of the true grotesque in art. But it is the work of a man whose faith can afford the freaks of fancy.

The 'Death in the Desert' is one of Mr. Browning's finest poems; a very lofty and solemn strain of religious thought. It is evident that he takes great interest in the stir of our time, the obstinate questionings of doubt, which will yet make the flame of faith burn up toward heaven more direct and clear than ever. And he says his say emphatically on the side of belief. It is a poem for the profoundest thinkers, and yet a dramatic creation of exceeding beauty. It embodies the death of the beloved Apostle St. John in a cave of the desert, where he has been hidden from the persecution. This cham-

ber in the rock, a nestling-place of coolness and shadow, outside of which is the blinding white sand, the 'burning blue,' and the desert stillness, the waking up from his last trance to utter his last warning words of exhortation to the watchers listening round, are all rendered with impressive power. The dying man rises and dilates, 'as on a wind of prophecy,' whilst in solemn vision his spirit ranges forward into the far-off time, when in many lands men will be saying, 'Did John live at all? and did he say *he saw* the veritable Christ?' And, as he grows more and more inspired, and the energy of his spirit appears to rend itself almost free from the earthy conditions, the rigid strength of thought, the inexorable logic, the unerring force of will, have all the increased might that we sometimes see in the dying. We have no space left to touch the argument, but we should greatly regret if the poem failed to be made known far and wide. After M. Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' and the prelections of the Strasbourg school of theological thought, it should be welcome as it is worthy.

In the course of our explorations and explanations we have shown something of the poet's range, which is the result of peculiarity as well as of power. He carries along each line of the radius almost the same thoroughness of conception and surprising novelty of treatment. We have also shown that the obscurity is not always poetic incompleteness. It sometimes arises from the dramatic conditions. In support of this statement we may remind readers how much greater was the demand on their patience when Mr. Tennyson cast his poem 'Maud' in a dramatic mould, than with his previous poems. At other times it comes from the murky atmosphere in which the poet has had to take some of his portraits in mental photography; the mystery of the innermost life; the action of the invisible, which can only be apprehended dimly through the veil. His genius is flexible as it has been fertile. If he could have brought it to bear in a more ordinary way by illuminating the book of life with traits of our common human character, making the popular appeals to our home affections,—if he could have revealed to the many those rich colours in the common light of day, which have delighted the few in many a dark nook of nature and desert-place of the past, he would have been hailed long since as a true poet. His poetry is not to be dipped into or skimmed lightly with swallow-flights of attention. Its pearls must be dived for. It must be read, studied, and dwelt with for a while. The difficulties which arise from novelty must be encountered; the poetry must be thought over before its concentrated force is unfolded and its subtler qualities can be fully felt. Coming fresh from a great
deal

deal of our nineteenth-century poetry to that of Mr. Browning, we are in a new world altogether, and one of the first things we are apt to do is to regret the charms of the old. But the new land is well worth exploring; it possesses treasures that will repay us richly. The strangeness and its startling effects will gradually wear away, and there will be a growth of permanent beauty. With all its peculiarities, and all its faults, the poetry of Mr. Browning is thoroughly sanative, masculine, bracing in its influence. It breathes into modern verse a breath of new life and more vigorous health, with its aroma of a newly-turned and virgin soil.

There are plenty of poems for beginners. Simple lyrics like the 'Cavalier Tunes,' brave ballads, and tender poems like 'Evelyn Hope,' lead up to such fine romances as 'Count Gismond' and the 'Pied Piper;' these again conduct the reader to a gallery of portraits in 'Men and Women,' painted with the strength of Velasquez, the glow of Giorgione, or the tenderness of Correggio. No one is forced to plunge into the mysteries of 'Sordello' and get entangled there. Curiously enough, the author in arranging his latest edition has printed this poem last; the reader, if so minded, can reject it altogether. The mass of poems is crowned, as we have stated, with noble religious poetry, most suggestive and profound in thought, most Christian in feeling.

We conclude with the latter part of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' The Piper had agreed with the mayor and magistrates, for a thousand guilders, to clear the town of rats, had accordingly by his music enticed all the rats into the Weser, where they were drowned, and had been contemptuously denied his stipulated reward; whereupon he proceeds to take revenge:

'Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
 However, he turned from south to west,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 "He never can cross that mighty top!
 "He's forced to let the piping drop,
 "And we shall see our children stop!"
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say, all? No! one was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—
 "It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
 "I can't forget that I'm bereft
 "Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 "Which the Piper also promised me.
 "For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 "Joining the town and just at hand,
 "Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 "And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 "And everything was strange and new;
 "The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 "And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 "And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 "And horses were born with eagles' wings:
 "And just as I became assured
 "My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 "The music stopped and I stood still,
 "And found myself outside the Hill,
 "Left alone against my will,
 "To go now limping as before
 "And never hear of that country more!"

Alas,

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate,
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,

" And so long after what happened here

" On the Twenty-second of July,
" Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : "

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern,

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great Church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away ;
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say,
That in Transylvania there's a tribe,
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.'

- ART. IV.—1. *Exodus of the Western Nations.* By Lord Bury. London, 1865.
2. *Colonel Fletcher's History of the American War.* London, 1865.
3. *Campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, &c. &c.* By Captain C. C. Chesney, R.E., &c. Vol. II. London, 1865.

LORD BURY, having held an official position in Canada, and acquired a personal interest in the affairs of the New World, is led by a natural train of thought to the birth and infancy of the communities which have grown so rapidly into their present importance. Great would be the interest and value of the work—if such we possessed—that could teach us how Europe was peopled; trace the gradual divergence of its present races under local influences; tell us whence came the parent tribes; and how, with a common tone of thought prevailing, language became so diversified. America has the advantage over the other continents, in knowing its history from the root. That history is usually presented to us in fragments. Lord Bury, in the work before us, gives us the benefit of a clear and comprehensive view of the whole of the great movement across the Atlantic. And though at no one time did there occur so great a migration as to amount to an 'exodus,' still the movement has, upon the whole, transferred to the New World large masses of the population of Europe. Considering the taste for historical composition so prevalent in these days with the New England writers, it seems strange that it should remain for an English author to give the complete history of the peopling of America. But to each writer on the spot, the part of his own people stands disconnected from the rest, with its separate life and special interests; it is easier for one at a distance to reduce to accurate perspective countries equidistant from himself. Lord Bury has undertaken this task of bringing all into the same field of view, thus adding a work to our literature which is as a chart of the world to one who before had but disjointed maps of its divisions. Unfortunately, the work appears at a time when all who interest themselves in the affairs of America are absorbed in the events occurring from day to day. The storm is, indeed, over now, but the waves have not yet gone down; and the mind is not yet in a mood for calm study. As this agitation subsides, attention will be drawn to American history, which has hitherto been regarded in this country with marked indifference. Out of this indifference we have been thoroughly aroused. Students will seek to trace their way back to the original causes of the tremendous events which have recently occurred;

occurred; and the European historian, who had hitherto allotted a spare chapter to America, will have to assign it in future a prominent place in the world's affairs. It might have been in anticipation of such probable current of thought, that Lord Bury has provided this valuable storehouse of facts, the fruit of long labour and research, placed before us in a spirit of philosophical inquiry, and clothed in terse and animated language.

Colonel Fletcher's '*History of the American War*' leads us to remark that, in our opinion, a considerable period of time must elapse before the complete history of this great struggle can be written. A civil war, beyond all others, involves political questions, and in this instance the Federal system of government renders these unusually complex. The cessation of the struggle will be followed by a deluge of biographies, memoirs, reports; and these will have to be laboriously collated, winnowed of their chaff, and reduced to materials for the historian. Nor is it possible as yet to command that calm view of the whole field which shall do full justice to both sections of the Union. Hence, the only history that can yet be written is that of the military events, a very important part, but not the whole of the subject. Such a record Colonel Fletcher gives us, clearly narrated, singularly dispassionate, and full of interest. It adds greatly to the value of the work that its author was an eye-witness to the most remarkable campaign of the war, which unfortunately the first volume of the work leaves unfinished. The next volume will probably rescue the reputation of McClellan from the oblivion into which it has fallen in the rapid whirl of events. As a soldier, Colonel Fletcher naturally endeavours to do justice to one who, though now unpopular, may claim to have twice rescued the cause of the North from ruin, and who at all times had two enemies to fight—the Government at Richmond and his own. As no reputation has fallen so much, probably none will recover so greatly as that of McClellan, when excitement calms down, and the success of other leaders ceases to dazzle the judgment. It is easy to contrast his slow and over-cautious steps with the dashing career of a Sherman; but McClellan's army was of other material. He came into play after the great disaster of Bull Run, and was incessantly thwarted and paralysed by that interference of amateurs at Washington which this volume so strikingly relates. This, the army of the West, and in the end that of Grant, wholly escaped. On recalling now the great advantages gained by the North in the fall of Fort Donelson, New Orleans, Norfolk, and the occupation of many points on the coast, as well as in Tennessee, the heart of the country—the idea occurs in closing the volume that a more correct estimate might have been formed of the probable termination

termination of the struggle than that which was generally adopted in this country. But the continuation of the work will describe those brilliant feats of the Southern generals—of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, Stuart—and that firm endurance and heroic self-sacrifice of the people, which extorted the admiration of Europe, and rendered it hard to believe that so wide and difficult a country, defended with such resolution and military genius, could ever be brought under subjection.

Now that we hear such loud denunciations of rebellion, and reiterated assertions that treason is the 'blackest of crimes,' it is almost with a feeling of surprise that we peruse this record of the calm and constitutional manner in which the Southern people proceeded to form a Government and unite themselves into a confederacy. Each State, through its Legislature, passed an act or law which summoned a convention of its people, the direct organ of its sovereignty, and by this convention its severance from the Union was decreed. In the older States the form adopted was simply the repeal of the original ordinance of a like convention, which had attached them to the Union. The same formalities were used in dissolving the tie which had been used in contracting it. Nothing can be imagined more opposed to our ideas of rebellious leaders or an insurgent body. And in framing a constitution the object plainly aimed at was to retain every valuable principle of the old one, whilst rectifying the defects which experience had pointed out. Thus, though in all the main features the old and the new are identical, that of the South made the Presidential term six years, and precluded re-election; an improvement of the utmost value. The scandalous abuse of dismissing all officials, down to the village postmaster, on each accession of a new President, was practically rendered impossible. It is strange that ministerial responsibility should not have been ordained, for this seems to us an absolutely essential feature in constitutional government; but here, where change might have been desirable, the traditions of the Union prevailed. One remarkable fact is the open avowal—for the first time in any constitution—of the principles of free trade—in the express prohibition of duties for the purpose of protection. These principles are indeed to be found in the Federal constitution; but not being in express terms they have been evaded in practice, until the United States now offer the grossest instance in existence of a spirit of monopoly and a partial fiscal law.

They who are familiar with the literature of the war, should they chance not to have seen the Southern constitution, would expect to find the preservation of slavery at the head and front of it. They would be surprised to find how little it says upon the subject.

subject. It is true, it was framed by slave-owners, but so was that of the Union. The writers who appear to have enjoyed a peculiar pleasure in terming the South a 'slave power' have forgotten that the model republic was also a 'slave power'; nay, that the North was a slave power throughout the whole of the war, for to its close there were slaveholding States within the loyal band. Nor is there here a single provision for the protection of slavery which does not also exist in the Federal constitution. It is true, this of the South forbids 'the passing of any law impairing or denying the right of property in negro slaves;' but neither could any such law be passed by the Federal Congress under its constitution. The same inability existed, and in both cases for the same reason—that the subject was beyond the scope of Federal action, and belonged exclusively to that of the State. But there is nothing in the Southern constitution that would have precluded any of its States from emancipating its negro population by the act of its own legislature. The principle which stopped the interference of the central government told both ways. The Richmond Congress could not interfere to free the slaves, but it was equally powerless to prevent their being freed. Hence all that has been said of slavery being the 'corner stone' of the Southern power is mere windy declamation. The metaphor was, indeed, used by Mr. Stephens, but not as it is invariably and erroneously quoted. He was replying to the very absurd dogma of the Declaration of Independence, that 'all men are created equal;' and asserted that, on the contrary, inequality is the law of Nature, and that the inferiority of one race to another was the corner-stone of the system. But whatever Mr. Stephens might say or mean, nothing could well be more absurd than to fix upon many millions of people, the great majority of whom had nothing to do with slavery, the sentence or the epithet of a speaker expressing his individual view, on his sole responsibility. The use to which the epithet has been put is no less illogical. The corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy was obviously its constitution. With it there existed a Confederacy; without it, none. Here was the base on which rested the whole fabric as a political power. Now, when we see that this constitution permitted any one, every one, of the States to abolish slavery, we shall see the absurdity of terming that the corner-stone of an edifice which could be removed at any time at pleasure without detriment to the structure.

In the perspicuous account given by Colonel Fletcher of McClellan's remarkable and ill-fated campaign, we are struck with the treatment he received at the hands of Mr. Lincoln, to which his failure may be largely attributed. Had it been the object

object to render success impossible, it could hardly have been better pursued. No sooner had McClellan left Washington than the President commenced a series of measures unparalleled in their way. Nay, even before this, and without consulting his Commander-in-Chief, it appears that he issued positive orders for that movement of the troops which enforced the abortive advance on Manassas—a failure that threw a sinister influence over the campaign. During that advance McClellan learnt by the columns of a newspaper, and without the slightest previous intimation, that he was reduced from the command-in-chief to that of the forces around him. This step withdrew from his control the troops in the valley of the Shenandoah, which formed an important part of his combinations. It was followed by the withdrawal, in a similar manner, of another body of 10,000 men, under Blenker. The next step was to place beyond his control the very base of his own operations, Fort Monroe, reducing his resources by another 10,000 men. Finally, the entire army-corps of McDowell, whose co-operation was vital to the plan of the campaign, was suddenly withdrawn from his orders. The wonder is that any general so treated should not have resigned in despair. Colonel Fletcher observes :—

‘Ignorant of military, and indeed of most other matters of which a knowledge is expected from men in high position, weak in character, and consequently obstinate, Mr. Lincoln was singularly unfitted for the station of life he was called upon to fill. His very character for honesty was a misfortune, as it afforded a sort of counterpoise to his defects, and led men to suppose that his straightforward dealing in private life would be carried out in his public acts. He professed, and probably had, a sincere regard for General McClellan; but when no longer under his personal influence, was easily led by the people around him, and acted in a way that little became the ruler of a great country, and which his most lenient critics must allow had the appearance of duplicity.’

The lamentable death of Mr. Lincoln, so tragic, so piteous in every detail,—horror at the atrocity, and apprehension of the ills that may flow from it,—combined to produce the strong feelings of indignation and sympathy which have been expressed in this country. For a time it was proper to yield to a current of feeling, the generous impulse of human nature. And indeed, no man ever played a part of the first importance in history who so little merited such a death. No ruler in possession of despotic power was ever so completely the reverse of a tyrant. The very weaknesses and defects of his character were of a nature to disarm personal resentment. No man was ever less stern, less haughty, less cruel, less vindictive. Industrious, painstaking, domestic,
full

full of quaint good-humour, striving with limited knowledge or capacity to do what seemed best at the moment, thrust into the midst of difficulties almost beyond the grasp of human intellect, he struggled on—as he termed it, in his homely language, ‘pegging away’—until the world saw that under an uncouth exterior there was a large fund of shrewd sense and mother-wit, with an entire absence of malice. An instinctive sense of this led all to shudder at his fate. He was an untutored child of nature, and the manner of his death seemed an outrage on nature, on mankind. But now that expression has been fully given to these feelings, we must not permit truth to be sacrificed. As President of the United States, the rule of Abraham Lincoln stands wholly apart from personal qualities, good or bad. That rule is proper matter for criticism, and must stand a keener test than that of sentiment. Respect is not to be paid to the memory of the dead by fulsome praise or falsification of history. Unfortunately, it is a proverbial expression—‘to lie like an epitaph;’ but no such license may be used where great principles and the destiny of millions of people are at stake.

President Lincoln was another example of that deplorable rule, long enforced by the exigencies of the Union, which practically excludes all able and eminent men from the Presidential office. Mr. Seward, the proper chief of the Republican party, was passed over, as in other times Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. To prevent a disruption of the party, it was necessary to nominate a person unknown even by name to the infinite majority of the American people. Mr. Lincoln was therefore chosen as usual, not by virtue of his eminence, but by virtue of his not being eminent. He was by birth a Southern man, a Kentuckian; his wife also Southern, some of her relatives being on the Confederate side throughout the war. He entered upon office uncontrolled by a popular decision. If, indeed, it might be said that any leaning of the public mind could be detected, the majority in the North appeared to have reconciled themselves to a peaceful separation, and leading politicians, such as Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett, had expressed their abhorrence of the idea of shedding their brothers’ blood. The Cotton States had seceded, but the great Border States, with Virginia at their head, clung anxiously to the Union. The history of the United States afforded a valuable guide in this emergency. The Union had been broken up before, peacefully. Two of the States were out of it for quite two years, at the end of which time, finding their isolated condition intolerable, they re-entered the fold. Now, so long as the Border States remained with the Union it was hardly possible for the Cotton States to form an antagonistic power that could endure.

Not

Not only the vast resources of the North, but the greatest of their own sister States would have been against them. Had a Statesman been in office at Washington, he would probably have spoken thus: 'I hold that your action is wholly wrong. I believe you have no warrant for it in the Constitution, no just cause in any fact that has occurred. Try the experiment, however, if you are resolved to do so. It has been tried by North Carolina, Rhode Island, Texas, who found it not to answer. Meantime I must take such measures for self-protection as judgment may direct; but unless attacked I will not lift one finger to shed the blood of my fellow-citizens.' Had this course been taken, it can hardly be doubted that the Union would have been restored in much less time, without bloodshed, and with trifling cost. For at first there existed a Union party, a minority, but still an important party in every Cotton State but one. This party would have had not only the North, but the whole influence of the Border States to support it. Any one may see what this war would have been without the people of Virginia. Now Virginia would have been on the other side. Hence the Cotton States would not only have been void of the necessary resources for an independent position, but would have been a divided people. This division would have widened into dissensions, increasing day by day; for the excitement of the hour would have been followed by a reaction and by disappointment at the results. The cost of a separate Government and military force would have compelled taxation, hitherto unknown. The Federal Government, without going to war, might easily have caused the heavy cost of an armed peace, and it had the power to place very irksome restraints on the commerce and correspondence of the country. Thus the Union party, although originally a minority, would have grown daily under such influences, and probably in less than the four years which have gone by, would have become a majority, and have brought back the States into the Union. The policy which might have produced these results was the only one permissible under the Constitution. It grants no power to coerce a State, and such power was excluded advisedly, on the reasoning of Madison—that it would be monstrous to provide for the maintenance by force of a Union that was based on free will. The coercion thus excluded by the founders of the Union, Mr. Lincoln resolved to employ. It was an error disastrous to the country. For not only was there a simple way to attain the end desired, but the use of force for the purpose was destructive of the very object sought. By force it was quite possible to conquer the South, but not to restore a Union. To apply the name of a Union to the relations that exist between Russia and Poland, would be
ludicrous;

ludicrous; such are now the relations of North and South. Between sentient beings, union implies a joint, a mutual action that can only proceed from accordance of will. The same principle holds good with great communities. And when one section has conquered another section of the same people, slain the flower of its manhood, devastated its soil, and stands amidst the ruin it has made, in the triumph of superior power, this can only be called the restoration of a union by substituting the sound for the true sense of words.

And when Mr. Lincoln made this deplorable error, how did he carry out the policy which he had chosen? By sending back the deputation that waited upon him from the Border States, with an answer so offensive as to force upon them the decision to leave the Union. By calling out 75,000 men for three months, exhibiting an ignorance of the magnitude and resources of the country he proposed to coerce, such as hardly could have been found in Europe. By fitting out a secret expedition at New York to reinforce Fort Sumter, although an understanding of honour existed with the Commissioners whom the South had sent to Washington, that no change should be made in the *status quo*. But there is matter more grave even than this. The reason assigned by Mr. Lincoln for deciding on the invasion of the Southern States, was the oath he had taken to maintain the Constitution. But the President does not take any oath to maintain the Union. He went on to do what his oath did not compel, and to break what that oath enjoined. To maintain the Constitution required him to maintain those great rights—freedom of person, of speech, of the press—which it expressly guarantees, and which his government trampled upon without any real necessity and without the smallest concern. If so terrible a means as the sword must needs be employed under a stern sense of duty, that duty plainly required that he who proceeded to destroy the lives of others for an alleged breach of law, should himself maintain that law with the most scrupulous care. Now there is hardly one great principle of that Constitution—nay more, we cannot recall any one great political principle avowed and cherished in America, whether within or outside of the Constitution, which was not violated by Mr. Lincoln's Government.

The Declaration of Independence, for instance, announced in sonorous terms that governments 'derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' What an illustration of this, to force a detested government upon a people who refuse their consent. Again, that same document, which is read every 4th of July in order to inculcate these principles, goes on to teach the

world that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of certain ends (one of them being the pursuit of happiness), 'it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organising its power in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.' These are brave words, and this is precisely what the people of the South proceeded to do. Alas, the principles that are so lofty and virtuous when they tell in our favour, how black and wicked they become when the enemy has them on his side! If there be any one principle thoroughly established in the North, as the rule of political action, it is that the majority shall govern and the minority submit. This is, indeed, the main argument of those who support the Federal cause. The majority, they say, elected a president, and the minority was bound to acquiesce. How did Mr. Lincoln respect this principle, when it appeared advantageous to abandon it? By contriving a scheme of government for the conquered States, in which a minority so insignificant as one-tenth was to represent and rule over the majority of nine-tenths! We say nothing of the rights of neutrals, formerly regarded in the United States as so particularly sacred; we pass over the express clauses of the Constitution on the issuing of search warrants, on delay in bringing to trial, on the issuing of the writ of *habeas corpus*, &c.; but there are two points that cannot be omitted in reviewing this subject—rebellion and secession.

It seems strange now-a-days to hear of Mr. Lincoln as the advocate of rebellion, as its earnest advocate, on a large scale or a small scale, whether by the whole of a people or part of a people; but here are his words delivered in Congress when a member of the House of Representatives: 'Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing Government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing Government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit.*' As the people of the North now regard with affection the memory of their late President, and treasure up all his sayings, it may be well to ponder on these words, not as a proof of astounding inconsistency, but as an invitation to consider whether a people who have been educated in such doctrines are to be greatly blamed for putting

* 12th January, 1848.

them in practice. Mr. Lincoln changed his position—changed his views. It never occurred to him when he held them that they might come home to his own case. But the scholar is to be judged, not by the altered position of the schoolmaster, but by the lesson he was taught. And if the people of the South desire a sanction and a warrant for their action, none could be imagined more cogent, more exactly applicable to the case, or deserving of more respect at the hands of the North, than these teachings of Mr. Lincoln. We are not aware that he ever advocated secession, but he did something more than merely to advocate it. He approved of, ratified, and adopted secession in the most pernicious form in which it can ever occur—the only form in which it is forbidden by the Constitution. A part of the old state of Virginia desired to secede from the rest, and continue with the Union. The Constitution says, Art. iv. sec. 3, ‘but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State.’ No words can be clearer than these. In the face of them, Western Virginia was permitted to secede, and this new State was formed within the unquestioned jurisdiction of the parent State. At that time it was in the highest degree probable that the South would acquire its independence. In this view it was very important that the frontier of Virginia should not extend, as it did, to the Ohio River, into the very heart of the North. To avoid this danger, it was thought politic to cut off that portion of the State. The risk at the time was no doubt serious; the object was of large importance; but motives of prudence or advantage are no answer to the plain fact that the disintegration of a State, secession in its worst form, was accepted and carried out by Mr. Lincoln when it told in favour of the North.

There is a subject that can never be passed over in reviewing these events—that of slavery. On this subject President Lincoln ever spoke with honesty and candour. He made no hypocritical pretension to other principle in the matter than that of using it as a means of saving the Union. At the outset of the war he referred to the Chicago platform, on which he was elected, in proof that he had no authority to interfere with slavery in the States, and he went further, adding not only that he had no right to interfere, but that he had no inclination to do so. Shortly afterwards the Federal Congress passed, with his approval, an addition to the Constitution, 3rd March, 1861, which ran thus: ‘That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorise or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labour or servitude by the laws of said State.’ In the rapid progress of events and growth of

passion this amendment, though passed by Congress, was not sent to the States for ratification, and therefore fell to the ground. It is, however, on record to show the readiness of the Federal Congress to debar itself for ever from any pretence to interfere with slavery in the States, and this whilst persons in this country were loudly asserting that it was to destroy slavery that the war was waged. An amendment has recently been passed, the reverse of the foregoing, and declaring the abolition of slavery. It has not yet been ratified, we believe, by the requisite number of States, and if ratified, will be a plain breach of the Federal compact, which reserved to the respective States all powers not delegated to the Government. This amendment would be in direct conflict with the body of the instrument, or rather with a prior amendment, No. 10. Soon after the date we have named, the negro question was presented in an entirely new phase. The Federal generals, finding at that early period some difficulty in appropriating what their own laws held to be private property, invented an escape from this dilemma by declaring the poor negro 'contraband of war.' Thus the growth of that virtue, which Mr. Beecher would have us to believe is nurtured by bloodshed, proceeded so far as to raise the negro from his former condition into that of a contraband commodity.

The next remarkable step in the progress of the anti-slavery movement, was Mr. Lincoln's proposal to get rid of the difficulty by shipping the race away to foreign parts. He selected a district in Central America for the purpose, assuming that its Government would make no difficulty in the matter; indeed apparently deeming it superfluous to consult them about it. This strange scheme for dealing with four millions of people was actually set in motion, but, as might have been expected, came to nothing. About this time appeared the famous letter to Horace Greeley, in which, with perfect candour, Mr. Lincoln stated that he would free the negroes, or some of the negroes, or none of the negroes, according as he found that by freeing them, or some of them, or none of them, he could save the Union. Nothing could be more explicit—nothing more honest than this—nor any more direct denial of the shallow pretence that the object of the war was to give liberty to the slave. Then followed the famous slave-proclamation which he was persuaded to issue against his own judgment; for but a fortnight before, it will be remembered, that he told a deputation who urged it upon him, that it would be as futile as 'the Pope's Bull against a comet.' So it has proved. It failed to incite a servile insurrection, the only way in which it could possibly produce a practical result; nor is there reason to believe that a single negro was freed by it who would not have been
equally

equally freed by the action of the Federal armies without it. As a war measure, nothing could be more reprehensible than to adopt such a means of fighting an enemy—any enemy—and these were of the same kin; as a matter of moral principle, nothing more inconsistent, for it prohibited the sin to the enemy and permitted it to the ally. It made right and wrong a matter of geographical convenience, for certain counties of Louisiana were to retain the system, whilst the rest were denied it; and more than this, it retained slavery where there was power to end it, and it pretended to sweep it away where there was no power to touch it. On this subject, as with the others already considered, we find constant verification of the remark of Wendell Phillips, that Mr. Lincoln, as a ruler, was ‘a man without a backbone.’ There is an entire absence of fixed principle or persistent action; nothing but getting along with the affairs of the day—now yielding to the pressure on this side, and now on the other; adopting no great principle without reversing it; advocating in theory that rebellion which he resisted in practice, and accepting in practice that secession which he denounced in theory.

We have pointed out what appears to us the deplorable original error of employing the sword as a means of maintaining a Union. Another soon followed it. The basis of the Federal action, as alleged, was the belief that a loyal party existed in the South, held down in terror by a minority of violent men who had obtained ‘command of the situation.’ That such a party did exist was true; but it was still more clear that the edge of the sword would destroy it. In the rebellion of these States, when colonies, there was at first a large party of loyalists; but it vanished in the excitement of war. There was ample evidence that this would be the effect now, for the decision to shed blood at once drove the loyal Border States over to the opposite ranks. But admitting the theory of a loyal party—a large portion of the Southern people sound at heart but under restraint—it was then imperative that the war should be conducted as an act of calm judicial necessity, and so as to produce the smallest possible amount of exasperation or abiding hate. It has been conducted in a manner exactly the reverse of this. No war of modern times has been urged in a spirit so bitter, so unsparing, so ungenerous. The sinking of stone fleets to destroy harbours; the bombarding of dwelling-houses with Greek fire; the cutting of *levées* to inundate great districts and drown out the inhabitants; the shooting of prisoners, on more than one occasion, in cold blood; the official insulting of women and of clergymen; the avowed attempts to destroy by famine; the burning of mills, farm-houses, barns; the plunder of private property—these, apart from those incidents of individual

individual outrage which ever accompany invading armies, have made memorable the names of Butler, Turchin, Pope, Sheridan, Blenker, Hunter, Milroy, M'Neill, as a band of generals, of all human beings the least fitted to restore a fraternal union. It is plain that Mr. Lincoln was not personally responsible for these things; it is probable that in his own breast he deplored them. But they are part of the history of his rule, nor did he disavow and forbid them. Some of the generals named were discarded on failure in the field; but we know of no case, even one so revolting as the murders of Palmyra, where punishment was visited on the crime. We pass from this irksome criticism. Such reflections are little heeded in the hour of triumph; but the exaggerated and fulsome tone of much that has been written invites some expression of independent thought. There are those whose recent admiration of Southern valour is now exchanged for admiration of Northern success. All have not the power to mould their views of right and wrong, so as to sympathise now with those who are expected to win, and now with those who prove to be the winners.

The death of Mr. Lincoln was in itself a sufficient calamity to the world, occurring at a time when the kindly qualities of the man, and the experience of affairs he had acquired, would have been of inestimable value. That calamity is greatly increased by calling to his place one even less fitted for it by education or knowledge, and without the redeeming personal qualities of his predecessor. That Mr. Johnson is a man of considerable natural ability we cannot doubt, for without it no man could have worked his way from the condition of a journeyman tailor to the position he held at the outbreak of the war. But there are many kinds of ability; and there is one kind which has usually been regarded in the North as by no means beneficial to the country—that of the professional politician, the man who adopts politics as a trade to live by and thrive by. Such was the occupation of Mr. Johnson, and it was successful under these circumstances. In the South, although universal suffrage prevails, the lead in political affairs is usually taken by men of education and leisure, who, as in this country, are in the habit of thus employing their time, not as a money-making trade, but as an elevated pursuit. Hence, as a rule, the leading men of the country are to be found in the political ranks. But there are exceptional districts. Tennessee, one of the younger States, contains a very mixed population, and a great proportion of small farmers, who are usually men of extreme prejudice and narrow education. These, from their number, could always swamp the educated classes; and with such a constituency no
man

man was more likely to succeed than Andrew Johnson. With the energy necessary to go through the work, views and habits suited to their own, and unlimited command of words, he gradually attained all the honours and emoluments their votes could confer. He was an ardent defender of slavery, and a slave-owner himself to the extent of his means; a believer in 'manifest destiny;' and, in the midst of complete democracy, something more than a democrat. A remarkable specimen of the oratory by which he convinced the intellect of his constituents may be found in the 'New York World' of 18th April. We forbear to give the quotation. And what judgment is to be formed by the speeches he has made so frequently since his elevation? They ring the changes on three notes—first, the boast of being a plebeian; secondly, the malediction of all traitors; thirdly, the disparagement of mercy. Was ever such a creed presented to the world? We have sought in vain for one noble sentiment, for one generous emotion, for the faintest trace of a recollection that he ruled over the sons of rebels, that his own position was the fruit of rebellion, that the first and great President he had to follow had been a traitor. When it was the business of the statesman to pour oil upon the troubled waters, the cry is for vengeance, confiscation, blood.

It has been said that this war was a struggle between Aristocracy and Democracy, in which the latter has triumphed. No delusion could well be greater than to speak of the South as an aristocratic country. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson, both Southern men, are they to be termed aristocrats? It is very true that men of property and refinement in the South have usually a conservative spirit; but as regards the country at large and its institutions, what more utterly democratic? The State constitutions are such as no Chartist could improve upon. Vote by ballot, universal suffrage, payment of members, short terms of office, popular election even of judges—are these the features of aristocracy? It seems to be unknown or forgotten that the South was the leader in the downward course of democratic progress, and that Thomas Jefferson was a Southerner. Believers in democracy ought surely to love the country for his sake. If the embodiment is to be sought of what is invidiously represented as the aristocratic spirit, it would not be found amongst the planters of the South, who lead at home the simple lives of country gentlemen, but amongst the millionaires of the North, where alone are the purple and fine linen, the luxury and extravagance, the exclusiveness and self-esteem regarded as the characteristics of the aristocrat. The doctrine of State Rights has indeed been stoutly maintained in the South,
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but not as part of an aristocratic, nay, expressly as part of the democratic creed. State Rights are the only protection against the abuse of the central power; level them, and one man wields power over a continent, and commands its resources, who is irresponsible for four years, and whom there would be nothing to restrain but the strength of private individuals, equal to that of so many grains of sand. We have seen in this war that the moment State Rights were disregarded, every barrier set up by the Constitution went down with them. It is as the bulwark of defence against despotic power and infringements of the Constitution, that the people of the South have clung to State Rights. This contest was therefore no conflict of political principles, but, as Earl Russell described it, a struggle for independence on the one side and for empire on the other. If, indeed, this were in reality a triumph of democracy, then democracy must be sorely in need of something on which to plume itself when it is thought to be a matter of pride and glorification that it has enabled 22,000,000 of people to overcome 5,000,000 of the same race.

The question naturally arises, what caused the failure of this great effort of the South to possess a government of its own? The principal cause is indeed obvious enough, the great superiority of the North in numbers and resources. If we add to the Free States the four Slave States that followed their lead, under more or less compulsion, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky, and to these the districts at Federal command from an early period of the war, say half of Tennessee and Louisiana and a third of Virginia, we have a population, by the census of 1860, of 23,485,722 on the Federal side. This leaves under the rule of the Confederacy 7,662,325. Here the disparity of strength is enormous. On examination it will be found even greater than it appears; for these are the numbers of the entire populations, and that of the South included rather more than 3,000,000 out of the 4,000,000 of negroes who appear in the census. Now, although these displayed remarkable fidelity, and maintained the whole Southern people in food by their labour, still it is clear that the ranks of the Southern army would have been better filled if the whole population had supplied recruits. And the Federals had great advantages in addition to superiority in numbers. Their command of naval force, practically exclusive, was soon felt in a country intersected by great rivers. Looking back to the early stages of the war, it seems doubtful whether they could have made any progress without this advantage. The fleet was of invaluable service as a means of movement, and on two occasions saved an army from ruin—that of Grant at Shiloh, and that of M'Clellan on the James River. There was, too, that special

special weapon, the blockade, which caused the disorganization of the Confederate finances, and prevented the importation of munitions of war except at so much cost and with so much irregularity as to compel manufactures to be established when every man was required to meet the superior numbers of the enemy. And whilst a great immigration from Europe into the North recruited its armies or filled the place of recruits, the South was entirely cut off from this resource. If the attempt be made to estimate the value of all these elements, it will appear that the odds against which the South has maintained this contest, were in effect not less than five to one. There was also a great contrast in the effects of the war on the two people. The North with its ports open, with California supplying gold, and petroleum stimulating speculation, soon discovered in the war a mine of sudden wealth. Those who guided the current of public opinion grew rapidly rich, for patriotism and profit went together. The vast expenditure of the Government created a lucrative market; the railroads flourished with the transport of troops and stores; the creation of currency had the effect for the time of the creation of so much wealth; and never was known a period of such prosperity and exhilaration. In any country a war will be maintained with vigour by which every one believes he is making a fortune. In the South, there was the reverse of all this. With its commerce sealed up; at times in dread of actual famine (by which indeed it was ultimately reduced); with districts one after the other devastated by the enemy; cut off from all the comforts, of which, in such a climate, some are necessities of life—the whole history is a record of suffering and endurance, of ruin to many, privation to all.

It was expected generally that when the day of need drew nigh the Confederate Government would arm the negroes, and thus reduce the disparity of force. There does not appear to have been latterly any strong opposition to the step on the part of the people, but the Government—thwarted, we believe, by the Congress—delayed until it was too late. Out of 3,000,000 of negroes 150,000 might have been spared and brought into the field; and considering how evenly the balance hung in the early campaign of last year, it can hardly be doubted that this addition would have turned the scale in favour of the South. From the first, its rulers ought to have seen, as it was seen in Europe, that separation from the Union must needs be fatal to slavery. Whether or not war might destroy it in the conflict of arms, it was certain that independence would be fatal by bringing it into direct collision with the civilised world. Slavery is essentially a colonial system; and within the Union
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the South held very much the position of a region for the growth of colonial products—cotton, tobacco, sugar, rice; and its commercial interests were, as we have shown before, systematically sacrificed to the selfish policy of the North. But when the Southern people desired to emerge from this state, and to take the position of an independent power, it should have been seen that this change involved other changes. A nationality would require a metropolis, a literature, a substantial middle class; it would attract immigrants, enterprise and capital from Europe. But every one of these would be an anti-slavery element; and against these at home, with the hostile opinion of Europe in front, and the whole weight of the North upon the flank, it was mere self-delusion to imagine that such a system could be maintained. The great majority of the Southern people had no interest whatever in slavery: many of the best men of the South were opposed to the system; indeed the first Secretary at War in the cabinet of Jefferson Davis, General Randolph, was well known as an abolitionist. Throughout the history of the United States, the ablest opponents of slavery, such as Thos. Jefferson and Henry Clay, and its most rancorous foes, such as Brownlow and Helper, have all been Southern men. Had it ever been placed before the Southern people that either slavery or independence must be abandoned, there cannot be a doubt what the choice would have been.

Slavery was, doubtless, the real cause why the independence of the South was not recognised by the European powers, when the great effort of the North for the capture of Richmond, made after ample preparation and in enormous force, ended in utter failure. Unquestionably at that time the South possessed all the attributes of an independent State—a State at war with its neighbour, and blockaded by its fleets, as other independent powers have been before. Recognition would have been warranted by the facts and by the precedent most closely in point, the separation of Belgium from its union with Holland. The step was dictated, so far as this country is concerned, by the most obvious considerations of self-interest. But it was thought by those with whom the decision rested—we do not here inquire whether they thought rightly—that, until forced to it by circumstances, our Government ought on principle to abstain from action. It was not permitted to weigh political advantage against what seemed to be a moral obligation. Few in America are likely to understand this. In the Northern literature of the war there may be found appeals to glory, to nationality, to the flag, to self-interest, to future safety, but never an appeal to any such thing as *duty*. In a country where the doctrine is accepted that anything is fair in politics, and where a popular phrase is, 'our country, right

right or wrong,' it may be difficult to realise the belief that a great political decision could be formed, not by considering whether the step would be advantageous, but whether it would be right.

Another cause of the failure of the South was excess of confidence. This occasioned the loss of New Orleans and other early disasters. It may fairly be said that the men were over-brave. Although the life of each Southern soldier was clearly worth more to his country than those of three men to the North; though it was plainly the true policy to husband every drop of blood, to use as weapons the difficulties of the country, and never to fight a battle in the open field except from necessity, the reverse of this was always the rule. Throughout the war there was an incessant thirst for battle. Lives of Southern soldiers were expended, not as if they were precious, but as if the supply were inexhaustible. A general like Johnson, who adopted the true line of strategy, was discarded for a fighting man. From this fiery valour sprung those aggressive movements across the Potomac, into Kentucky and Missouri, which lost more men than would have saved Richmond. The last and most fatal of these movements, that of Hood into Tennessee, appears to have been based on calculations wholly inexplicable in the light of the facts before us, except as an act of despair. If such it was, then peace should have followed the failure without loss of time. And it was a fatal error to permit the mountain region to fall into the enemy's hands, almost without an effort to preserve it. The great range running from Chattanooga to Lynchburg, the backbone of the country, was the true line of Southern defence; and the seaports should have been held only as outlying posts. Under the system of strategy pursued, when the storm burst through the coast-line, there was nothing within to rally upon. But it is easy now to criticise. According to the great master of the art of war, the difference between generals is in the comparative number of their mistakes. If we rather consider what was accomplished, and with what scanty means, then, without any disparagement of the energy of the Northern people or the courage of their soldiers, we shall be forced to say that throughout the history of modern times no efforts more amazing, no sacrifices more unbounded, no achievements more glorious are on record than those of the people and armies of the South.

The efforts made by the Northern people have, indeed, been wonderful. The immense armies they sent into the field; the great fleet they called into existence; the vast expenditure they sustained; the great expeditions, frequently despatched when it seemed as if every resource had already been strained to the
utmost;

utmost; the perseverance with which they surmounted defeats, depression, despondency, will be for ever memorable. No one in Europe, or probably in America, would have believed five years ago that such efforts and results were possible. But with the North, as we have seen, the war was a source of unbounded profit. By the stern test of suffering it was never tried; and some of its own speakers have said that it would not have stood that test. To the South this was soon applied. Never was war encountered by a people so unprepared. When South Carolina seceded there was not, belonging to the country, a single company of infantry or squadron of horse. There was not a piece of field-artillery; the bells of the churches were taken down and cast into cannon. There was no shot; the roofs of the houses were stripped of their lead. There was no powder; sulphur was sought in the minerals, and artificial beds were formed in thousands of cellars to produce saltpetre, each householder contributing his mite to the officers of the 'Nitre Bureau.' There were no medicines; the woods were scoured for medicinal herbs. There were no shoes; tanyards were constructed, and trees stripped of their bark, to make leather. There was no cloth; soon in the cottages throughout the country every woman had a spinning-wheel at work. There were no blankets; carpets were cut up, even from around the communion-altars of the churches, and sent to the soldiers. There were no ships-of-war; steamers were padded with cotton-bales, or railroads were rifled of their iron; and the South, a country without ships or plates, sent the first armour-plated ship into action. It seemed as if the spirit of patriotism had created a new people—man, woman, child—hardening those who had been nursed in luxury into a contempt for hardship; calling out an inventive skill where ingenuity had been dormant, and kindling in the gentlest of women a spirit and a resolution that never faltered to the last. Are we to be told it was a desire to defend slavery that aroused this enthusiasm in the human breast? Could any other than a lofty motive or noble aspiration thus impel a whole people to encounter suffering or face death without a fear?

And the results were equally wonderful. None travel through the South without being struck by the scantiness of its population; yet for a long time wherever a Federal army attempted to advance, troops were found to be there awaiting it. The armies brought into the field by the South exceed in their ratio to its numbers anything on record. The genius displayed for war astonished all who were not aware that throughout the history of the Union every general of renown has been a Southerner. Brilliant victories were won against numbers always superior, not seldom

dom twofold. Washington was several times in greater danger than Richmond. The victories of Bull Run, Shiloh, Fredericksburg, Manassas, Chancellorsville, Mansfield, Olustee, Chicamauga; the rout of the seven days before Richmond; the terrible battles of Elk Horn, Murfreesbro', Sharpsburg, Gettysburg; the deadly repulse of Petersburg; the siege of Charleston, and heroic, unconquerable Sumter. When within four years were such names inscribed on the colours of an army, called straight from the plough into the field? The whole is now melting away into the past. But there is much that can never be forgotten. The noble dignity of Lee, the Christian heroism of Stonewall Jackson, the gallant daring of Stuart, the engineering skill of Beauregard, the self-devotion of Polk; Longstreet, Johnson, Hood, Forrest, Ewell, and a host of names, rise to remembrance. Last, but not least, the calm, resolute statesman, who was said by one of no mean authority to have made the South into a nation, Jefferson Davis: of him a few words may not be out of place.

But the other day Jefferson Davis was one of the world's foremost men, admired as a statesman, respected as an earnest Christian, the Washington of another generation of the same race. 'Now, none so poor as do him reverence.' In this country, happily free from excitement, we can calmly weigh facts which others see for the time through the distorting media of prejudice and passion. Jefferson Davis simply followed the example of George Washington. Both were Southerners, both slave-owners, both levied war against an older government. Washington, a subject of the British Crown, under which he held a commission, committed an act of unquestionable treason. Jefferson Davis was never the subject of Abraham Lincoln. He was the chosen ruler of millions of the American people, twice as many as demanded their independence from this country. Over them he ruled for years under all the most complete forms of constitutional law. That such a man should be hunted down as a felon, is one of some dark spots that will be left by this struggle on the page of American history—of all the darkest. The charge which President Johnson attempted to fasten upon a fallen foe, has been scouted on every hand. The assassin of Mr. Lincoln was a stage-stricken fanatic, incapable at the time of seeing that his crime would be ruinous to those he thought to serve. After the surrender of Lee, even if the whole Northern Cabinet had perished, this could only have influenced the result by rendering the irresistible armies of Grant and Sherman more revengeful, and adding to the sufferings of the vanquished. Booth was not a Southerner, had no connexion with any State of the Confederacy, had endured no outrage, suffered

suffered no loss. It was well known that his father's intellect was disordered, and that he had committed acts of violence. The circumstances of the crime—the theatre, the stage, the flourish, the quotation, the man's life, his letters, his dying request to tell his mother that he had done what he thought for the best—all indicated the individuality of the act, the originator, the intended hero of the tragedy. It is one of the crimes that throughout all history, and with all nations, has invariably accompanied such convulsions. No great disturbance occurs in European history but some one comes forward to play this part. There is hardly a sovereign reigning in Europe whose life has not been attempted; and there are those old enough to remember the conspiracy of Thistlewood, when it was intended to destroy the whole Government of this country at a blow. So far, then, from the event being a rare phenomenon, it was one to be anticipated; indeed, it seems to have been expected by Mr. Seward. As in certain sanitary conditions certain diseases attack the body, so, amidst wars and tumults, this form of monomania seizes on minds so predisposed. In all this, however deplorable, there is nothing astounding; but astounding it is that a President of the United States should bring a charge of complicity in such a crime against an eminent American statesman and soldier. To make such a charge heedlessly, without evidence of the clearest character, was to bring an ineffaceable stain upon the dignity of his office, and the history of his country. It bears the aspect of an attempt to assassinate the reputation of a defenceless man. Amongst savages it is the practice to gloat over the tortures of the defeated, to make a target of the quivering body, and transfix it with arrows as a pastime. Civilized nations usually treat the victims of war with humanity, even with generosity. The whole conduct of the Government in this matter of the conspiracy trial is painful in the extreme—the trial of an offence wholly unconnected with war by a court-martial; the composition of that court, its president, its reporter; the tittle-tattle received as evidence; and beyond all, the secrecy attempted, carry us back to the worst usages of the darkest times.

Jefferson Davis is now in the hands of his enemies, and remains to be tried for treason. If he had committed this crime he would then stand on a level with Washington, Kossuth, Garibaldi, and others, hitherto the objects of American admiration. Can the same thing be a virtue when others suffer, and the blackest of crimes when it injures ourselves? If he be tried under the present excitement there can be little doubt as to the verdict; but it cannot be supposed that the American people will commit such an act as to take any man's life for simply

simply following the example of their own idolised hero, and exercising a right they are all taught to claim—a ‘most sacred right,’ as Mr. Lincoln declared it to be. And as Mr. Johnson reiterates that treason is the greatest of crimes, we are led to examine how it is regarded by the constitution of the United States. Here, so far from being thus accounted, it is selected from all other offences, not to be stigmatised, but to be dealt with gently, and hedged round with protections from extreme punishment. Thus, Art. I., sec. 9: ‘No bill of attainder shall be passed.’ Art. III., sec. 3: ‘No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.’ In Art. II., sec. 4, it is classed with bribery; and the 6th Amendment to the Constitution requires that the accused shall have the right to ‘a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed.’ Art. III., sec. 3, ordains that ‘no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted.’ And if this trial is to be conducted calmly as an affair of State, the difficult task must be encountered of disproving the right of a sovereign State to withdraw from its union with the others, if any counsel dare to use the argument. It is not generally believed in this country that such a right exists, but Rawle, a competent legal authority, a Northerner and devoted Unionist, asserts, in his work on the Constitution, that the right is inherent in the Federal system. That the States were originally, each of them, a free, sovereign, and independent power, is very certain, as they were separately acknowledged by this country in these terms. That their union under the title of United States did not destroy the sovereignty existing separately in each is also certain, as it is declared in the first Constitution: ‘Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence.’ That each State is sovereign under the present Constitution is also certain, as it has been so decided on several occasions by the Supreme Court, a decision from which there is no appeal. Now, if a sovereign State cannot withdraw from its union with other States, there must be some power which prevents it—a power over it, and superior to its own will. If so, its condition is that of inferiority or subjection to that higher power, and therefore cannot be sovereign. No such power is known to the Constitution, for the States are all co-equal; and, what is popularly termed ‘the Government,’ is simply the common administration, or Federal agent, to whom certain limited powers were ‘delegated’ by the States. The recipient of a delegated power cannot be superior in authority to those of whom it is the delegate.

gate. This would be to put the agent above the principal, or the servant above the master; and where a sovereign State 'delegates' limited powers to an agent for certain ends, it is difficult to see that it cannot withdraw them when those ends are not attained. This right to withdraw, 'to resume' them, was asserted by Virginia when that State became a party to the Constitution, and it was asserted in the solemn form of an act of assembly—a law of the State. Virginia, therefore, in seceding from the Union, simply exercises the right which she reserved by law when she entered it. It may be said that this law has no force beyond her limits; but they who accepted her adhesion to the Union with this reserved right, solemnly proclaimed to the world, cannot now complain that it is exercised; and, indeed, it is difficult to see how any State could have entered into the Federal compact without the power of withdrawing if its terms were broken. This was the only possible means of redress or escape from wrong if committed by the majority. One of the points of the Constitution will illustrate this. The small States insisted that each, whatever its size, should have equal weight in the Senate, and that this should never be altered to the prejudice of any State without its own consent. It results that the little strip of soil, Delaware, has its two members in the Senate equally with New York, a state exceeding in all respects several of the kingdoms of Europe. And if the whole of the other thirty-five States should desire it, they cannot rightfully alter this without the consent of Delaware. But suppose they do so with or without right, what redress has Delaware? She could not outvote or fight the others, and must either submit to a breach of the compact without redress, or retire from it. This may explain the remarkable statement of Rawle—'This right (that of secession) must be considered an ingredient in the original composition of the general Government, which, though not expressed, was mutually understood.' That such understanding existed with the framers of the Constitution, is proved by the fact that in the early debates of Congress under the existing Constitution the threat of seceding was made more than once, and the right to do so was not questioned. In the Constitution there is no principle that permits the coercion of a State. When suggested it was deliberately excluded; and if there be nothing that can lawfully coerce a State to remain, what can lawfully prevent its going?

And if, as De Tocqueville held, the right of secession cannot be disproved, it follows that when the event occurs, the State becomes a foreign power as regards the rest; and if war ensue, the acts of its citizens are acts of war, and not of treason. The difference

difference produced by the step is very material. If a citizen of Maryland were now to take up arms against the Federal Government, he would commit an act of treason. But if that State should first secede, and call out its forces to resist invasion, he must then respond to the call, in obedience to the laws of his land. Can he commit treason by acting in obedience to law? According to the Washington theory, the position of the Southern man would be hard indeed; for if he obeyed the Federal call, and should be found in arms against his State, he would be guilty of treason against the law of that State; and if he obeyed the State call, he is now charged with treason against the Federal Government. Such a position cannot be tenable. The law of the State plainly absolves the citizen who has no choice but to obey it. Against the State itself, redress may be desired and demanded; but it cannot be found rightfully in that Constitution from which the coercion of a State was excluded. A traitor, too, takes up arms against the Government that is over him, and attempts to overthrow it. We cannot find that any one attempted to overthrow the Washington Government; on the contrary, strong efforts were made by the South to enter into amicable relations with it. But arguments of this kind are not likely to obtain much attention at a period of such excitement. One that cannot be overlooked is the fact that a state of war was recognised by the Federal Government. It was so adjudged not only by prize courts, but by the Supreme Court, whose decision cannot be set aside. It was recognised in the exchange of prisoners, and various conventions entered into during the war. It was admitted in the most striking manner by President Lincoln and his Secretary of State, who went in person to treat with the commissioners of Jefferson Davis. It has been said that all this was done under the pressure of events, leaving original rights in abeyance, which may now be revived. By this kind of argument almost any breach of faith could be defended. Whatever the motives, there is the fact. It is impossible to say that President Lincoln went to negotiate with ambassadors appointed by a traitor. Whoever treats with the ambassador treats with the Government, and with the head of that Government; and after this, Mr. Johnson has no more right to charge the head of that Government with treason than we had to charge it upon the Emperor of Russia at the close of the Crimean war. We cannot take opposite principles, change them about, reverse them, leave them, return to them, to suit the convenience of the day. No government can play fast and loose in matters of life or death.

There are other considerations. For four years Jefferson Davis was the appointed ruler of eleven great states—states,
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several of which had been acknowledged as free, sovereign and independent powers by the Governments of Europe. His dominion was no mere insurgent district, but a region ample enough for many kingdoms. He sent into the field great armies, made illustrious by brilliant victories and leaders of enduring renown. Supported by a unanimous people, he ruled in strict conformity with the laws of the land and its constitution. When vehemently urged, as he was, to suppress the opposition papers, which were ever buzzing and stinging at Richmond, greatly to the profit of the enemy, he resolutely refused to interfere with the freedom of the press. When urged to retaliate the murder of ten men, shot in cold blood at Palmyra by the Federal, McNeil, under circumstances of atrocity that none can read without a shudder, he refused to listen to the voice of natural indignation, and declined to shed one drop of blood except on the open field of battle. In all but penury—for his property fell early into the enemy's hands, and his salary, payable in a depreciated currency, soon afforded but the necessities of life—calm, dignified, swaying with commanding intellect the able men who surrounded him; eloquent as a speaker, and as a writer, giving state papers to the world which are amongst the finest compositions in our time; of warm domestic affections in his inner life, and strong religious convictions; held up by vigour of the spirit that nerved an exhausted and enfeebled frame—such was the chosen constitutional ruler of one-fourth of the American people, whom it is now proposed to visit with a felon's death. We do not believe that such an act will be perpetrated. Three minutes may end that life on the scaffold, but all the centuries to come cannot undo the deed. We feel assured there are those in the North who will reflect how such an act would read in the future history of the countrymen of Washington. Nor can there be wanting in the North men of sufficient judgment to discern that the obstacles in the way of re-union are great enough without adding another—a spot that could never be washed out whilst memory holds its place amongst the people of the South.

And now that the struggle is ended, the mind cannot be restrained from some attempt to penetrate the future, and form an opinion of its probabilities. Are the American people likely to gain, or their institutions, by the possession of a colossal Poland? It has been the great argument or excuse of the North for the invasion of the sister States, that it was a necessity to preserve the 'national life.' This is one of those popular phrases which play so important a part in American affairs. Will it bear examination? If the national life cannot exist unless Texas, California, Oregon, be comprised in the Union, how did it exist when

when those regions belonged to a foreign Power? How did it exist when North Carolina and Rhode Island were outside of the Union? If anything represents the nation as a whole, it is the Constitution, without which we have no other than separate States. Now the Constitution, this sacred source of what is called national life, itself provides for a state of things which left one-third of the existing States outside of its pale. It provides that it should come into full force whenever nine out of thirteen States should accept it. Hence a division of the Union, the separate existence of part of the States, was not only a possibility foreseen by the framers of the Constitution, but was calmly provided for in it. It is well known that the people of the North, having annexed the greater part of the territory of Mexico, look forward to the absorption of the rest. Will it, then, be essential to the national life that seven or eight millions of races and creed totally discordant, should form part of it? Is a nation made or preserved by inviting the subjects of other powers, the natives of other countries, Germans and Irishmen, to cross over and inhabit its territory? The policy pursued by those who clamour for nationality is directly opposed to the existence of a nation. For a nation cannot be made artificially, by law or by importations from across the seas; it must be *nata*, born on the soil. Austria is a great political power, but there is no Austrian nation; it is an aggregate of many nations. So the United States form a great political power, embracing millions of Irishmen, Germans, negroes; comprising, indeed, the native races of three continents. Hence the phrase, 'preserving the national life,' really means preserving Northern power. The Northern States, without the admixture of millions of negroes, and a still larger number of men of temperament opposed to their own, would surely have formed a more perfect nationality than that attained by all this bloodshed. Their territory, three thousand miles across, and their population, larger than that of the whole Union was a few years ago, might surely have satisfied a power of which living men saw the birth. It is true we are told by Mr. Ward Beecher that we on this mere speck of ground have no idea of proper dimensions. Mr. Beecher appears to have forgotten that, so far as mere size goes, a space equal to the whole surface of the United States, North and South, might be removed from the British empire without being seriously missed. The area of the entire Union and its territories is almost exactly 3,000,000 of square miles; that of the British empire is above 8,000,000 of square miles. Of this there is a section larger than the Southern States, which we shall permit peacefully to separate whenever its people, with reasonable unanimity, express a desire to do so. Hence, we

think it quite possible in this country to form other than petty ideas even on the subject of magnitude; and we do not hesitate to express the opinion, that if the population of Great Britain were transferred to America and scattered over 3,000,000 of square miles, it would be but a question of time and growth when a division into separate powers would occur. It hardly seems in the nature of things that New York, on the Atlantic, should be permanently the metropolis of great regions on the Pacific Ocean, 3500 miles away from it. And however different may be the popular feeling of the day, we regard the extent of the Union as a cause that must be fatal in the end to the Federation. We have been told hitherto that this danger was counteracted by the division into States, each really governing itself; and that this machinery could be adapted to and worked with forty or fifty States as well as thirty. But those State rights, which really had much of this efficacy, are now to be obliterated. With them will vanish the best argument for the permanence of the Union. We cannot, however, expect that the Northern people should have regulated their policy by views of the future. They seem to have apprehended, indeed, an immediate danger, beyond the separation of the South. It appears to have been admitted that if the South obtained its independence, the division of the North itself would surely follow. At one time we are told the South and its slavery caused the danger of disruption; at another, the South appears as the cementing principle, bereft of which the Union of the free men of the North must fall to pieces. Strange, that the people of the South should be prepared to face the hazards of a separate nationality, whilst those of the North, twice their number, should consider themselves unable to stand alone. It is difficult to see how a Union that was not expected to hold good over a homogeneous part, is more likely to endure over a combination of discordant elements.

As to the pretence, so industriously urged here, that the real object of the North was to abolish slavery, it would be idle to argue with anything so obviously insincere. Mr. Lincoln was surely most likely to know why he called out the 75,000 men, and made a declaration of war; and he told us, not that it was to free the negro, but to save the Union. The true object on either side is fairly stated in the 'New York Times,' the organ of the Federal Government. It speaks thus: 'What is the South fighting for? There is a prevalent opinion here in the North that it is fighting for slavery. This is erroneous. Though a passion for slavery was the immediate occasion of the war, it does not now sustain the war. The South would buy triumph to-morrow, if it could, by a complete sacrifice of slavery. It would not yield, though it could

could take a bond of fate that by yielding it could save slavery. What Jefferson Davis told Colonel Jacques is perfectly true, that slavery had now nothing to do with the war, and that the only question was that of Southern independence. It is precisely this for which the South is fighting—exactly the converse of the National principle for which the North is fighting. We can tell the South, in all sincerity, that the Northern people will carry this war to any extremity rather than let the nationality be broken.' Here very competent authority confirms the assertion of Earl Russell, that the North was fighting for empire, the South for independence. It is true that as the war went on, the anti-slavery feeling of the North widely extended. This has been described as the growth of virtue; we should call it the growth of passion. Was it love for the negro that grew, or hate for his master? We are told the war had exercised a purifying, elevating effect on the people of the North. It is new Christian doctrine to claim this as the result of shedding the blood of brothers. So far as we can discern the effect, it is precisely the reverse. As the war went on, the Northern people grew more and more indifferent to their own Constitution, till they looked with apathy on breaches of it which at one time would have roused the fiercest indignation. They became more and more callous to the destruction of human life and the infliction of human suffering. Debt ceased to give uneasiness, and the volunteer was exchanged for the conscript. Luxury, extravagance, speculation, grew with rapid strides. We should hardly call this the purifying of a people. We cannot see that the life of a nation is fostered by the death of its sons. We distrust the creation of wealth that goes hand in hand with the increase of debt. We doubt the moral growth that produces such men as Butler and Blenker, Turchin and McNeil, that is illustrated by the preachings of Brownlow, or the ravings of Anna Dickenson. Nor do we see that the cause of freedom has gained by the liberation of four millions of negroes and the reduction of five millions of our own race to bondage.

Nothing more deplorable than the fate of the South can well be imagined; impoverished, desolate, derided, a land of anxiety for the living and lamentation for the dead, assailed at the same time by all the sufferings of defeat and all the dangers of a social revolution. Its lot is far worse than that of a conquered country, which would be protected in some measure by the laws of war. In one direction it is visited with the penalties of war; in another with the punishment for treason; in a third with consequences that neither war nor insurrection produce. Its position is that of a man to whom three different instruments of torture are applied
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at once. It would be difficult to find that either war or insurrection warrants the seizure of a fourth of all the cotton in the country, its only available resource. Loyal or disloyal, innocent or guilty, all suffer alike. And another measure proposed is still more remarkable. Perhaps at first view no idea more supremely ridiculous could well present itself to the mind than that of giving the suffrage at once to all the negroes. Can there be a dozen field negroes in all the South who could even pronounce the word suffrage, or who can be supposed to have the faintest idea what such a word means? The other day slavery was said to have brutalised the race until nothing was left but the mere shape of humanity. Now they suddenly appear as the most loyal, intelligent, praiseworthy, loveable of mankind—devoted to Constitutional principles, admirers of Northern character, worthy of the fullest privileges of citizenship. The countrymen of Washington, Madison, Stonewall Jackson, and Lee, are quite a lower type of beings; so we are told are the Irish and the Germans. It is curious that when the Southern man was to be maligned, he had reduced the negro to a brute; but when there is an object to be gained by the discovery, that same negro is found to be an angel. The meaning of all this can easily be discerned. The Republican party have an idea that when the South recovers from its present prostration, it may send members to Congress who may not vote as they wish. Now in several of the States the negroes equal the white population in number, and it is assumed they will be entirely controlled by the Northerners who go down to settle in the country. The latter, with the negro vote in their hands, of course would carry every election, and produce the same result as if the Southerners were deprived in the future of all representation. This cunning scheme of course is made to wear a virtuous and lofty form; it is another proof of ‘moral growth.’ But ingenious as it is, we rather think it assumes what should not be taken for granted. The negro race possesses in a high degree a feeling, well known and ever strong where it exists, of reverential clinging to the old, traditional, rightful owner, and aversion to the stranger who dispossesses him. Every one in the South knows the feeling of the negro towards the old family, even in its decay. Hence we think this very ingenious contrivance, if adopted, will break down in practice. Meantime it does not appear to have been thought worthy of notice, even by Mr. Chase, that, according to the Constitution of the United States, neither the Federal Congress nor its President has a particle of right to control, direct, or extend the suffrage in any one of the States.

The amnesty, or what is called amnesty, proclaimed by Mr. Johnson, is far beyond anything yet attempted in Poland. It is
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a deliberate scheme for reducing to destitution, for destroying in fact, all the upper classes of a nation. By what right is every man of substance to hold his property only if Mr. Johnson so will it? No conqueror in modern times ever claimed such a right as this, no laws of war grant any such spoliation. But then treason, that 'blackest of crimes!' True, but if there be such a crime it can only be in breach of a Federal law; and what says the Federal Constitution? Amendment No. 5: No person shall 'be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.' No. 8 enjoins: 'Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.' Hence the Confiscation Act passed by the Federal Congress is wholly unconstitutional; there is no particle of lawful power in the Government to take any man's property until he has been first tried and convicted. Even then, by the express clause already quoted, it can only be taken for his lifetime. Hence, the whole policy now adopted towards the South is not only an outrage on humanity but the most flagrant breach of law ever committed by a Government affecting to rule under the restraints of law. The property held in the South in slaves, under the laws of the United States, exceeded, when the war broke out, 500,000,000*l.* sterling in amount. This vast sum is swept away by a mere despotic stroke of the pen, without compensation, without a thought of consequences, without attempt at provision for the future of either race. Surely this is a somewhat 'excessive fine' to inflict. But, even after this is swept away, whoever has property exceeding 4000*l.* in value is excluded from this amnesty. It is true he may hope to make his peace by petition, by going on his knees to Mr. Johnson, of course well bribing his way through all the officials. Poor Virginia—the spirit of Washington might have looked without a blush on the deeds of her sons in defence of their soil; blush it may for those to whom he, that great Southerner, gave the power they thus use against his family and his State.

All this the unhappy people of the South have to suffer. There is no choice but with the fortitude in which they have so well schooled themselves, to live through the present into the future. It remains, with mutual aid, to resume, as best they may, the pursuits of industry, and perform, as best they may, their duties as citizens. None here had any part in producing the convulsion. The right of secession, ill understood, was generally regarded as chimerical, and the action of the South as void of sufficient cause and ill advised. As the subject came to be studied, the sympathy of large numbers was given to the South—in some cases from conviction that they had right on their side,
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in others from admiration of their gallant spirit and glorious achievements, with many from that feeling which is part of our nature, a leaning to the weaker side. But as none endeavoured to provoke the catastrophe, so none will attempt by word or pen to impede the return of concord. This, however, must not prohibit the frank expression of opinion on great public events, whether as regards their past history or their probable influence on the future.

In contemplating a Union restored by force, we cannot forget what has been so often exemplified—the power of a people's traditions and their tenacity of life. The Union had no stronger bond than its history. Its progress and renown, its great present and unbounded future, its principles and its flag, were common to all and gloried in alike by North and South. Between the two people there had ever been much discordance, which time had widened; but they had fought on the same fields, shared the same misfortunes, rejoiced in the same triumphs. In the place of this strong connecting link, history for the future will be a centrifugal force. Through all time to come there will be two histories, widely different; and if the press of the South be ever free, it will have a literature of its own. It will have its own memories, its own heroes, its own tears, its own dead. Under these traditions sons will grow to manhood, and lessons sink deep that are learned from widowed mothers. Numbers of Northern people will doubtless settle in the country, but there is a well-known tendency in these to become acclimatised in spirit; nor is it easy to dislodge 5,000,000 of people. Hence, the prospect most apparent in the future is that of a proud people chafing under the bitterness of injustice and the remembrance of defeat. And the extinction of slavery produces a new danger to the Union. It enforced that cohesion of the Northern States, which they do not naturally possess, and which has given them their present triumph. With the fall of slavery this disappears, and the alliance of the South and West, hitherto superficial, may eventually become thorough. This is the first civil war of the race on that continent. It would be difficult to find an instance of a Republic whose first civil war was its last. But the terrible costs of this struggle will long be remembered, and, with such experience, if it should prove that any large section of the American people again desire to exercise Mr. Lincoln's 'most valuable and most sacred right'—that of possessing a government of their own, we trust the spectacle will be exhibited which Mr. Seward once described—that of a great people re-arranging its Government to common advantage, peacefully, and with the approval of the world.

- ART. V.—1. *On the Exploration of the North Polar Region.* By Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., C.B. A Paper read at a Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on January 23rd, 1865.
2. *On the Origin and Migrations of the Greenland Esquimaux.* By Clements R. Markham, Secretary R.G.S.
3. *On the Proposed Expedition to the North Pole: a Letter addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison, K.C.B.* By Dr. Augustus Petermann.
4. *Second Letter to Sir Roderick Murchison on the subject of North Polar Exploration.* By Dr. A. Petermann.
5. *On the best Route for North Polar Exploration.* By Clements R. Markham, Secretary R.G.S. A Paper read at a Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on April 10th, 1865.
6. *Minute, on the North Polar Exploration, passed by the Council of the Linnæan Society.*
7. *Notes on the Ice between Greenland and Nova Zembla; being the results of Investigations into the Records of Early Dutch Voyages in the Spitzbergen Seas.* By Captain Jansen, of the Dutch Navy.

WE have only to cast our eyes over the map of the world, and we shall at once see how small a portion is as yet thoroughly explored. On a recent occasion, when the discoveries of Mr. Taylor, in the region round the sources of the Tigris, were under discussion, Sir Henry Rawlinson truly remarked that, out of Europe, we really knew little of the geography of the world, beyond the high roads of communication. Palestine itself, the common fatherland of all Christians, is not half known, and still awaits the operations of a modern exploration Society. Central Asia is not more accessible than it was in the days of Marco Polo. The land routes from India and Burmah to China are closed to us. Corea and New Guinea are unknown lands. Africa is a vast continent teeming with unsolved geographical problems. In South America, thousands upon thousands of square miles have never been trodden by a civilized explorer. But it is in the extreme north and south that the widest extent of unknown region still offers a field for enterprise.

The North Polar region, that immense tract of hitherto unpenetrated land and sea which surrounds one end of the axis of our earth, is one of the most interesting fields of discovery that remain. To the people of this country it should have a peculiar charm, for the record of maritime, and especially of Arctic enterprise, runs, like a bright silver thread, through the history of the English nation, lighting up its darkest and most discreditable

able periods, and ever giving cause for just pride at times when contemporary events would be sources only of shame and sorrow.

The undiscovered region is bounded, on the European side, by the 80th parallel of latitude, except where Scoresby, Parry, Kane, and a few others, have slightly broken into its outer circumference; but on the Asiatic side it extends fully to 75° and 74', and westward of Behring's Strait our knowledge is bounded by the 72nd degree. Thus, in some directions, it is more than 1500 miles across, and it covers an area of upwards of 2,000,000 square miles. The parallel of 70' skirts the northern shores of the continents of Europe, Asia, and America; and between 70° and 80° there is an intervening belt separating the known from the unknown, which, in different directions, has been more or less explored by the intrepid seamen and travellers of various nations. Their successes and disasters, their daring exploits and wonderful adventures, form the record whence we must gather such information as is at present within our reach respecting the outer edge of the unknown Polar Region. This information will assist us in the necessary speculations, by means of which we must form an estimate of the uses and advantages that will be derived from a North Polar expedition.

Voyages of discovery, and the surveying expeditions which supplement them, are the most useful occupations of our navy in times of peace. Apart from their direct and positive results, such enterprises have an excellent effect on the naval service. They form a school for the exercise of those high qualities which combine to make the character of a Nelson or a Cochrane. Self-reliance, decision, indomitable determination, and fertility of resource, are produced in those officers who serve in the Arctic regions. The combined audacity and sound judgment displayed by Nelson at the Nile and at Trafalgar may be traced to the education of the Spitzbergen seas and the Polar pack. Another useful result of Arctic expeditions is the interest and sympathy they excite throughout the civilized world. Nothing tends more to strengthen the friendship between nations. If it can be shown that the scientific results to be obtained from a Polar expedition are important in themselves, and that no undue risk will be incurred by the explorers, there are assuredly the strongest reasons for undertaking such an expedition on grounds of public policy. We propose, therefore, in the first place, to examine the results of former Arctic expeditions, and the reasons which have been adduced for exploring the unknown Polar region.

In the earlier period of our naval history the voyages of discovery to the Arctic regions were undertaken with the view
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of opening shorter routes to the Indies, and of seeking fresh sources of commercial wealth. Their main object was not attainable, but the practical results of these voyages, taken collectively, were so important that they may be ranked among the most fruitful and successful enterprises in the commercial history of England.

The Muscovy Company despatched Sir Hugh Willoughby, in 1553, 'to search and discover the northern part of the world, and to open a way and passage to our men, for travel to new and unknown kingdoms;' and in the school of this ill-fated but illustrious father of English northern discovery were trained up such worthy disciples as Chancellor, Burrough, Pet, and Jackman. Their voyages opened a communication with Muscovy, and led to a rich and lucrative trade with Archangel. Fifty years later the expeditions of Hudson, Fotherby, and Poole into the Spitzbergen seas were the direct causes of the establishment of an important whale-fishery, which at one time gave employment to 255 sail, and added materially to the wealth of the country. The discoveries of Davis and Baffin led to a similar result. The voyages of Hudson, James, and Fox were the beginning of those efforts which ended in the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The first voyage of Ross round Baffin's Bay, in 1818, opened up another prolific whale-fishery. Arctic discovery in Greenland has enabled the Danes to derive a large revenue from the graphite, cryolite, skins, and ivory of their northern possessions. In Arctic Siberia the Russians have long derived great wealth from their trade in fossil ivory. These are not the objects for the attainment of which any future expedition would be fitted out, because thinking men of the present age believe that there is solid advantage in the increase of knowledge as well as in the accumulation of wealth. Yet the commercial profit derived in former times from Arctic expeditions led Milton to say that these enterprises 'might have seemed almost heroic if any higher end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design.'

North Polar exploration is now advocated by the leading scientific men of England, headed by Sir Roderick Murchison and the Geographical Society, on the ground that the results of such an enterprise will add largely to the sum of human knowledge, and enrich the stock of registered facts in almost every department of science. It is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly practical reason for undertaking an expedition. Our space will not permit us to enter fully upon a discussion of the numerous important results of Polar exploration; but a statement of some of them

them will be sufficient to show that they supply an excellent reason for a renewal of our noble voyages of discovery.

In the first place, Polar discovery will solve many important questions in physical geography. The northern part of Greenland is still utterly unknown, and the extreme points to which our knowledge extends are separated from each other by sixty degrees of longitude. Hundreds of miles of coast-line, therefore, remain to be discovered in this direction, besides the land running north and south on the west side of Smith Sound, which is the most northern known land in the world, and which Dr. Hayes saw stretching away in the direction of the Pole, from his farthest point in $81^{\circ} 35' N$. Then again, the extensive land to the northward of Siberia awaits discovery. One end of it was seen by Captain Kellett, and the existence of a large expanse of land in that direction will alone account for several phenomena on the Siberian and American coasts. The interesting and practically important questions connected with ocean currents will also be solved by discoveries in the unknown region; and pendulum or trigonometrical observations to ascertain the exact shape of the earth become more important as the Pole is approached. For the latter object alone it would be desirable to send out an expedition to the North.

But one of the most urgent reasons for exploring the unknown region is the necessity of sooner or later completing the series of observations on the variation, dip, and intensity of the magnetic needle. When the observations which have already been made by the different Arctic expeditions have been co-ordinated and placed before the public, we are told by General Sabine that the gain to terrestrial magnetism will be found to be very considerable. But much remains to be done, for there is a vast area within which no observations have been taken. We have the highest authority for saying that observations within the Arctic and Antarctic circles have a more than ordinary value in furthering our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism, and that the observations which would contribute in the highest degree to this end would be such as might be made by a magnetic survey, on a great circle connecting New Siberia with the discoveries of Dr. Kane up Smith Sound. The duty of the present generation, in connection with terrestrial magnetism, has been to accumulate accurate observations, in order that others may hereafter compare them, and complete and perfect a very abstruse but important theory. Let it be our care, then, that our work is not done inefficiently and negligently.

The unknown Polar region also offers a wide field for geological research. Ice, in the form of glaciers and sea-borne flocs,
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is one of the most powerful agents in effecting those mighty changes which geologists have observed on all parts of the earth's crust. Hitherto no professed geologist has accompanied an Arctic expedition, and much important work may be done by a trained observer, whether he watches the phenomena connected with the mighty glacial system of Greenland, or with the tremendous ice-fields of the Polar ocean. An examination of the land within the unknown space will also throw light upon that remarkable feature of Arctic geology connected with the vast deposits of timber which are already known to exist from Cape Taimyr, in Siberia, to the Parry Islands. The existence of these deposits proves that, in a geological period which is comparatively recent, the now treeless and frozen wastes of the Arctic regions were clothed with verdure. The 'wooden hills' of Kotelnoi Island consist of enormous deposits, thirty fathoms high, composed of horizontal layers of sandstone with bituminous tree-stems. Similar tree-stems, on a smaller scale, were met with on Banks's and Prince Patrick's Islands, and in Northern Greenland the coal-beds prove that eternal glaciers now occupy the sites of primeval forests of the miocene tertiary age. It will be most important, in a geological point of view, to ascertain how far the mild climate extended in the direction of the Pole. We know that such a climate once enabled waving forests of oak and cypress to grow on the now frozen *tundra* of Arctic Siberia, and in the ravines of Northern Greenland, now choked up with glaciers. These and other interesting additions to geological knowledge may be expected from an examination of the coasts within the unknown area.

With regard to the specific results in natural history which may be expected from North Polar exploration, we cannot do better than quote a passage on the subject from an able Minute recently agreed to by the Council of the Linnæan Society:—

'It is now known that the Arctic Ocean teems with life, and that of the more minute organized beings the multitude of kinds is prodigious. These play a most important part, not only in the economy of organic nature, but in the formation of sedimentary deposits, which in future geological periods will become incorporated with those rock-formations whose structure has only lately been explained by the joint labours of zoologists and geologists. The kinds of these animals, the relations they bear to one another and to the larger animals (such as whales, seals, &c., towards whose food they so largely contribute), the conditions under which they live, the depths they inhabit, their changes of form, &c., at different seasons of the year and at different stages of their lives; and lastly, their distribution according to geographical areas, warm and cold currents, &c., are all subjects on which very little is known. In connection with this subject, and, indeed, inseparable

inseparable from it, is a similar inquiry into the conditions of life of the microscopic vegetables with which the Polar seas equally swarm, and which both form the food of the microscopic animals and contribute to the sedimentary deposits above mentioned the siliceous coating of their cells. These siliceous coats are indestructible, and being of irregular geometric forms, and the different kinds having differently and exquisitely-sculptured surfaces, may be recognised wherever found, and at all future epochs of our globe; and a knowledge of the species inhabiting the Arctic Ocean would throw great light on investigations into the age of the rocks of our own island, and on the later changes of the climate of the Northern hemisphere. With regard to the larger animals, the fish, shells, corals, sponges, &c., of the Arctic zone, those of Greenland alone have been well explored. A knowledge of their habits and habitats is most desiderated, as are good specimens for our museums. More important still would be anatomical and physiological experiments and observations on these animals, under their natural conditions.

‘In botany very much remains to be done; not, perhaps, in the discovery of new kinds, but in tracing the distribution of those already known, in connexion with existing currents, and with the effects of the cold and warm epochs of the world’s late history. It is well made out that the Arctic flora comprises three floras, namely, the Scandinavian, American, and Asiatic; but it has only recently been shown that these floras do not bear that relation to the geographical areas they respectively inhabit which the existing relations of land and sea would lead us to suppose; thus the West Greenland flora is European, and not American; the Spitzbergen flora contains American plants found neither in Greenland nor in Scandinavia; and other anomalies have been traced, which indicate great recent changes in the physical geography of the Polar land. To correlate and examine these anomalies requires a natural history survey of the Polar area, and can only be accomplished by the joint labours of energetic officers who could devote a considerable time to the subject.’

Not the least valuable discoveries of a Polar expedition will be those that may confidently be expected to be made in the science of ethnology, and respecting the distance to which the migrations of tribes of human beings have been extended in the direction of the Pole. It is a very remarkable fact that human remains have been met with in every part of the Arctic regions. No corner of them to which explorers have reached, however dreary and inhospitable it may be, is without these vestiges. Thus ruined huts and fox-traps were found along the whole extent of the Parry Islands, which are all now uninhabited. Scoresby saw recent vestiges of inhabitants at every point of the wild coast of East Greenland, on which he landed. Clavering actually met with two families at the furthest northern point that has been reached on the east side. Kane found the runner of
a sledge

a sledge on the beach, beyond the Humboldt glacier. Men have penetrated, in remote times, to every part of those distant Arctic regions which have since been reached with so much labour and difficulty by modern explorers; and there is every reason to believe that isolated tribes—certainly their remains—will be found within the still unknown Polar region. Such tribes will have been absolutely isolated for centuries from every other branch of the human family. As they are unacquainted with the use of metals, their implements must be exclusively of bone, drift-wood, and stone; and here alone can the condition of man be realised and studied, under circumstances analogous to those which surrounded those early races which have lately been discussed among us. The denizens of the Pole, like the men who used the flint implements of Abbeville, are living in a glacial country, and in a 'stone age.' Researches into the habits and mode of life of these Hyperboreans will, therefore, be of great importance to the sciences of geology and ethnology.

We have now briefly alluded to some of the scientific results of North Polar exploration. There are many others to be attained, especially in meteorology and in hydrography; but we have said enough to prove that they are sufficiently numerous and important to afford ample justification for the despatch of a scientific Polar expedition.

In conducting such an expedition, the object in view will not be to reach the North Pole, which is merely a mathematical point, but to explore, as thoroughly as possible, the unknown area, and to commence in that direction which promises to lead to the most important results. Unlike the Southern Pole, the Northern Polar region is surrounded, at a distance of about 1200 miles from its centre, by the three great continents of our planet, while the enormous glacier-bearing mass of Greenland stretches away towards the Pole for an unknown distance. There are three approaches by sea to this land-girt end of the earth—through the wide ocean between Norway and Greenland, through Davis Strait, and through Behring's Strait. One wide portal and two narrow gates.

In the discussions which have followed the reading of Captain Sherard Osborn's admirable and well-digested proposal for North Polar exploration, two different routes have been advocated, namely, that by the Spitzbergen Seas and that by Smith Sound. The true question that has thus been raised is, whether Arctic exploration should be chiefly conducted by means of ships, or by sledge travelling? This is a question of the first importance; and we, therefore, propose to discuss it fully, bearing in mind that the object to be attained is the thorough and complete examination

examination of the largest possible area of unknown region, in the direction which leads to the most important scientific results.

It is through the wide ocean portal that men first sought to reach the mysterious region of the Pole; but the invariable failure of numerous attempts to penetrate the Polar pack in this direction, during the last two centuries, has led the highest authorities, from Parry and Franklin to Osborn and M'Clintock, to turn to sledge-travelling rather than to uncertain ice navigation, as the true method of Polar exploration. The region of the Pole, on the meridians between Greenland and Nova Zembla, is covered during the winter with gigantic fields of ice. On the approach of spring there is a break up, and the centrifugal force of the earth causes the ice to drift, in closely-packed masses, to the south-west, until it meets the warmer currents flowing from the Equator. All the land which intercepts this great ice-bearing stream, such as the east coasts of Spitzbergen and Greenland, is of course lined with huge floes and ice masses, rendering navigation impossible. For the same reason there is usually a navigable channel on the western shores, which, in the case of Spitzbergen, is further cleared by the agency of the Gulf Stream. In summer and autumn the mighty ice-fields continue to drift to the south-west until they are melted by the equatorial currents. The ice packs in vast masses along the east side of Greenland, leaves a channel under the lee of Spitzbergen, so that vessels can generally reach 80° N. on that meridian in the summer; and again forms an impenetrable barrier between the east side of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. No vessel has yet penetrated beyond the edge of this Polar pack, which extends to the Pole itself; and there are strong reasons for the belief that, in this direction, no land of any extent intervenes. The Polar pack consists of ice of most formidable character. The fields are often 30 miles broad by 100 long; and Scoresby says that they are not unfrequently met with in single sheets of solid transparent ice nearly 40 feet in thickness. When they come in contact with each other, a noise is heard like resounding peals of thunder; the pressure is fearful, and ridges of broken-up ice rise high into the air. Many whalers have been destroyed by the pressure between two ice-fields; and when large fleets frequented the Spitzbergen Seas, twenty-three have been lost in a single season. It was well, perhaps, for the numerous bold discoverers who have examined the edge of the Polar pack, that they never succeeded in penetrating far into its dangerous and treacherous openings.

Yet to sail across the North Pole was long a favourite project with English explorers. In 1527 Master Robert Thorne of
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Bristol urged it upon the notice of Henry VIII. ; and he declared that 'if he had facultie to his will, the first thing he would understande was if our seas northwarde be navigable to the Pole or no.' But the first explorer who actually sailed along the edge of the Polar barrier was that gallant Dutch seaman, William Barentz. On June 19, 1596, he discovered the western side of Spitzbergen, and went north along it until he was stopped by the ice. Drs. Beke and Petermann have stated that Barentz circumnavigated the Spitzbergen group ; but there is nothing in the journal of his mate, Gerrit de Veer, to show that he did more than examine the western and part of the northern coast ; and the map of Hondius, published at Amsterdam, in 1611, shows the track of Barentz along the western coast only. No vessel has ever sailed up the ice-encumbered eastern side, so as to round the north-east point. In his first and third voyages, Barentz discovered the west and north coasts of Nova Zembla, and persevered in forcing his way through the ice with a brave resolve, which must fill every reader with admiration. Some of our most valuable information respecting the Polar ice near Nova Zembla is derived from the labours of Barentz ; and it is certainly fortunate that perfect reliance can be placed in the observations of this able leader of the first true Polar voyage.

But the most important voyages that have ever yet been undertaken in the direction of the unknown Polar region are perhaps those of Henry Hudson ; for that resolute seaman examined the whole extent of the ocean which leads to it, searching for an entrance along the pack edge from Greenland to Nova Zembla. Never was a more audacious attempt made. With a crew of twelve men and a boy, a craft about the size of one of the smallest of modern collier-brigs, and in build more like an old-fashioned Surat vessel than anything else that now sails the seas, we find him coolly talking of sailing across the Pole to Japan, and actually making as careful and judicious a trial of the possibility of doing so as has ever been effected by the best equipped modern expeditions. He examined the edge of the ice between Greenland and Spitzbergen twice, in June and in the end of July, constantly attempting to make a passage to the northward ; and he reached a latitude by observation of $80^{\circ} 23' N$. This was in 1607. In the following year he made an attempt to force his way through the ice between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Hoping to bore through the pack, he stood into it for several leagues, but found the ice ahead to be firm and thick, and he was obliged to give up the attempt. He then sailed along the pack edge to the eastwards, always keeping the ice in sight, and watching for an opening, until he reached the coast of Nova Zembla.

Zembla. He had thus ascertained that the barrier of ice between Greenland and Nova Zembla was impenetrable. It was quite clear that for 'Search-thrifts,' 'Hopewells,' and such like craft, the portals of the unknown region were firmly closed. Stout Henry Hudson had failed, and his additional laurels were to be won elsewhere; but he had done all that the boldest mariner could do, with nothing but a little 'Hopewell' under his feet, and no explorer had done as much in the same direction since that 25th of June, 1608, when he sighted Nova Zembla, and turned his vessel's head to the south.

The voyages of Hudson led the way to a great and flourishing whaling trade, in which many nations competed for pre-eminence, and it opened one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Dutch and English commercial enterprise. Henceforth, for more than two centuries, that part of the frontier of the unknown region which extends from Greenland to Nova Zembla was frequented by fleets of Dutch and English whalers. Captain Jansen has made a careful investigation of the old Dutch records, and he finds that no vessel ever went north of 83° on the Spitzbergen meridian. The usual course of the whalers, after the whales had been driven from the bays and harbours which they originally frequented, was to sail up the open lane of water on the west coast of Spitzbergen till they reached 79° or $79^{\circ} 30' N.$, and thence to steer west into the ice-bearing Polar current. On reaching the ice-fields, they made fast and drifted south with them in search of whales, going over two degrees of latitude in eighteen days. If they had a full cargo they then went home, but if not, they returned to the 79th parallel, and made the same circuit again. They thus discovered that there was a continuity of the ice-fields; that, from the quantity which drifted down in the summer, they must have extended at least as far as the Pole; and that no land of any extent can intervene to check or divert their course. During the flourishing period of the Dutch fishery some of the whalers often went in the direction of Nova Zembla, so that the ice in that quarter was also thoroughly examined. No opening was ever found in the Polar pack between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, excepting close in shore, and the edge of the barrier of ice was generally met with in latitude 75° . A carefully-drawn Dutch chart is extant, dated 1676, on which the pack edge is delineated in this position, with all the bays and indentations, extending from a little south of Disco, on Spitzbergen, to Nova Zembla. In the same year Captain Wood, who has been most unjustly treated by modern compilers, sailed from England, to discover a passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. He came to the edge of the ice in $75^{\circ} 59' N.$, and
steered

‘steered close along it, sailing into every opening, but could find no passage through, neither could he see over the ice from the topmast-head. The ice was 78 feet under the water.’ Grenville Collins, the hydrographer, who was in this expedition, said, in a letter to the learned Witsen, ‘The proceedings of the voyage gave me full satisfaction that there was no passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.’

All the speculations of early navigators on the possibility of reaching the Pole were founded on the erroneous idea that ice was only formed in the neighbourhood of land, and never in the open sea. It was Scoresby who first showed that ice was formed in the Spitzbergen seas during nine months of the year, and that neither calm weather nor the proximity of land was essential to its formation. The land does not afford any assistance, or even shelter, that cannot be dispensed with during the operation of freezing; and Scoresby often saw ice grow to a consistence capable of stopping the progress of a ship with a brisk wind, even when exposed to the waves of the Atlantic. Dr. Walker, of the ‘Fox,’ gives the temperature at which the surface freezes in Baffin’s Bay at $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr.; Dr. Kane found it to be 29° in Smith Sound.

The period for exploration in the Polar pack is therefore confined to the three short summer months, during which the ice does not form. It was not a hopeful prospect, yet five Government expeditions have examined the pack edge between Greenland and Nova Zembla within the century; three sent by England, and two by Russia. The Russians took the lead, and in 1764 and 1765 sent Captain Vassili Tchitschagoff to seek a passage through the pack on the Spitzbergen meridian, and he reached $80^{\circ} 26' N.$ in the first year, and $80^{\circ} 30' N.$ in the second. In England the idea of Polar discovery was first revived by Mr. Daines Barrington in 1772, who assiduously collected every scrap of information from Dutch and English whalers, and read a series of papers before the Royal Society. This agitation of the subject resulted in the despatch of Captain Phipps’s expedition, which sailed from the Nore in June, 1773. The ships were stopped by the ice, as usual, a little north of Hakluyt Headland; and Captain Phipps stood into every opening he could find, and forced the ships as far as possible through the loose pack by press of sail. The ice at the pack edge was 24 feet thick when they attained their highest latitude in $80^{\circ} 48' N.$, and they examined the ice from longitude 2° to $20^{\circ} E.$ From the seven islands a continuous plain of smooth unbroken ice was seen, bounded only by the horizon, which closed round in heavy fields and floe pieces until it rested upon the

the north-east island of Spitzbergen. The Expedition returned to England in September, after having made a very careful and persevering examination of the ice north of Spitzbergen, and having attempted to bore through it at every point that offered the remotest chance of success.

It was generally supposed, however, that Captain Phipps went out in a peculiarly unfavourable season, and in 1817 it was resolved that another attempt should be made. Captain Buchan was selected as the commander of this new assault upon the hitherto impenetrable ice-barrier, and the gallant Franklin, the late Admiral Beechey, and our veteran Arctic explorer Sir George Back, served under him. The two old whalers which formed the expedition sailed from the Thames in April, 1818, and were stopped in the very position north of Spitzbergen in which all other expeditions from the time of Hudson had been brought up. On examining the edge of the ice in July, a channel was found which both vessels entered under full sail; but it soon came to an end, and they were beset in a close pack. Desperate efforts were made to bore through the ice; the men dragged the vessels along whenever the slightest opening occurred, all sail was set, and in this way they at last reached their highest latitude in $80^{\circ} 34' N.$ But the whole body of ice was drifting south, and after strenuous exertions by warping and dragging, they found they had actually lost twelve miles of northing at the end of a single day. During this time both vessels experienced some very severe nips; the ice was 15 feet thick, and was often piled up above the bulwarks. They penetrated for thirty miles within the pack, and it took them ten days to get back to the open water to the southward, thoroughly convinced that nothing more could be done on the Spitzbergen meridian. Captain Buchan then determined to examine the pack edge in the direction of Greenland, and he searched for an opening from $10^{\circ} E.$ to $10^{\circ} W.$ without success. In 1823 Captain Clavering, in the 'Griper,' sailed due north from Cloven Cliff for twenty-five miles on July 5th, and found the pack edge extending east and west as far as the eye could reach in $80^{\circ} 20' N.$ He then examined the ice to the westward for sixty miles, as far as $11^{\circ} W.,$ but found it closely packed, with no opening in any direction.

Meanwhile the Russian Government was prosecuting similar researches between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Admiral Lutke was employed on this service from 1821 to 1824. He found the ice accumulated to such an extent on the Nova Zembla coast that he was never able to get beyond Cape Nassau. In 1824 he sailed with orders to attain as high a latitude as possible
at

at a distance from the coast. He arrived at the edge of the Polar pack in $75^{\circ} 30' N.$, and examined it for a considerable distance towards Spitzbergen, without finding any navigable opening.

Thus, while Hudson, Poole, Fotherby, Tchitschakoff, Phipps, Scoresby, Buchan, Clavering, Parry, and many hundreds of whalers, had carefully examined the outer edge of the mighty Polar pack north of Spitzbergen, the voyages of Barentz, Hudson, Theunis-Ys, Vlamingh, Wood, Lutke, and many Dutch navigators, effected the same object between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. The whole of these seamen were unanimous in their report that the icy barrier was impenetrable for sailing-ships. Hudson and Buchan made most gallant attempts to bore their way through the close pack of stupendous floes and fields of ice.

This great mass of evidence sufficiently proved the impracticability of sailing to the North Pole; and Arctic authorities became convinced that the true way of effecting this important and interesting exploration was by means of travelling with sledges over the ice.

In later times, and especially during the period of the Franklin search, a theory was prevalent of the existence of what was called the 'Polar Basin.' It was maintained that the Gulf Stream gave rise to a great navigable ocean round the North Pole free of ice during the greater part of the year, and that the ice merely formed a narrow belt round its outer edge, which might easily be penetrated. This theory is directly opposed to the carefully registered facts which have been accumulated by Scoresby and numerous other ice navigators; and it is founded on the appearance of lanes and pools of open water off some of the Arctic coasts. Never was so grand a superstructure of theory based upon so slight a foundation of fact.

When Barentz wintered at the north-eastern extremity of Nova Zembla, his people saw open water in March and April, and once even in February. If there was a south-west wind the ice was always driven away from the coast, leaving a space of open water, and, as soon as the wind came from the opposite quarter, the ice returned, and ground noisily on the beach. There must of course have been an open space into which the ice drifted, and now for the first time we hear of those water-holes along the Siberian coast, since met with in the months of March and April by Russian explorers. Hedenstrom and Anjou, in 1809 and 1821, reported that there was open water, with little drift-ice, to the northward of the islands of New Siberia, in March; and Anjou was stopped at short distances from the land by weak ice. Wrangell, in the end of March 1821, met with thin ice at
a distance

a distance of 140 miles from the mouth of the Kolyma. The same weak unsafe ice was met with in April of the following year, and in their last journey over the Polar ice, in March, 1823, Wrangell's party were exposed to great danger by the ice, which was only 3 feet thick, and cracking in all directions. Wrangell also observed that north winds were always damp.

The observations of Hedenstrom, Anjou, and Wrangell, have led the Russian geographers to the conclusion that part of the Polar Ocean north of Siberia is always open water, and that this *Polynia*, as they call it, extends from twenty miles north of New Siberia islands to about the same distance off the coast of the continent, between Cape Chelagskoi and Cape North. This opinion rests on the instances in which the Russian explorers, in March and April, encountered either very thin ice indicative of the immediate vicinity of open water, or actual lanes of water, at different points of this line. In summer the current along the shore is from east to west, and in autumn from west to east; and the stupendous ice-hummocks, often 90 feet high, which line the Siberian coast, testify to the great pressure which takes place, and to the vast extent of the Polar ice-fields. The Siberian rivers bring down immense quantities of drift-wood, which is afterwards carried off by the currents, and scattered far and wide over the Arctic shores. On the breaking up of the ice the rivers contribute to drive the floes away from the coast, and the westerly currents then carry them in heavily-packed masses towards the Atlantic. Millions of tons of ice are thus sent to swell the size of the Polar pack, and are finally melted between Greenland and Nova Zembla. Admiral von Wrangell, using an allowable poetical licence, has called the open water off the Siberian coast 'the wide immeasurable ocean.' Ever since the translation of his work, 'the great Polynia of the Russians' has been a phrase on which geographical theorists have founded the wildest speculations. Anjou and Wrangell, during the months of March and April, found the ice to be thin and rotten at a distance of about 100 miles from the coast, and on two occasions an open water-hole, covered with floating pieces of ice, was seen in the offing. The observation of open water near Cape Taimyr, in August, by Middendorf, and of a water-hole in Kennedy Channel by Morton, in the end of June, is nothing remarkable, as the ice is more or less in motion in all parts of the Arctic regions, during those months. Dr. Hayes found Morton's *Polynia* completely frozen over in May, 1861.

There is clear evidence that, owing to strong currents and gales of wind, the ice is in motion off the coast of Siberia very early in the spring, giving rise to *Polynias*, or water-holes. Any
extensive

extensive land, such as universal tradition among the Siberian tribes declares to exist north of Cape Jakan, would favour the formation of such lanes of water under its lee. But there is nothing in the observations of the Russian explorers to warrant the belief in a 'wide immeasurable ocean.' The rising vapour, so often mentioned by Anjou, may have been caused by tidal cracks in the ice, and does not necessarily indicate an open sea; and the phenomena of damp winds and rotten ice betoken just what Hedenstrom and Anjou saw—a limited expanse of sea caused by movements in the Polar pack. There is no evidence whatever that the Siberian *Polynias* of the early spring are of greater extent than the action of currents and gales of wind would easily explain.

It is probable that the south-westerly drift during the summer months gives rise to considerable expanses of open water in the Polar pack, which disappear as soon as the ice begins to form in September; and that currents and gales keep the ice in motion near the land, even in the winter months. In this sense there may be a Polar basin, but the theory of an extensive navigable ocean round the Pole is directly opposed to a series of well-ascertained geographical facts.

The theory of a Polar basin, in its wildest form, has been persistently forced into notice by Dr. Petermann, a German doctor, who publishes a geographical magazine at Gotha. Without practical knowledge of the Arctic regions, or any special right to speak authoritatively on the subject, he is also peculiarly disqualified from giving an opinion, owing to his habit of twisting facts gleaned from books to suit his preconceived theory. We should not, therefore, consider it necessary to examine his argument in favour of the Spitzbergen route, if it had not been endorsed, to some extent, by four naval officers of Arctic experience. Dr. Petermann first made himself notorious at the time of the Franklin search, when he declared that the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' were beset near the Siberian coast, and that the best way of reaching them was by sailing across the Polar ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, in the middle of winter! This scheme might have proved very mischievous, by diverting the search from the proper direction. Fortunately its absurdity was sufficiently apparent, and it received little or no attention. But Dr. Petermann has now resuscitated his theory in two long letters to Sir Roderick Murchison, in which he advocates the Spitzbergen route for North Polar exploration.

For his preference of this route he assigns eight reasons, which may be disposed of in a few words. He advocates it, 1st. 'because

cause the voyage from England to the North Pole is shorter by Spitzbergen;' a matter which may be important to a Company wishing to establish a line of packets between the two points, but which has no bearing on the question of exploration. 2nd. Because 'the Spitzbergen seas form the widest opening into the unknown region.' This is one of the strongest objections to the route; for the ice-navigation must be conducted in a drifting pack, instead of along land-ice, as in Baffin's Bay. 3rd. 'Because the Spitzbergen seas are more free of ice than any other part of the Arctic regions.' This statement is directly opposed to the experience of every navigator who has ever reached the edge of the pack on that meridian. They have all, without a single exception, found an impenetrable barrier of ice between Greenland and Nova Zembla. 4th. 'The drift-ice north of Spitzbergen offers just as much or as little impediment to navigation as the ice in Baffin's Bay.' When it is remembered that no vessel has ever penetrated through the stupendous ice-fields north of Spitzbergen, while a fleet of whalers has annually got through the middle ice of Baffin's Bay since 1817, an idea may be formed of the value of this assertion. 5th. 'The sea north of Spitzbergen will never be entirely frozen over, not even in winter, nor covered with solid ice fit for sledge-travelling.' This is true, as we have already shown, and it forms the strongest objection to the Spitzbergen route; for these lakes and pools of water, while making sledge-travelling impossible, will add to the danger of wintering in the pack. 6th. 'From Sir Edward Parry's furthest point a navigable sea was extending far away to the north; and old Dutch and English skippers vowed they had sailed to 88° , and beyond the Pole itself. At Sir Edward Parry's position, in $82^{\circ} 45'$, there was a perfectly navigable sea.' This is a specimen of the assertions which serve to prop up Dr. Petermann's theory. The statement is not only incorrect, but the very reverse of the real fact. Parry, at his extreme point, found the ice thicker, and the floes more extensive than any he had previously met with; and there was a strong yellow ice-blink always overspreading the northern horizon, which showed that the Polar pack was still stretching away to the northward; for the yellow tinge denotes field-ice.* The 'vows' of the old Dutch and English skippers were fully disposed of by Scoresby many years ago; and Captain Jansen, after carefully investigating the Dutch records, has come to the conclusion that no vessel has ever been north of 83° . 7th. 'The Polar region north of Spitzbergen consists of sea, and not land.' This is the very reason that the Spitzbergen route is the

* Scoresby, i. 300.

worst that could be selected. 8th. 'Sir Edward Parry's expedition only took six months.' This argument has been endorsed by others, as if a hasty and perfunctory cruise was as satisfactory as a deliberate and careful exploration. The only other point raised by Dr. Petermann which requires notice is contained in his second letter, where he argues that there will be no difficulty in boring through the Polar ice-fields north of 80° , because Sir James Ross got through an extensive pack in the Antarctic regions in latitude 62° , after it had drifted and become loose for many hundreds of miles over a boundless ocean. The fallacy of the comparison was fully exposed by Admiral Collinson, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society.* Dr. Petermann asks for any reason, however slight, why it would not be as easy to sail from Spitzbergen to the Pole *and back* as to go up Baffin's Bay to the entrance of Smith Sound. The reason is clear enough, and is well known to all Arctic navigators. North of Spitzbergen there is a pack composed of fields of immense size and thickness; and any vessel taking that route is at the mercy of the drifting ice. In Baffin's Bay there is land-ice, along which a ship can creep while the pack drifts past. The consequence is, that whereas a fleet of whalers passes up Baffin's Bay every year, no vessel has ever penetrated through the Polar pack. Dr. Petermann, of whom we have now had enough and to spare, characteristically completes his theory with a Polar map, on which he converts Kennedy Channel into a bay, by means of land expressly invented for the occasion. This method of proping up a theory recoils upon its author; and the Petermann land will probably share the fate of Ross's Croker mountains and Wilkes's southern continent.

But the Spitzbergen route was recommended by General Sabine long before Dr. Petermann was ever heard of; and it is advocated by four Arctic officers, Sir Edward Belcher, Admiral Ommanney, Captain Richards and Captain Inglefield. We desire, of course, to treat the opinions of these officers with respect, while we dissent most emphatically from the conclusions at which they have arrived. We have seen that the edge of the Polar pack, along its whole distance from Greenland to Nova Zembla, has been examined over and over again by navigators who sought a passage or lane by which to enter it. The ice of the Spitzbergen seas has been carefully and scientifically reported upon by many able explorers, and especially by Scoresby. We know, from the results of their investigations, that a body of heavy field-ice, cracked and broken in places by the action of currents and gales of wind, extends

* See 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society,' vol. ix. p. 118.

from latitude 75° to the Pole, during the winter, and that the navigable summer season is very short. Parry, during an exceptionally favourable year for navigation, walked for 192 miles over small floes and weak ice, and at his extreme point, in $82^{\circ} 45' N.$, he at last came to the more formidable ice-fields; and the yellow ice-blink on his northern horizon showed that they extended far to the northward. It is certain that this Polar pack is several hundred miles in extent; that the ice-fields composing it are of immense size and thickness; and that no navigable lane or opening has yet been discovered along its edge. Any attempt, therefore, to penetrate into it would probably end in failure; and the only reason for expecting a more fortunate result is based on the advantages that steamers have over sailing-vessels. These advantages are undoubtedly very great; but they consist chiefly in the rapidity with which steamers can take advantage of a sudden opening in the ice, and in the immense saving of labour to the men. Under the ordinary circumstances of the Polar pack a steamer is not exempted from any of the difficulties of ice-navigation; while the moment the young ice begins to form, the screw will be choked and become useless. Success depends on a fortunate season; and in one year fast screw-steamers have been forty-five days getting through the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, while in another a weak little sailing schooner has sailed up without any detention at all.

In the improbable event of exploring-ships penetrating to any considerable distance through the Polar ice, in the direction of the Pole, there will be imminent danger of their being beset, and obliged to winter in the pack. A more perilous situation cannot be conceived. The ice is frequently in motion during the winter, at a time when the cold renders navigation impossible, and furious gales of wind press the floes together. These surely are not circumstances to which any vessel ought voluntarily to be exposed. Sledge-travelling has been shown to be impossible over such a pack, and retreat would thus be hopelessly cut off. Sir Edward Belcher, who now unaccountably advocates the Spitzbergen route, thus reported upon the Polar ocean to the northward of the Parry Islands, in one of his despatches: 'The more I have seen of the action of the ice, the partially open water, and the deceitful leads in the pools, the more satisfied I am that the man who once ventures off the land to seek a passage is in all probability sacrificed.'

But after all, the great objection to the Spitzbergen route is that few of the scientific results of North Polar exploration would be attained, even in the event of comparative success. It is

is not by drifting about in pack-ice at a distance from land, but by carefully examining hundreds of miles of coast-line, that useful work is to be done in the unknown region.

The Spitzbergen route stands condemned by the experience of the highest Arctic authorities, because it is impracticable; because partial success would place an expedition in a position of extreme danger; and because few of the results of Polar exploration are attainable in that direction. We are convinced that it would be far better to delay the despatch of an expedition until the Government is willing to fit one out on an efficient scale, and to send it in the right direction, than to rest satisfied with a steamer being despatched to the Spitzbergen Seas, and to see the subject shelved for the next twenty years, after her return.

Hitherto our attention has been engaged by the fruitless endeavours of many successive voyagers, during two centuries, to penetrate the mighty Polar pack between Greenland and Nova Zembla. It will now be a more pleasant task to examine the voyages up Baffin's Bay, where a less formidable pack has been annually encountered, battled with, and overcome; and where this annual victory over the ice leads to the achievement of a position whence a system of North Polar exploration can be organised by the only thorough and efficient means—namely, modern Arctic travelling. Soon after the return of Buchan's expedition, it occurred to those two most eminent of our Arctic worthies, Sir John Franklin and Sir Edward Parry, that the true way of effecting North Polar exploration was by means of travelling with sledges over the ice. A plan of this kind was originally proposed by Franklin soon after his return in the 'Trent,' and it was carried into execution by Parry, in 1827. That great discoverer was wrong, as it turned out, in the route he took, and in the time of year he selected for his journey; but he laid the foundation for the thorough system of Arctic investigation by means of sledges, which has since borne such rich fruit, and which has been brought to perfection by the genius of Sir Leopold M'Clintock. The idea of Franklin and Parry was to start from the most northern land; and had the discoveries of Kane and Hayes been known to them, they would of course have selected Smith Sound as their starting-point. To Admiral von Wrangell, the explorer of Arctic Siberia, belongs the credit of having first suggested Smith Sound as the best route for North Polar exploration; and the labours of two American expeditions have since demonstrated the correctness of his views. Exploration by sledge travelling is now advocated by the Arctic officers of greatest experience.

experience. Among them we may mention Sir George Back and Admiral Bird, the friends and companions of Franklin, Parry, and Ross; Admiral Collinson, who passed three winters in the ice; Sir Leopold M'Clintock, the discoverer of the fate of Franklin, the inventor of Arctic travelling, who has passed six winters and ten summers in the Arctic regions, and whose experience is greater than that of any other living authority; Sherard Osborn, the steady, unswerving advocate of the Franklin search, and the reviver of public interest in Polar enterprise; Vesey Hamilton, the persevering and intrepid explorer of the northern extreme of Melville Island; M'Dougall, the expert surveyor, who served in two Arctic expeditions. Nor can we thus enumerate the names of Arctic travellers without dwelling for a few moments on the work of one of their brightest ornaments. George Frederick Meham was the *beau ideal* of an Arctic traveller. Never was an officer more beloved by his messmates and by his men. Genial and warm-hearted, he was the life and soul of the winter amusements, and, when the season for work arrived, it was Meham who performed the most wonderful feat of Arctic travelling on record. An accurate and painstaking observer, full of resource, and endowed with indomitable resolution, he was at the same time most careful of the comforts of his men. When the subject of Polar exploration is discussed, the first feeling of those who served in the search for Franklin will be one of deep regret that the great ability, the high resolve, the numerous qualities for command, which were united in the character of the lamented Meham, are lost to us for ever.

There are still many officers of ability and experience who would worthily second M'Clintock in the glorious enterprise of North Polar exploration by way of Smith Sound; and dense will be the crowd of volunteers when it is known that the well-known name is Gazetted for the command. Two 60-horse power gunboats, well strengthened, and provisioned for three years, with picked crews of *young* officers and men, would secure all the results that have already been enumerated, under the guidance of such leaders as M'Clintock, Osborn, Hamilton, Richards, or Allen Young, and complete the greatest geographical discovery that remains to be accomplished.

The navigation of Baffin's Bay is impeded by the 'middle pack;' and it is necessary to say a few words on the passage of this obstacle, because it has been made the ground of a futile objection to the route by Smith Sound. The drift of vast masses of ice into the Atlantic invariably causes the existence of a wide open sheet of water in the upper end of Baffin's Bay, and for some

some distance within Lancaster and Smith Sound, during the summer and early autumn, which is known as the 'North Water.' But there is a mass of drifting ice between the 'North Water' and Davis Strait, averaging from 170 to 200 miles in width, and blocking up the centre of Baffin's Bay, called by the whalers the 'Middle Pack.' The ice here is hardly a fourth part of the thickness of that in the Spitzbergen Seas, the former being from five to eight feet thick, and the latter from twenty to thirty. Old Baffin gallantly led the way to the 'North Water' in 1616, and no man ever followed in his wake until two whalers, the 'Larkins' of Leith, and 'Elizabeth' of Aberdeen, successfully passed the barrier in 1817. From that time the fleet of whalers annually entered the ice, and pushed for the 'North Water.' The only safe passage through the 'Middle Pack' is called by the whalers the *North-about passage*, and it may always be successfully performed, if not in June, then in July—if not in July, then in August. On the coast of Greenland, between the parallels of 73° and 76° , there is a wide indentation open to the south, called Melville Bay. The ice formed in it, owing to the configuration of the land, is not exposed to the general drift down Baffin's Bay, and remains firmly fixed to the coast, often extending from it to a distance of thirty to fifty miles. The prevailing winds in the early part of the season are from the north, in which case the drifting pack is blown off shore, and leaves a lane of open water along the land-floe of Melville Bay. When the wind is from the south, the pack drifts into Melville Bay, but in that case the land-floe is a source of protection, for, as the drifting ice presses against it, the land-ice, being oldest, almost invariably proves the strongest of the two. A dock is then cut in the land-ice, and a ship may ride in safety until the pressure eases off. Thus, by sticking to the land-floe of Melville Bay, a vessel is never at the mercy of a drifting pack; and though there may frequently be detention, no ground is ever lost, and final success is the reward of perseverance.

The earliest passage into the 'North Water' was accomplished on June 12, 1849, and the average passages of the whalers during twenty-three years have been effected before July 13. There is not a single year from 1817 to 1849 in which no whaler had got through; and in the years 1825, 1828, 1832, 1833, and 1834, the whole fleet reached the 'North Water' before the middle of June. It so happens that unless the whalers get through so as to reach Pond's Bay in July, it is not worth while to persevere, and they give up the attempt. The navigable season, however, continues until the end of August, so that discovery

covery ships may always count upon effecting the passage at some period between May and September. Discovery ships have been sent up Baffin's Bay thirty-eight times since 1818, and only on two occasions have they failed to reach the 'North Water' during the navigable season. One of these failures was experienced by the 'North Star,' in 1849, but she did not arrive at the edge of the ice until the end of July, and if she had been earlier in the field she would have succeeded. This is certain; for in the very same year the 'St. Andrew,' of Aberdeen, reached the 'North Water' on June 12th. The other instance of want of success was in the case of the 'Fox,' in 1857; but she was still later in the season, not arriving in Melville Bay until the middle of August. Had she been earlier she would have succeeded; and when M'Clintock, with that indomitable perseverance which has been his characteristic ever since he commenced Arctic exploration, again charged the barrier, on the 18th of June in the following year, he was in the 'North Water' by the 27th.

Whalers, it is true, are often destroyed by the ice; but discovery ships, being strongly fortified, are not exposed to the same risk, and not one has ever been destroyed in Baffin's Bay. A good nip merely causes a little pleasurable excitement. The beauty of the scenery, the wonderful effects of refraction round the horizon, the cutting of docks and charging and blasting of ice, all combine to render the Melville Bay detention a most enjoyable and exhilarating time. Here may be seen the stupendous icebergs, which are among the most sublime of nature's works, with their brilliant emerald and sapphire tints. Here the majestic movements of mighty flocs may be watched, and that still grander sight when a nip causes the rapid formation of a long ridge of ice-hummocks, and when huge blocks are reared one upon the other with a loud grinding moan. The passage of Melville Bay may be a time of anxiety; but he must be dead to all sense of the beautiful in nature who does not derive an equal amount of pleasure from scenes of such unsurpassed grandeur and interest. Skill and judgment in watching the ice and selecting leads are required in this navigation; but an early arrival in Melville Bay ensures the certainty of reaching the 'North Water' during the navigable season. The average detention for steamers in Melville Bay has been twenty-two days, and it has sometimes taken place under exceptionally unfavourable circumstances; and curiously enough this is exactly the time that it took brave old Baffin to cross Melville Bay in 1616, in a little craft of 55 tons. It will be hard, indeed, if powerful steamers cannot do as well as this 55-ton fly-boat. We may count upon a successful passage of the 'Middle Pack' from a consideration of the nature of the ice and the

the physical causes which influence its movements, from the fact that whalers have almost annually reached the 'North Water' since 1817; and from an examination of all former voyages of discovery, in thirty-six of which out of thirty-eight the ice-obstructions in Melville Bay were overcome.

Once in the 'North Water,' all obstacles to an exploration, more or less extensive, of the unknown region are at an end. From Cape York there is invariably a navigable sea to Smith Sound in the summer months.

It was on the 6th of July, 1616, that Baffin made the chief discovery of his voyage, namely, the entrance of the 'greatest and largest sound in all this bay.' It is the portal leading north into the vast unknown region, and the only point in the whole circuit of the 80th parallel, where lines of coast stretch away towards the Pole. Baffin gave it a very common name; but the worshipful person from whom Smith Sound derives its name was no common man. Sir Thomas Smith was the first Governor of the East India Company: he fostered the early efforts of that mighty Company which afterwards founded an empire, he superintended the early voyages to India, and patronised those of Hudson and Baffin. In 1818 Ross saw the entrance to Smith Sound from a great distance, and named the two capes on either side after his ships—Isabella and Alexander. Whalers may have sighted and even entered Smith Sound since the voyage of Ross, and in 1852 Captain Inglefield went just inside the Capes, but did not land. From this position, on August 26, 1852, he saw an open sea stretching through seven points of the horizon, apparently unencumbered with ice, though bounded on the east and west by two distinct headlands. Baffin had discovered Smith Sound in 1616; but no civilised man explored it or landed on its shores until the year 1853, when Dr. Kane, in the little schooner 'Advance' of 120 tons, undertook to lead an American expedition to the far northern regions. Like Baffin's little 'Discovery,' the 'Advance' only had a crew of seventeen men, and she was but poorly provided for an Arctic winter. In latitude 78° 45' N., Kane found the ice extending in a drifting mass across the channel of Smith Sound in August, and the coast on either side rose in precipitous cliffs to a height of 800 or 1200 feet. At their base there was a belt of ice, about 18 feet thick, resting on the beach—a sort of permanent frozen ridge, to which Kane gave the name of *ice-foot*. The pack was drifting south, and many icebergs were moving up and down with the tide. After a gallant but ineffectual attempt to force his way through the pack to the northward, the new ice began to form, and on September 10th the 'Advance' was frozen in, on the west side of Smith Sound, in latitude 78° 37' N.

Here

Here the little crew passed two years and made some discoveries by means of travelling parties, though the small number of hands and the scurvy prevented much from being accomplished. In latitude $79^{\circ} 12' N.$ a great glacier was discovered abutting upon the sea, and presenting a perpendicular face of from 300 to 500 feet. Icebergs are ejected from it in lines, and the vast mass, with a sea-face 45 miles long, was named the Humboldt glacier. Here Dr. Kane's personal investigations ceased. But his steward, a man named Morton, with an Esquimaux and a team of dogs, crossed the front of the glacier and explored a part of the coast to the northward. According to his own account, he went 76 miles further north, and found open water extending in an iceless channel to the opposite shore. At his extreme northern point Morton said he came to a cliff 900 feet high, in the end of June, where a heavy surf, beating against the rocks, checked his progress. He gave the latitude of this cliff at $81^{\circ} 22' N.$; but the true latitude was probably $80^{\circ} 56' N.$ Crowds of birds were seen thronging the water of this open sea, which was separated from the 'North Water' of Baffin's Bay by a belt of ice 125 miles wide. Kane named the channel to the northward of Smith Sound Kennedy Channel.

In July, 1860, Dr. Hayes, who had served under Kane, sailed from New York in a schooner of 133 tons, with a crew of fifteen men, intending to complete his old commander's discoveries. Hayes encountered severe gales of wind at the entrance of Smith Sound, and eventually wintered in a harbour about twelve miles north-east of Cape Alexander. Early in April, 1861, Dr. Hayes started north with his whole available force of twelve men and fourteen dogs; but he eventually continued the journey with two dog-sledges and three companions. His extreme northern point was in $81^{\circ} 35' N.$ on the western side of Kennedy Channel, and he discovered a wide strait opening westward from the centre of Smith Sound. From his extreme northern point Hayes obtained the same view as Morton had seen from the opposite side, and there was no open water, so that the much-talked of *Polymia* of Morton was merely just such a water-hole as forms in all parts of the Arctic regions in the end of June. Hayes was on the west coast of Kennedy Channel from the 12th to the 23rd of May. His most important deduction was, that beyond Cape Constitution of Morton, the Greenland continent ends, and that the west side of the channel is open to the Polar Ocean north of Spitzbergen. He found the coast lined with heavy ridges of ice, which had been forced up under the influence of great pressure. Many of them were 60 feet high, and they were lying high and dry upon the beach. He concluded that the pressure necessary to occasion

this result could only be produced by ice-fields of great extent coming down, under the influence of winds and currents, from a vast open area to the northward and eastward. In this, however, he was mistaken, for a floe of only a few miles in extent weighs millions of tons, and might easily pile up hummocks on a beach to a height of 60 or even 90 feet, under certain circumstances. The crew of Dr. Hayes's schooner enjoyed excellent health during the whole time, and this appears to have been chiefly due to the great abundance of animal food in Smith Sound. Reindeer were very numerous, and 200 were shot; walrus and seals were abundant, and several hundreds of eider-ducks and guillemots were secured. Thus the party was well supplied with fresh food.

The discoveries of Kane and Hayes proved that Greenland is separated from the archipelago to the westward by Smith Sound, and that the western shore of that important opening extends to the northward for an unknown distance; so that this is the only point in the Polar region where the land trends in the direction of the Pole itself, instead of forming a circle of continent and islands round the frontier of the Polar region. Here, then, is the proper starting-point for North Polar exploration, and to these gallant American discoverers is due the honour of having pointed it out. Their labours, performed under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, are amongst the most valuable in the whole range of northern discovery.

The two gun-boats comprising a North Polar expedition may calculate upon reaching the entrance of Smith Sound, where one will remain in some convenient harbour as a *dépôt ship*, while the other devotes the navigable season to forcing and boring her way to the most northerly point attainable, whence travelling operations will be commenced in the winter. An objection has been raised to the Smith Sound route on the ground that the travelling parties may be stopped by open water. It has been urged that Dr. Kane's party met with a wide expanse of open sea in Kennedy Channel, and that Sir Edward Belcher was stopped by the same cause in Jones Sound. Now, as the open water in Kennedy Channel was encountered in the end of June, when such phenomena may be expected in all parts of the Arctic regions, and that in Jones Sound in May, it is obvious that an objection depending on such reasons is utterly futile, seeing that the chief work of the travelling parties will be done in the months of February, March, and April. Moreover, the open water seen in Kennedy Channel by Morton, in the end of June, was found by Dr. Hayes to be entirely frozen over in the end of May. No man living has had more experience of
stoppages

stoppages by open water and weak ice than that great Russian explorer Admiral von Wrangell, yet he advocated a system of discovery along the shores of Smith Sound. He knew full well that such an exceptional condition of the Polar Sea as is indicated by open water in the winter and early spring, never offered any obstacle to his examination of the coast, and that he never met with unsafe ice until he had travelled for many miles away from the land. When objectors can give a single instance of such a wide expanse of open water having been encountered in February, March, or April as to stop sledge travelling close along the shore to the northward of 78° N., it will be time to consider the proper means of overcoming an obstacle of this nature; but until this is done the objection they have raised must be held to be imaginary.

Arctic travelling, by which means nearly the whole of the known region within the frigid zone has been explored, is indissolubly bound up with the name of M'Clintock. Before his time it may be said to have been almost unknown, and consequently the results derived from Arctic voyages were not so numerous and valuable as they have since become. When, in May and June, 1849, M'Clintock accomplished a distance of 500 miles, and remained absent from his ship for forty days, it was looked upon as a wonderful feat, and it was certainly altogether unprecedented. Yet, in 1851, he had so improved upon his former experience that he was able to leave the ship a month earlier, to remain away for eighty days, and to accomplish a distance of 900 miles. In 1853 he even surpassed his previous exploit, was absent 105 days, and travelled over 1400 miles. Scarcely anything was done by this means in the early expeditions, while it is now a comparatively easy matter to start with six or eight men, and a sledge laden with six or seven weeks' provisions, and to travel 600 miles across desert wastes and frozen seas, from which no sustenance can be obtained. M'Clintock attained these results by careful study of the requirements of the case, by the help of Arctic experience extending over several years, and by the strictest attention to minute details. Great skill and judgment, and an intimate acquaintance with the subject, are essential; and it is of the utmost importance that Polar exploration should be undertaken *now*, and not delayed until the tradition of Arctic travelling is lost. Sir Leopold M'Clintock himself says—'I wish I were now preparing for a trip to the North Pole, for I regard it as being within the reach of *this* generation, knowledge being power in sledge-travelling.' He considers that a single sledge-party could take sixty days' provisions and travel over 600 geographical miles. This single sledge, by means of
depôts

dépôts and five auxiliary sledges, can be pushed forward to a distance of 600 miles from the ship. With an expedition, consisting of 120 officers and men, two such exploring parties could be despatched in each travelling season, and 2400 miles of new and unknown land would thus be discovered and thoroughly explored.

The exploration of 50 miles of coast by a sledge-party is worth more to science than the discovery of 500 miles by a ship. In the one case the coast is accurately laid down, and its fauna, flora, geology, ethnology, and physical geography is fully ascertained. In the latter, a coast is seen and very inaccurately marked by a dotted line on a chart, with numerous headlands called after the Royal Family and the Lords of the Admiralty—a result which may or may not gratify those exalted personages, but which is of no sort of use to science.

The work of Polar explorers, starting from the base of operations in Smith Sound, will secure the complete success of the expedition. A distance of 600 miles along the western coast, which Dr. Hayes found stretching away due north, will bring one party to the North Pole. An equal distance beyond Cape Constitution, on the eastern coast, will nearly, if not quite, complete the discovery of the northern side of the great glacier-bearing continent of Greenland. Meanwhile, as the auxiliary parties return and become rested, they will be employed on shorter excursions, and in completing surveys and investigations nearer the ship. In the second travelling season, one extended party, by exploring the wide strait discovered by Dr. Hayes, on the western side of Smith Sound, for a distance of 600 miles, would complete the discovery of all the land within the unknown Polar region which lies to the westward of Kennedy Channel. The efforts of another extended party, during the second season, might be turned to any other direction which the discoveries of the first season might have pointed out. All the great scientific results of Polar exploration which have already been enumerated would be thoroughly and efficiently secured by the explorers who led these travelling parties. By the Smith Sound route alone can the scientific results of Polar exploration be certainly and safely attained, and by this route alone can the special knowledge and genius of our living Arctic worthies be made available.

Fortunately an expedition by way of Smith Sound is one of those enterprises which, while they require all the highest qualities of seamen to conduct successfully, and may involve dangers and privations to individuals, are absolutely free from a chance of any such catastrophe as overtook Sir John Franklin's
gallant

gallant crews, and as would threaten an expedition going by the Spitzbergen route. Although whalers are almost annually crushed to pieces in Baffin's Bay, yet its navigation is less dangerous to life than the passage of the English Channel. If a whaler is converted into shattered fragments by the irresistible ice, the sailors walk quietly out upon the destroyer of their floating home, and have nothing worse before them than a march to the nearest Danish settlement; while a shipwreck in the Channel too frequently involves the loss of all hands. Then, again, in the extremely improbable event of the vessel stationed at the entrance of Smith Sound being unable to get out of the ice, the retreat of the crews in boats and sledges to the settlement of Upernavik, during the summer months, is easy, and devoid of all danger. Smith Sound and Lancaster Sound are in exactly similar positions as regards the 'North Water' of Baffin's Bay. Had Sir John Franklin stationed the 'Erebus' in some harbour close to the entrance of Lancaster Sound, and the 'Terror' at Cape Riley, his expedition would not have been in any more danger than if he had never left Greenhithe. Now this is precisely the position in which the Polar expedition will be placed in Smith Sound, and the question of danger may be entirely dismissed from our minds. No one feels more strongly than the noble-minded widow of the heroic Franklin how shameful it would be to discourage all future enterprise on the pretext that the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' under totally different circumstances, were unfortunately lost. The climate of the Arctic regions is quite healthy when men are well clothed, fed, and housed; and, though the officers and men who volunteer for this arduous service will be exposed to individual hardships, privations, and dangers, which will test their high qualities to the utmost, there is no more chance of a disaster to the whole expedition, and far less danger of sickness, than on any other station frequented by the ships of our navy. The expense of a Polar expedition would be insignificant compared with the advantages to be derived from it; and we advocate its despatch because the scientific results to be obtained from it are numerous and important; because no undue risk will be incurred by the explorers; and because such expeditions are beneficial to the naval service. Captain Osborn speaks the mind of the *élite* of the navy in the following passage of his paper:—

'The navy needs some action to wake it up from the sloth of routine, and save it from the canker of prolonged peace. The navy of England cries not for mere war to gratify its desire for honourable employment or fame. There are other achievements, it knows well,

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as glorious as a victorious battle; and a wise ruler and a wise people will, I hold, be careful to satisfy a craving which is the life-blood of a profession. Upon these grounds, as well as on those of scientific results, would it be too much to ask for a fraction of the vast sum yearly sunk in naval expenditure, for two small screw vessels and 120 officers and men, out of 50,000 men annually placed at the disposal of the Admiralty?

We cordially endorse the views of Captain Sherard Osborn, and we trust that the Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, with Sir Roderick Murchison at their head, will continue to agitate the question until it is understood by the public, and favourably entertained by the Government. In steadily advocating measures of this nature they are performing a service of national importance.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, &c.* By Alfred R. Wallace. London, 1853.
2. *Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepal Himalayas.* By Joseph D. Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S. London, 1854.
3. *Three Visits to Madagascar during the Years 1853, 1854, 1856, with Notices of the Natural History of the Country, &c.* By the Rev. W. Ellis, F.H.S. London, 1859.
4. *The Tropical World: a Popular Scientific Account of the Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms.* By Dr. G. Hartwig. London, 1863.
5. *The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, &c., during Eleven Years of Travel.* By Henry Walter Bates. London, 1863.

THE naturalist will never have to complain, with Alexander, that he has no more worlds to conquer, so inexhaustible is the wide field of Nature, and so numerous are the vast areas which as yet have never at all, or only partially, been explored by travellers. What may not be in store for some future adventurer in little-known regions; what new and wonderful forms of animals and plants may not reward the zealous traveller, when no less than eight thousand species of animals new to science, have been discovered by Mr. Bates during his eleven years' residence on the Amazons? Nor is it alone new forms of animated Nature that await the enterprise of the naturalist; a whole mine of valuable material, the working of which is attended with the greatest pleasure, lies before him in the discovery of new facts with regard to the habits, structure, and local distribution of animals

animals and plants. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance to the philosophic naturalist of such studies in these days of thought and progress. The collector of natural curiosities may be content with the possession of a miscellaneous lot of objects, but the man of science pursues his investigations with a view of discovering, if possible, some of those wonderful laws which govern the organic world, some of the footprints of the Creator in the production of the countless forms of animal and vegetable life with which this beautiful world abounds.

We purpose in this article to bring before the reader's notice a few gleanings from the natural history of the tropics, merely surmising that we shall linger with more than ordinary pleasure over the productions of tropical South America, of which Mr. Bates has charmingly and most instructively written in his recently published work, whose title is given at the head of this article; we shall pause to admire, with Dr. Hooker, some of the productions of the mighty Himalayan mountains; and we may also visit Madagascar in company with so trustworthy a traveller as Mr. Ellis.

The ancients, before the time of Alexander's Indian expedition, were unacquainted with any tropical forms of plants, and great was their astonishment when they first beheld them:—

'Gigantic forms of plants and animals,' as Humboldt says, 'filled the imagination with exciting imagery. Writers from whose severe and scientific style any degree of inspiration is elsewhere entirely absent, become poetical when describing the habits of the elephant,—the height of the trees, "to the summit of which an arrow cannot reach, and whose leaves are broader than the shields of infantry,"—the bamboo, a light feathery arborescent grass, of which single joints (*internodia*) served as four-oared boats,—and the Indian fig-tree, whose pendent branches take root around the parent stem, which attains a diameter of twenty-eight feet, "forming," as Onesicritus expresses himself with great truth to nature, "a leafy canopy similar to a many-pillared tent."'

It is not possible for language to describe the glory of the forests of the Amazon, and yet the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests, so often mentioned by travellers, are striking realities. Let us read Mr. Bates's impressions of the interior of a primeval forest:—

'The silence and gloom,' he says, 'are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive and mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will

* 'Cosmos,' vol. ii. p. 155. Sabine's Translation.

startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling-monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often even in the still hours of midday, a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are besides many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. With the natives it is always the *curupira*, the wild man, or spirit of the forest, which produces all noises they are unable to explain.'

Mr. Bates has some exceedingly interesting observations on the tendency of animals and plants of the Brazilian forests to become climbers. Speaking of a swampy forest of Pará, he says:—

'The leafy crowns of the trees, scarcely two of which could be seen together of the same kind, were now far away above us, in another world as it were. We could only see at times, where there was a break above, the tracery of the foliage against the clear blue sky. Sometimes the leaves were palmate, at others finely cut or feathery like the leaves of *Mimosæ*. Below, the tree-trunks were everywhere linked together by *sipós*; the woody, flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the latter independent trees. Some were twisted in strands like cables, others had thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining snake-like round the tree-trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches; others again were of zigzag shape or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height.'

Of these climbing plants he adds:—

'It interested me much afterwards to find that these climbing trees do not form any particular family or genus. There is no order of plants whose especial habit is to climb, but species of many of the most diverse families, the bulk of whose members are not climbers, seem to have been driven by circumstances to adopt this habit. The orders *Leguminosæ*, *Guttiferae*, *Bignoniaceæ*, *Moraceæ*, and others, furnish the greater number. There is even a climbing genus of palms (*Desmoncus*), the species of which are called in the Tupí language, *Jacitára*. These have slender, thickly spined and flexuous stems, which twine about the latter trees from one to the other, and grow to an incredible length. The leaves, which have the ordinary pinnate shape characteristic of the family, are emitted from the stems
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at long intervals, instead of being collected into a dense crown, and have at their tips a number of long recurved spines. These structures are excellent contrivances to enable the trees to secure themselves by in climbing, but they are a great nuisance to the traveller, for they sometimes hang over the pathway and catch the hat or clothes, dragging off the one or tearing the other as he passes. The number and variety of climbing trees in the Amazon forests are interesting, taken in connexion with the fact of the very general tendency of the animals also to become climbers.'

Of this tendency amongst animals Mr. Bates thus writes:—

'All the Amazonian, and in fact all South American monkeys, are climbers. There is no group answering to the baboons of the Old World which live on the ground. The Gallinaceous birds of the country, the representatives of the fowls and pheasants of Asia and Africa, are all adapted by the position of the toes to perch on trees, and it is only on trees, at a great height, that they are to be seen. A genus of Plantigrade Carnivora, allied to the bears (*Cercopithecus*), found only in the Amazonian forests, is entirely arboreal, and has a long flexible tail like that of certain monkeys. Many other similar instances could be enumerated, but I will mention only the Geodephaga, or carnivorous ground beetles, a great proportion of whose genera and species in these forest regions are, by the structure of their feet, fitted to live exclusively on the branches and leaves of trees.'

Strange to the European must be the appearance of the numerous woody lianas, or air-roots, of parasitic plants of the family *Araceæ*, of which the well-known cuckoo-pint, or *Arum maculatum* of this country, is a non-epiphytous member, which sit on the branches of the trees above, and 'hang down straight as plumb-lines,' some singly, others in leashes; some reaching half-way to the ground, others touching it, and taking root in the ground. Here, too, in these forests of Pará, besides palms of various species, 'some twenty to thirty feet high, others small and delicate, with stems no thicker than a finger,' of the genus *Bactris*, producing bunches of fruit with grape-like juice, masses of a species of banana (*Urania Amazonica*), a beautiful plant, with leaves 'like broad sword-blades,' eight feet long, and one foot broad, add fresh interest to the scene. These leaves rise straight upwards alternately from the top of a stem five or six feet high. Various kinds of Marants, a family of plants rich in amylaceous qualities (of which the *Maranta arundinacea*, though not an American plant, yields the best arrowroot of commerce), clothe the ground, conspicuous for their broad glossy leaves. Ferns of beautiful and varied forms decorate the tree-trunks, together with the large fleshy heart-shaped leaves of the Pothos plant. Gigantic grasses, such as bamboos, form arches
over

over the pathways. 'The appearance of this part of the forest was strange in the extreme, description can convey no adequate idea of it. The reader who has visited Kew, may form some notion by conceiving a vegetation like that in the great palm-house spread over a large tract of swampy ground, but he must fancy it mingled with large exogenous trees, similar to our oaks and elms, covered with creepers and parasites, and figure to himself the ground encumbered with fallen and rotting trunks, branches, and leaves, the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture!' Amid these 'swampy shades' numerous butterflies delight to flit. An entomologist in England is proud, indeed, when he succeeds in capturing the beautiful and scarce Camberwell Beauty (*Vanessa antiopa*) or the splendid Purple Emperor (*Apatura iris*), but these fine species do not exceed three inches in expanse of wing, while the glossy, blue, and black *Morpho Achilles*, measures six inches or more. The velvety black *Papilio Sesostria*, with a large silky green patch on its wings, and other species of this genus, are almost exclusively inhabitants of the moist shades of the forest. The beautiful *Epicalia ancea*, 'one of the most richly coloured of the whole tribe of butterflies, being black, decorated with broad stripes of pale blue and orange, delights to settle on the broad leaves of the *Uranix* and other similar plants.' But, like many other natural beauties, it is difficult to gain possession of, darting off with lightning speed when approached. Mr. Bates tells us that it is the males only of the different species which are brilliantly coloured, the females being plainer, and often so utterly unlike their partners that they are generally held to be different species until proved to be the same. The observations of this admirable naturalist on other points in the history of the butterflies of the Amazons, are highly important and deeply interesting. We must recur to this subject by-and-by.

We cannot yet tear ourselves away from these forests of Pará. We can well understand the intense interest with which Mr. Bates visited these delightful scenes month after month in different seasons, so as to obtain something like a fair notion of their animal and vegetable productions. It is enough to make a naturalist's mouth water for a week together to think of the many successful strolls which Mr. Bates took amid the shades of these forests. For several months, he tells us, he used to visit this district two or three days every week, and never failed to obtain some species new to him of bird, reptile, or insect:—

'This district,' he says, 'seemed to be an epitome of all that the humid portions of the Pará forest could produce. This endless diversity, the coolness of the air, the varied and strange forms of vegetation,

vegetation, the entire freedom from mosquitoes, and other pests, and even the solemn gloom and silence, combined to make my rambles through it always pleasant as well as profitable. Such places are paradises to a naturalist, and if he be of a contemplative turn there is no situation more favourable for his indulging the tendency. There is something in a tropical forest akin to the ocean in its effects on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance there and the vastness of nature. A naturalist cannot help reflecting on the vegetable forces manifested on so grand a scale around him.'

Mr. Wallace and Mr. Bates are well known advocates of Mr. Darwin's theory of Natural Selection. The former gentleman was Mr. Bates's companion in travel for four years, and he has published a very interesting account of his voyage on his return to England.* Whatever difference of opinion there may be with respect to the celebrated work which Mr. Darwin gave to the world four or five years ago, unbiassed and thoughtful naturalists must recognise the force with which the author supports many of his arguments, and the fairness with which he encounters every difficulty. The competition displayed by organised beings is strikingly manifested in the Brazilian forests. So unmistakable is this fact, that Burmeister, a German traveller, was painfully impressed with the contemplation of the emulation and 'spirit of restless selfishness' which the vegetation of a tropical forest displayed. 'He thought the softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing, and that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations:' a curious question, which we leave to the consideration of moral philosophers. The emulation displayed by the plants and trees of the forests of Pará is thus spoken of by Mr. Bates:—

'In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upward towards light and air—branch, and leaf, and stem—regardless of its neighbours. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference, as instruments for their own advancement. Live and let live is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses. There is one kind of parasitic tree very common near Pará, which exhibits this feature in a very prominent manner. It is called the Sipó Matador, or the Murderer Siana. It belongs to the fig order, and has been described by Von Martius in the "Atlas to Spix and Martius's Travels." I observed many specimens. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In

* The Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society bears ample testimony to the zeal and energy of Mr. Wallace in collecting insects from Singapore, Malacca, Borneo, Celebes, and other islands of Malaysia.

this it is not essentially different from other climbing trees and plants, but the way the matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth, from each side an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full grown becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky mingled with that of its neighbour, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served—it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind; and now when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone and itself also falls.'

The strangling properties of some of the fig-tree family are indeed very remarkable, and may be witnessed not only in South America, but in India, Ceylon, and Australia. Frazer observed several kinds of *Ficus*, more than 150 feet high, embracing huge ironbark trees in the forests at Moreton Bay. The *Ficus repens*, according to Sir Emerson Tennent, is often to be seen clambering over rocks, like ivy, turning through heaps of stones, or ascending some tall tree to the height of thirty or forty feet, while the thickness of its own stem does not exceed a quarter of an inch. The small plants of this family, of which the Murdering Liana is one species, grow and reproduce their kind from seeds deposited in the ground; but the huge representatives of the family, such as the Banyan-tree, whose—

'Bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree;'

and the Peepul, or sacred Bo-tree of the Buddhists (*Ficus religiosa*) originate from seeds carried by birds to upper portions of some palm or other tree. Fig-trees, as Sir E. Tennent has remarked, are 'the Thugs of the vegetable world; for, though not necessarily epiphytic, it may be said that, in point of fact, no single plant comes to perfection or acquires even partial development without the destruction of some other on which to fix itself as its supporter.' The mode of growth of these trees is well described by the excellent writer just mentioned, and we shall make use of his own language:—

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'The family generally make their first appearance as slender roots hanging from the crown or trunk of some other tree, generally a palm, among the moist bases of whose leaves the seed carried thither by some bird which had fed upon the fig, begins to germinate. This root, branching as it descends, envelopes the trunk of the supporting tree with a network of wood, and at length penetrating the ground, attains the dimensions of a stem. But unlike a *stem* it throws out no buds or flowers; the true stem, with its branches, its foliage, and fruit springs upwards from the crown of the tree whence the root is seen descending; and from it issue the pendulous rootlets, which, on reaching the earth fix themselves firmly, and form the marvellous growth for which the banyan is so celebrated. In the depth of this grove, the original tree is incarcerated till literally strangled by the folds and weight of its resistless companion, it dies and leaves the fig in undisturbed possession of its place.' *

But not trees alone do these vegetable garotters embrace in their fatal grasp, ancient monuments also are destroyed by these formidable assailants. Sir E. Tennent has given an engraving of a fig-tree on the ruins at Pollanarrua, in Ceylon, which had fixed itself on the walls—a curious sight, indeed—'its roots streaming downwards over the ruins as if they had once been fluid, following every sinuosity of the building and terraces till they reach the earth.' An extremely interesting series of drawings is now to be seen in the Linnean Society's room at Burlington House, illustrating the mode of growth of another strangling or murdering tree, of New Zealand, belonging to an entirely different order from that to which the figs belong (*Urticaceæ*), namely, to one of the *Myrtaceæ*. The association of garotting habits with those of the stinging nettle family is apt enough, we may be inclined to think; but it is rather disappointing to meet with these disagreeable peculiarities in the case of the Myrtle group, but such is the fact: the Rata, or *Metrosideros robusta*—as we believe is the species—climbs to the summits of mighty trees of the forest of Wangaroa, and kills them in its iron grasp. But, notwithstanding these unpleasant impressions which 'the reckless energy of the vegetation might produce' in the traveller's mind, there is plenty in tropical nature to counteract them:—

'There is the incomparable beauty and variety of the foliage, the vivid colour, the richness and exuberance everywhere displayed which make the richest woodland scenery in Northern Europe a sterile desert in comparison. But it is especially the enjoyment of life manifested by individual existences which compensates for the destruction and pain caused by the inevitable competition. Although this competition is nowhere more active, and the dangers to which

* 'Ceylon,' i. p. 95.

each individual is exposed nowhere more numerous, yet nowhere is this enjoyment more vividly displayed.'

Mr. Bates mentions a peculiar feature in some of the colossal trees which here and there monopolise a large space in the forests. The height of some of these giants he estimates at from 180 to 200 feet, whose 'vast dome of foliage rises above the other forest trees as a domed cathedral does above the other buildings in a city.' In most of the large trees of different species is to be seen 'a growth of buttress-shaped projections around the lower part of their stems. The spaces between these buttresses—which are generally thin walls of wood—form spacious chambers, and may be compared to stalls in a stable; some of them are large enough to hold half-a-dozen persons.' What are these buttresses, how do they originate, and what is their use? We have already seen how great is the competition amongst the trees of a primeval forest, and how every square inch is eagerly battled for by the number of competitors. In consequence of this, it is obvious that lateral growth of roots in the earth is a difficult matter. 'Necessity being the mother of invention,' the roots, unable to expand laterally, 'raise themselves ridge-like out of the earth, growing gradually upwards as the increasing height of the tree required augmented support.' A beautiful compensation, truly, and full of deep interest! As Londoners add upper stories to their houses where competition has rendered lateral additions impossible, so these gigantic trees, in order to sustain the massive crown and trunk, strengthen their roots by upper additions.

One of the most striking features in tropical scenery is the suddenness with which the leaves and blossoms spring into full beauty. 'Some mornings a single tree would appear in flower amidst what was the preceding evening a uniform green mass of forest,—a dome of blossom suddenly created as if by magic.' In the early mornings, soon after dawn, the sky is always without a cloud, the thermometer marking 72° or 73° Fahr. Now all nature is fresh, and the birds in the full enjoyment of their existence, the 'shrill yelping' of the toucans being frequently heard from their abodes amongst the wild fruit-trees of the forest; flocks of parrots appear in distinct relief against the blue sky, always two by two, chattering to each other, the pairs being separated by regular intervals, too high, however, to reveal the bright colours of their plumage. The greatest heat of the day is about two o'clock, by which time, the thermometer being 92° or 93° Fahr., 'every voice of bird or mammal is hushed: only in the trees is heard at intervals the harsh whirr of a cicada. The leaves which were so moist and fresh in early morning,

morning, now become lax and drooping, and the flowers shed their petals. The Indian and Mulatto inhabitants sleep in their hammocks or sit on mats in the shade, too languid even to talk.'

Mr. Bates has given a graphic picture of tropical nature at the approach of rain :—

'First, the cool sea-breeze which commenced to blow about ten o'clock, and which had increased in force with the increasing power of the sun, would flag and finally die away. The heat and electric tension of the atmosphere would then become almost insupportable. Languor and uneasiness would seize on every one; even the denizens of the forest betraying it by their motions. White clouds would appear in the east and gather into cumuli, with an increasing blackness along their lower portions. The whole eastern horizon would become almost suddenly black, and this would spread upwards, the sun at length becoming obscured. Then the rush of a mighty wind is heard through the forest, swaying the tree-tops; a vivid flash of lightning bursts forth, then a crash of thunder, and down streams the deluging rain. Such storms soon cease, leaving bluish-black motionless clouds in the sky until night. Meanwhile all nature is refreshed; but heaps of flower petals and fallen leaves are seen under the trees. Towards evening life revives again, and the ringing uproar is resumed from bush and tree. The following morning the sun again rises in a cloudless sky, and so the cycle is completed; spring, summer, and autumn, as it were, in one tropical day.'

With regard to animal life in the Amazonian forests, it appears that there is a great variety of mammals, birds, and reptiles, but they are very shy, and widely scattered. Brazil is poor in terrestrial animals, and the species are of small size. 'The huntsman would be disappointed who expected to find here flocks of animals similar to the buffalo herds of North America, or the swarms of antelopes and herds of ponderous pachyderms of Southern Africa.'

It has already been observed that the mammals of Brazil are, for the most part, arboreal in their habits; this is especially the case with the monkeys, or *Cebidæ*, a family of quadrumanous animals peculiar to the New World. The reader may observe the habits of some species of this group in the monkey-house of the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. The strong muscular tail, with its naked palm under the tip, which many of the *Cebidæ* possess, renders them peculiarly well adapted to a forest life. Mr. Bates states that thirty-eight species of this family of monkey inhabit the Amazon region, and considers the *Coaitás*, or spider-monkeys, 'as the extreme development of the American type of apes.' The flesh of one species of *Coaitá* is much esteemed as an article of food by the natives in some parts
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of the country. The Indians, we are told, are very fond of Coaitás as pets.

Some of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of Madame Maria Sibylla Merian, a German lady, who was born about the middle of the seventeenth century. She was much devoted to the study of natural history, and travelled to Surinam for the purpose of making drawings of its animal productions; many of these drawings are now in the British Museum. This estimable lady, amongst other curiosities of natural history, affirmed the two following ones:—1. The lantern-fly (*Fulgora lanternaria*) emits so strong a light from its body as to enable a person in the night-time to read a newspaper by it. 2. The large spider (*Mygale*) enters the nests of the little humming-birds, and destroys the inmates. It would occupy too much time to tell of the mass of evidence which was adduced in denial of these recorded facts, but, suffice it to say, that Madame Merian was set down as an arch-heretic and inventor, and that no credit was attached to her statements. With regard to the first-named heresy, the opinion of modern zoologists is, that there is nothing at all improbable in the circumstance of the *Fulgora* emitting a strong light, as luminous properties are known to exist in other insects, but that the fact has been rather over-coloured by the imagination of the worthy lady. As to the second question, about the bird-destroying propensities of the *Mygale*, let us hear the testimony of so thoroughly trustworthy a witness as Mr. Bates:—

‘In the course of our walk’ (between the Tocantins and Cametá) ‘I chanced to verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genus *Mygale*, in a manner worth recording. The species was *M. avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of the English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead, the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster. I drove away the spider and took the birds, but the second one soon died. The fact of species of *Mygale* sallying forth at night, mounting trees and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but, in the absence of any confirmation, it has come to be discredited. From the way the fact has been related it would appear that it had
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been merely derived from the report of natives, and had not been witnessed by the narrators. Count Langsdorff in his "Expedition into the Interior of Brazil," states that he totally disbelieved the story. I found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents here about. The Mygales are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them *Aranhas caranguejeiras*, or crab spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterwards. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some Mygales are of immense size. One day I saw the children belonging to an Indian who collected for me, with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog.

The name of 'ant' has only to be mentioned, and the strange habits of the various species immediately suggest themselves to the mind of the naturalist, who is always interested in, and amply repaid by, watching these insects with the closest scrutiny. Brazil abounds in ants, one species of which, the *Dinoponera grandis*, is an inch and a quarter in length; but by far the most interesting to the naturalist, as well as one of the most destructive to the cultivated trees of the country, is the leaf-carrying ant (*Ecodoma cephalotes*). In some districts, we are told, it is so abundant that agriculture is almost impossible, and everywhere complaints are heard of the terrible pest. This insect derives its specific name of *cephalotes* from the extraordinary size of the heads belonging to two of the orders, which, with a third kind, constitute the colony. The formicarian establishment consists of: 1. Worker minors; 2. Worker majors; 3. Subterranean workers. The first-named kind alone does the real active work. The two last contain the individuals with the enormous heads; their functions are not clearly ascertained. In colour they are a pale reddish-brown, and the thorax of the true worker, which is the smallest of the orders, is armed with three pairs of sharp spines; the head is provided with a pair of similar spines proceeding from the cheeks behind. This ant, known by the native name of *Saüba*, has long been celebrated for its habit of clipping off, and carrying away, large quantities of leaves:—

'When employed in this work,' Mr. Bates says, 'their processions look like a multitude of animated leaves on the march. In some places I found an accumulation of such leaves, all circular pieces, about the size of a sixpence, lying on the pathway, unattended by

ants, and at some distance from any colony. Such heaps are always found to be removed when the place is revisited next day. In course of time I had plenty of opportunities of seeing them at work. They mount the tree in multitudes, the individuals being all worker-minors. Each one places itself on the surface of a leaf, and cuts with its sharp scissor-like jaws, and by a sharp jerk detaches the piece. Sometimes they let the leaf drop to the ground where a little heap accumulates until carried off by another relay of workers; but generally each marches off with the piece it has operated upon, and as all take the same road to their colony, the path they follow becomes in a short time smooth and bare, looking like the impression of a cart wheel through the herbage.'

The Saüba ant is peculiar to tropical America, and, though it is injurious to the wild native trees of the country, it seems to have a preference to the coffee and orange trees and other imported plants. The leaves which the Saüba cuts and carries away are used to 'thatch the domes which cover the entrances to their subterranean dwellings, thereby protecting from the deluging rains the young broods in the nests beneath.' The insects proceed according to a most orderly method, 'the heavily-laden workers, each carrying its segment of leaf vertically, the lower edge secured in its mandibles, troop up, and cast their burdens on the hillock; another body of labourers place the leaves in position, covering them with a layer of earthy granules, which are brought one by one from the soil beneath.' The labours of this curious insect are immense, and no obstacles stop their excavations. An allied species of Rio de Janeiro worked a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. These ants are sad rogues, being household plunderers and robbers of the farinha, or mandioca meal, of the poor inhabitants of Brazil; and Mr. Bates was obliged to lay trains of gunpowder along their line of march to blow them up, which in the end resulted in scaring the burglars away. We have already alluded to the massive heads possessed by the major and subterranean kinds of neuters, and stated that the active work is done by the worker-minor, or small-headed kind. With regard to the function of the large-headed worker-major, Mr. Bates was unable to satisfy himself:—

'They are not the soldiers or defenders of the working portion of the community, like the armed class in the Termites or white ants, for they never fight. The species has no sting, and does not display active resistance when interfered with. I once imagined they exercised a sort of superintendence over the others; but this function is entirely unnecessary in a community where all work with a precision and regularity resembling the subordinate parts of a piece of machinery.'

nery. I came to the conclusion, at last, that they have no very precisely defined function. They cannot, however, be entirely useless to the community, for the sustenance of an idle class of such bulky individuals would be too heavy a charge for the species to sustain. I think they serve in some sort as passive instruments of protection to the real workers. Their enormously large, hard, and indestructible heads may be of use in protecting them against the attacks of insectivorous animals. They would be, on this view, a kind of *pièces de resistance*, serving as a foil against onslaughts made on the main body of workers.'

But the third order, the subterranean kind, we are told, is most curious of all:—

'If the top of a small, fresh hillock, one in which the thatching process is going on, be taken off, a broad cylindrical shaft is disclosed, at a depth about two feet from the surface. If this be probed with a stick, which may be done to the extent of three or four feet without touching bottom, a small number of colossal fellows will slowly begin to make their way up the smooth sides of the mine. Their heads are of the same size as those of the other class (worker-major); but the front is clothed with hairs, instead of being polished, and they have in the middle of the forehead a twin ocellus, or simple eye, of quite different structure from the ordinary compound eyes, on the sides of the head. This frontal eye is totally wanting in the other workers, and is not known in any other kind of ant. The apparition of these strange creatures from the cavernous depths of the mine reminded one when I first observed them, of the Cyclopes of Homeric fable. They were not very pugnacious, as I feared they would be, and I had no difficulty in securing a few with my fingers. I never saw them under any other circumstances than those here related, and what their special functions may be I cannot divine.'

The naturalist traveller, in the midst of much that interests and delights him, has to put up with a great deal that is annoying, and Mr. Bates proved no exception to the rule. The first few nights when at Caripí, he was much troubled with bats; the room where he slept had not been occupied for several months, and the roof was open to the tiles and rafters:—

'On one night,' he says, 'I was aroused about midnight by the rushing noise made by vast hosts of bats sweeping about the room. The air was alive with them; they had put out the lamp, and when I relighted it, the place appeared blackened with the impish multitudes that were whirling round and round. After I had laid about well with a stick for a few minutes they disappeared amongst the tiles, but when all was still again they returned, and once more extinguished the light. I took no further notice of them and went to sleep. The next night several got into my hammock; I seized them as they were crawling over me, and dashed them against the wall. The next morning I found a wound, evidently caused by a bat, on my hip.'

Bats remind us of the vampire, a native of South America, concerning whose blood-sucking properties so much discussion has been from time to time raised. The vampire bat was very common at Ega; it is the largest of all the South American species. Of this bat Mr. Bates writes:—

‘Nothing in animal physiognomy can be more hideous than the countenance of this creature when viewed from the front; the large leathery ears standing out from the sides and top of the head, the erect spear-shaped appendage on the tip of the nose, the grin, and glistening black eye, all combining to make up a figure that reminds one of some mocking imp of fable. No wonder that imaginative people have inferred diabolical instincts on the part of so ugly an animal. The vampire, however, is the most harmless of all bats, and its inoffensive character is well known to residents on the banks of the Amazons.’

That much fable has attached itself to the history of this curious creature we are perfectly convinced, and that its blood-sucking peculiarities have been grossly exaggerated we must allow. When this bat has been said to perform the operation of drawing blood, ‘by inserting its aculeated tongue * into the vein of a sleeping person with so much dexterity as not to be felt, at the same time fanning the air with its large wings, and thus producing a sensation so delightfully cool that the sleep is rendered still more profound,’ it is clear that the mythical element exists to a great extent in the narratives; but our author’s assertion that ‘the vampire is the most harmless of all bats,’ does not tally with the statements of other naturalists of considerable note. Mr. Wallace says he saw the effects of the vampires’ operations on a young horse, and that the first morning after its arrival the poor animal presented a most pitiable appearance, large streams of clotted blood running down from several wounds on its back and sides:—

‘The appearance,’ Mr. Wallace adds, ‘was however, I dare say, worse than the reality, as the bats have the skill to bleed without giving pain, and it is quite possible the horse, like a patient under the influence of chloroform, may have known nothing of the matter. The danger is in the attacks being repeated every night, till the loss of blood becomes serious. To prevent this, red peppers are usually rubbed on the parts wounded and on all likely places; and this will partly check the sanguinivorous appetite of the bats, but not entirely, as in spite of this application the poor animal was again bitten the next night in fresh places.’ †

Both Mr. Darwin and Mr. Waterton, if we remember rightly,

* An expression used by Mr. Wood in his ‘Zoography.’ It is enough to remark that no known bat has an aculeated tongue.

† ‘Travels on the Amazon,’ p. 44.

have

have borne similar testimony in favour of the opinion that the vampire does suck blood. A servant of the former gentleman, when near Coquimbo, in Chili, observed something attached to the withers of one of his horses which was restless, and on putting his hand upon the place he secured a vampire bat. Mr. Waterton, however, could not induce the vampires to bite him, notwithstanding the now veteran naturalist* slept many months in an open loft which vampires frequented; but an Indian boy who slept near him had his toes often 'tapped,' while fowls were destroyed and even an unfortunate donkey was much persecuted, looking, as Mr. Waterton says, 'like misery steeped in vinegar.'

While at Villa Nova, on the Lower Amazons, our naturalist was subjected to another annoyance, in the shape of ticks. The tracts thereabouts 'swarmed with carapátos, ugly ticks, belonging to the genus *Ixodes*, which mount to the tops of the blades of grass, and attach themselves to the clothes of passers-by. They are a great annoyance. It occupied me a full hour to pick them off my flesh after my diurnal ramble.'

Mr. Bates's stay at Ega, on the Upper Amazons, and his expeditions in search of scarlet-faced monkeys, owl-faced night apes, marmosets, curl-crested toucans, blind ants, and hundreds of other interesting animals, must have been particularly enjoyable, if we except the presence of an abominable gadfly, which fixes on the flesh of man as breeding-places for its grub and causes painful tumours. 'Ega was a fine field for a Natural History collector,' and Mr. Bates ticketed with the name of this town more than 3000 new species of animals.

It is an old and a true saying that you 'can have too much of a good thing.' A London alderman would soon grumble had he to dine every day on turtle only. 'The great fresh-water turtle of the Amazons grows in the upper river to an immense size, a full-grown one measuring nearly three feet in length by two in breadth, and is a load for the strongest Indian. . . . The flesh is very tender, palatable, and wholesome; but it is very cloying. Every one ends sooner or later by becoming thoroughly surfeited.' Our traveller adds that he became so sick of turtle in the course of two years that he could not bear the smell of it, although at the same time nothing else was to be had, and he was suffering actual hunger. The pools about Ega abound in turtles and alligators, and the Indians capture a great number of the former animals by means of sharp steel-pointed arrows, fitted into a peg

* Since this article was in type this excellent naturalist and kind-hearted gentleman has passed away from amongst us.

which

which enters the tip of the shaft. This peg is fastened to the arrow-shaft by means of a piece of twine; and when the missile—which the people hurl with astonishing skill—pierces the carapace, the peg drops out and the struck turtle dives to the bottom, the detached shaft floating on the surface serving to guide the sportsman to his game. So clever are the natives in the use of the bow and arrow, that they do not wait till the turtle comes to the surface to breathe, but shoot at the back of the animal as it moves under the water, and hardly ever fail to pierce the submerged shell.

One of the most curious and interesting facts in natural history is the assimilation in many animals of form and colour to other objects, animate or inanimate. Thus the caterpillars termed, from their mode of progression, 'geometric,' bear so close a resemblance to the twigs of the trees or bushes upon which they rest that it is no easy thing to distinguish them at a glance; the buff-tip moth, when at rest, looks just like a broken bit of lichen-covered branch, the coloured tips of the wings resembling a section of the wood. The beautiful Australian parakeets, known as the Betcherrygar parrots, look so much like the leaves of *Eucalypti*, or gum-trees, on which they repose that, though numbers may be perched upon a branch, they are hardly to be seen so long as they keep quiet. Some South American beetles (of the family *Cassidæ*) closely resemble glittering drops of dew; some kinds of spiders mimic flowerbuds, 'and station themselves motionless in the axils of leaves and other parts of plants to wait for their victims.' Insects belonging to the genera of *Mantis*, *Locusta*, and *Phasma* often show a wonderful resemblance to leaves or sticks. Examples of 'mimetic analogy' may also be found amongst birds; but perhaps the most remarkable cases of imitation are to be found amongst the butterflies of the Valley of the Amazon, recently made known to us by Mr. Bates. There is a family of butterflies named *Heliconidæ*, of a slow flight and feeble structure, very numerous in this South American region, notwithstanding that the districts abound with insectivorous birds. Now, Mr. Bates has observed that where large numbers of this family are found they are always accompanied by species of a totally distinct family which closely resemble them in size, form, colour, and markings. So close is this resemblance that Mr. Bates often found it impossible to distinguish members of one family from those of the other when the insects were on the wing; and he observed, moreover, that when a local variety of a species of the *Heliconidæ* occurred, there was found also a butterfly of another family imitating that local variety. There is no difficulty
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at all in distinguishing the imitators from the imitated, for the latter have all a family likeness, while the former depart from the normal form and likeness of the families to which they respectively belong. What is the meaning of this curious fact? It is this: the *Heliconidæ*, or imitated butterflies, are not persecuted by birds, dragon-flies, lizards, or other insectivorous enemies, while the members of the imitating families are subject to much persecution. The butterflies imitated are said to owe their immunity from persecution to their offensive odour, while no such fortunate character belongs to the imitating insects. But how, we naturally ask, has this change of colour and form been effected? Mr. Darwin and Mr. Bates explain it on the principle of Natural Selection. Let us suppose that a member of the persecuted family gave birth to a variety—and there is a tendency in all animals to produce varieties—exhibiting a very slight resemblance to some species of *Heliconidæ*. This individual, in consequence of this slight resemblance, would have a better chance of living and producing young than those of its relatives which bear no resemblance whatever to the unmolested family. Some of the offspring of this slightly-favoured variety would very probably show more marked resemblances to the unpersecuted butterflies; and thus the likeness between insects of totally distinct groups would in course of time be, according to the law of inheritance, quite complete. This is the explanation which Mr. Bates gives of this natural phenomenon. The phenomenon itself is an undoubted one; whether it is or is not satisfactorily accounted for cannot at present be determined; we must wait for further investigation.

We had intended to speak of some of the South American Palms, those wondrous and valuable productions of tropical countries, the India-rubber trees, and other vegetable productions of the Amazons; but we must linger no longer with the excellent naturalist from whose volumes we have derived so much pleasure. Mr. Bates has written a book full of interest, with the spirit of a real lover of nature and with the pen of a philosopher.

Leaving, then, the New World, let us cast a glance, in company with one of the greatest botanists of the day, at what we may call the tropical features of the Sikkim Himalayas. Though this region is not strictly speaking within the Tropics, yet the vegetation at the base is of a tropical character. In this wonderful district the naturalist is able to wander through every zone of vegetation, from the 'dense deep-green dripping forests' at the base of the Himalaya, formed of giant trees, as the *Duabanga* and *Terminalia*, with *Cedrela* and *Gordonia Wallickii*, mingled with innumerable shrubs

shrubs and herbs, to the lichens and mosses of the regions of perpetual snow. The tropical vegetation of the Sikkim extends from Siligoree, a station on the verge of the Terai, 'that low malarious belt which skirts the base of the Himalaya from the Sutlej to Brahma-Koond, in Upper Assam.' 'Every feature,' writes Dr. Hooker, 'botanical, geological, and zoological, is new on entering this district. The change is sudden and immediate: sea and shore are hardly more conspicuously different; nor from the edge of the Terai to the limit of perpetual snow is any botanical region more clearly marked than this which is the commencement of Himalayan vegetation.' The banks of the numerous tortuous streams are richly clothed with vines and climbing convolvuluses, with various kinds of *Cucurbitaceæ* and *Bignoniaceæ*. The district of the Terai is very pestilential, and, though fatal to Europeans, is inhabited by a race called the Mechis with impunity. As our traveller proceeded to the little bungalow of Punkabaree, about 1800 feet in elevation, the bushy timber of the Terai was found to be replaced by giant forests, with large bamboos cresting the hills, numerous epiphytcal orchids and ferns, with *Hoya*, *Scitamineæ*, and similar types of the hottest and dampest climates. All around Punkabaree the hills rise steeply 5000 or 6000 feet; from the road at and a little above the bungalow the view is described by Dr. Hooker as superb and very instructive:—

'Behind (or north) the Himalaya rise in steep confused masses. Below, the hill on which I stood, and the ranges as far as the eye can reach east and west, throw spurs on the plains of India. These are very thickly wooded, and enclose broad, dead-flat, hot or damp valleys, apparently covered with a dense forest. Secondary spurs of clay and gravel, like that immediately below Punkabaree, rest on the bases of the mountains and seem to form an intermediate neutral ground between flat and mountainous India. The Terai district forms a very irregular belt, scantily clothed, and intersected by innumerable rivulets from the hills, which unite and divide again on the flat, till, emerging from the region of many trees, they enter the plains, following devious courses, which glisten like silver threads. The whole horizon is bounded by the sea-like expanse of the plains, which stretch away into the region of sunshine and fine weather, as one boundless flat. In the distance, the courses of the Teesta and Cooi, the great drainers of the snowy Himalayas, and the recipients of innumerable smaller rills, are with difficulty traced at this, the dry season. The ocean-like appearance of this southern view is even more conspicuous in the heavens than on the land, the clouds arranging themselves after a singularly sea-scape fashion. Endless strata run in parallel ribbons over the extreme horizon; above these, scattered cumuli, also in horizontal lines, are dotted against a clear grey sky, which gradually, as the eye is lifted, passes into a deep cloudless blue vault, continuously clear to the

the zenith; there the cumuli, in white fleecy masses, again appear; till, in the northern celestial hemisphere, they thicken and assume the leaden hue of nimbi, discharging their moisture on the dark forest-clad hills around. The breezes are south-easterly, bringing that vapour from the Indian Ocean, which is rarefied and suspended aloft over the heated plains, but condensed into a drizzle when it strikes the cooler flanks of the hills, and into heavy rain when it meets their still colder summits. Upon what a gigantic scale does nature here operate! Vapours raised from an ocean whose nearest shore is more than 400 miles distant, are safely transported without the loss of one drop of water, to support the rank luxuriance of this far distant region. This and other offices fulfilled, the waste waters are returned by the Cusi and Teesta to the ocean, and again exhaled, exported, expended, re-collected and returned.'

Many travellers complain of the annoyance caused to them by leeches. Legions of these pests abound in the watercourses and dense jungles of the Sikkim, and though their bite is painless, it is followed by considerable effusion of blood. 'They puncture through thick worsted stockings, and even trousers; and when full, roll in the form of a little soft ball into the bottom of the shoe, where their presence is hardly felt in walking.'

A thousand feet higher, above the bungalow of Punkabaree, the vegetation is very rich, the prevalent timber being of enormous size, 'and scaled by climbing *Leguminosæ*, as *Bauhinias* and *Robinias*, which sometimes sheathe the trunks or span the forest with huge cables, joining tree to tree.' Their trunks are also clothed with orchids, and still more beautifully with pothos, peppers, vines, and convolvuli.

'The beauty of the drapery of the Pothos leaves (*Scindapsus*) is pre-eminent, whether for the graceful folds the foliage assumes or for the liveliness of its colour. Of the more conspicuous smaller trees the wild banana is the most abundant; its crown of very beautiful foliage contrasting with the smaller-leaved plants amongst which it nestles; next comes a screw pine (*Pandanus*) with a straight stem and a tuft of leaves, each eight or ten feet long, waving on all sides. *Araliaceæ* with smooth or armed slender trunks, and *Mappa*-like *Euphorbiaceæ* spread their long petioles horizontally forth, each terminated with an ample leaf some feet in diameter. Bamboo abounds everywhere; its dense tufts of culms 100 feet and upwards high are as thick as a man's thigh at the base. Twenty or thirty species of ferns (including a tree fern), were luxuriant and handsome. Foliaceous lichens and a few mosses appeared at 2000 feet. Such is the vegetation of the roads through the tropical forests of Outer-Himalaya.'

As we ascend about 2000 feet higher, we find many plants of the temperate zone mingling with the tropical vegetation,
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amongst which 'a very English-looking bramble,' bearing a good yellow fruit, is the first to mark the change; next, mighty oaks, with large lamellated cups and magnificent foliage succeed, till along the ridge of the mountain to Kursiong, at an elevation of about 4800 feet, the change in the flora is complete. Here the vegetation recalls to mind home impressions: 'the oak flowering, the birch bursting into leaf, the violet, *Chrysosplenium*, *Stellaria* and *Arum*, *Vaccinium*, wild strawberry, maple, geranium, bramble. A colder wind blew here; mosses and lichens carpeted the banks and road-sides; the birds and insects were very different from those below, and everything proclaimed the marked change in the vegetation.' And yet even at this elevation we meet with forms of tropical plants, 'pothos, bananas, palms, figs, pepper, numbers of epiphytal orchids, and similar genuine tropical genera.'

The hill-station of Darjiling, the well-known sanitarium, where the health of Europeans is recruited by a temperate climate, is about 370 miles to the north of Calcutta. The ridge 'varies in height from 6500 to 7500 feet above the level of the sea, 8000 feet being the elevation at which the mean temperature most nearly coincides with that of London, viz. 50°.' The forests around Darjiling are composed principally of magnolias, oaks, laurels, with birch, alder, maple, holly. Dr. Hooker draws especial attention to the absence of *Leguminosæ*, 'the most prominent botanical feature in the vegetation of the region,' which, he says, is too high for the tropical tribes of the warmer elevation, too low for the Alpines, and probably too moist for those of temperate regions; cool, equable, humid climates being generally unfavourable to the abovenamed order.

'The supremacy of this temperate region consists in the infinite number of forest trees, in the absence (in the usual proportion at any rate) of such common orders as *Compositæ*, *Leguminosæ*, *Cruciferae*, and *Ranunculaceæ*, and of grasses amongst Monocotyledons, and in the predominance of the rarer and more local families, as those of *Rhododendron*, *Camellia*, *Magnolia*, *Ivy*, *Cornel*, *Honeysuckle*, *Hydrangea*, *Begonia*, and epiphytic orchids.'

We regret that want of space prevents us dwelling longer on the scenes of tropical Himalaya so graphically described by Dr. Hooker. We will conclude this imperfect sketch with our traveller's description of the scenery along the banks of the great Rungeet, 6000 feet below Darjiling.

'Leaving the forest, the path led along the river bank, and over the great masses of rock which strewed its course. The beautiful India-rubber fig was common. . . . On the forest-skirts, *Hoya*, parasitical

parasitical *Orchidiæ*, and Ferns abounded; the Chaulmoogra, whose fruit is used to intoxicate fish, was very common; as was an immense mulberry-tree, that yields a milky juice and produces a long green sweet fruit. Large fish, chiefly cyprinoid, were abundant in the beautifully clear water of the river. But by far the most striking feature consisted in the amazing quantity of superb butterflies, large tropical swallow-tails, black, with scarlet or yellow eyes on their wings. They were seen everywhere, sailing majestically through the still hot air, or fluttering from one scorching rock to another, and especially loving to settle on the damp sand of the river; where they sat by thousands, with erect wings, balancing themselves with a rocking motion, as their heavy sails inclined them to one side or the other resembling a crowded fleet of yachts on a calm day. Such an entomological display cannot be surpassed. *Cicindelæ* and the great *Cicadeæ* were everywhere lighting on the ground, when they uttered a short sharp creaking sound and anon disappeared as if by magic. Beautiful whip snakes were gleaming in the sun: they hold on by a few coils of the tail round a twig, the greater part of their body stretched out horizontally, occasionally retracting and darting an unerring aim at some insect. The narrowness of the gorge, and the excessive steepness of the bounding hills, prevented any view except of the opposite mountain-face which was one dense forest, in which the wild Banana was conspicuous.

One of the most remarkable botanical discoveries of modern days, is that of a very curious and anomalous genus of plants, named by Dr. Hooker, *Welwitschia*, in honour of its discoverer, Dr. Frederic Welwitsch, who first noticed this singular plant in a letter to Sir William Hooker, dated August, 1860. 'I have been assured,' says Dr. Hooker, in his valuable memoir of this plant, 'by those who remember it, that since the discovery of the *Rafflesia Arnoldii*, no vegetable production has excited so great an interest as the subject of the present Memoir.' We well remember this singular plant, having seen a specimen in the Kew Herbarium soon after its arrival in this country. The following is Dr. Hooker's account of its appearance and prominent characters:—

'The *Welwitschia* is a woody plant, said to attain a century in duration, with an obconic trunk about 2 feet long, of which a few inches rise above the soil, presenting the appearance of a flat, two-lobed, depressed mass, sometimes (according to Dr. Welwitsch) attaining 14 feet in circumference (!) and looking like a round table. When full grown, it is dark brown, hard and cracked over the whole surface (much like the burnt crust of a loaf of bread); the lower portion forms a stout tap-root, buried in the soil and branching downwards at the end. From deep grooves in the circumference of the depressed mass two enormous leaves are given off, each 6 feet long when full grown, one corresponding to each lobe. These are quite flat,

flat, linear, very leathery, and split to the base into innumerable thongs that lie curling upon the surface of the soil. Its discoverer describes these same two leaves as being present from the earliest condition of the plant, and assures me that they are in fact developed from the two cotyledons of the seed, and are persistent, being replaced by no others. From the circumference of the tabular mass, above but close to the insertion of the leaves, spring stout dichotomously branched cymes, nearly a foot high, bearing small erect scarlet cones, which eventually become oblong and attain the size of those of the common spruce fir. The scales of the cones are very closely imbricated, and contain when young and still very small, solitary flowers, which in some cases are hermaphrodite (structurally but not functionally), in others female.'

After describing these flowers in botanical terms, Dr. Hooker adds, 'the mature cone is tetragonous, and contains a broadly winged scale. Its discoverer observes that the whole plant exudes a resin, and that it is called "tumbo" by the natives. It inhabits the elevated sandy plateau near Cape Negro (lat. 14° 40' S. to 23° S.), on the south-west coast of Africa.' Dr. Hooker regards the *Welwitschia* as 'the only perennial flowering-plant which at no period has other vegetative organs than those proper to the embryo itself. The main axis being represented by the radicle, which becomes a gigantic caulicle and develops a root from its base, and inflorescences from its plumular end, and the leaves being the two cotyledons in a very highly developed and specialised condition.'

Few countries present more objects of interest to the naturalist than the island of Madagascar, amongst the botanical treasures of which island the water yam or lace-leaf (*Ouvirandra fenestralis*) claims especial notice. This beautiful and singular plant, which belongs to the natural order *Naiadaceæ*, was first made known to the scientific world by Du Petit Thouars in 1822. Horticulturists are indebted to Mr. Ellis, the well-known author of *Polynesian Researches*, for the introduction of this singular plant into England, specimens of which may be seen in the Royal Gardens at Kew and elsewhere:—

'This plant,' says Mr. Ellis, 'is not only extremely curious, but also very valuable to the natives, who, at certain seasons of the year, gather it as an article of food—the fleshy root when cooked, yielding a farinaceous substance resembling the yam. Hence its native name *ouvirandrano*, literally, yam of the water;—*ouvi* in the Malagasy and Polynesian languages signifying yam, and *rano* in the former and some of the latter signifying water. The *ouvirandra* is not only a rare and curious, but a singularly beautiful plant, both in structure and colour.

* 'Transactions of the Linnean Society,' vol. xxiv. Part I.

From the several crowns of the branching root growing often a foot or more deep in the water, a number of graceful leaves, nine or ten inches long, and two or three inches wide, spread out horizontally just beneath the surface of the water. The flower-stalks rise from the centre of the leaves, and the branching or forked flower is curious; but the structure of the leaf is peculiarly so, and seems like a living fibrous skeleton rather than an entire leaf. The longitudinal fibres extend in curved lines along its entire length and are united by thread-like fibres or veins, crossing them at right angles from side to side, at a short distance from each other. The whole leaf looks as if composed of fine tendrils, wrought after a most regular pattern so as to resemble a piece of bright-green lace or open needlework. Each leaf rises from the crown on the root like a short delicate-looking pale green or yellow fibre, gradually unfolding its feathery-looking sides and increasing its size as it spreads beneath the water. The leaves in their several stages of growth pass through almost every gradation of colour, from a pale yellow to a dark olive-green, becoming brown or even black before they finally decay; air-bubbles of considerable size frequently appearing under the full-formed and healthy leaves. It is scarcely possible to imagine any object of the kind more attractive and beautiful than a full-grown specimen of this plant, with its dark green leaves forming the limit of a circle two or three feet in diameter, and in the transparent water within that circle presenting leaves in every stage of development, both as to colour and size. Nor is it the least curious to notice that these slender and fragile structures, apparently not more substantial than the gossamer and flexible as a feather, still possess a tenacity and wiriness which allow the delicate leaf to be raised by the hand to the surface of the water without injury.

No natural order of plants has created or continues to create a greater degree of interest amongst travellers and botanists than the *Orchidaceæ*, of which more than three thousand species have been described; the anomalous structure of their reproductory parts, the singularity in form of the floral envelopes, the grotesque resemblance which many kinds bear to some object or other of the animal world, the rarity, beauty, and delicious fragrance of some forms all combine to render these plants of great value and interest. As inhabitants of hot and damp localities, orchids are in general epiphytes, as in the Brazilian forests, in the lower portions of the Himalayan Mountains, and in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; when they occur in temperate regions, they are terrestrial in their mode of growth; in extremely dry or cold climates, orchidaceous plants are unknown. Two rare and beautiful epiphytal orchids, the *Angræcum sesquipedale* and *A. superbum* were obtained by Mr. Ellis in Madagascar and Mauritius, and introduced into this country. Of the former, the largest

largest flowered of all the orchids, Dr. Lindley has given the following description:—

‘The plant forms a stem about eighteen inches high, covered with long leathery leaves in two ranks like *Vanda tricolor* and its allies; but they have a much more beautiful appearance, owing to a drooping habit, and a delicate bloom which clothes their surface. From the axils of the uppermost of these leaves appear short stiff flower-stalks, each bearing three, and sometimes five flowers extending seven inches in breadth, and the same in height. They are furnished with a firm, curved, tapering, tail-like spur, about fourteen inches long. When first open the flower is slightly tinged with green except the tip, which is almost pure white; after a short time the green disappears, and the whole surface acquires the softest waxy texture and perfect whiteness. In this condition they remain, preserving all their delicate beauty for more than five weeks. Even before they expand, the greenish buds, which are three inches long, have a very noble appearance.’

To the scientific naturalist few subjects are more full of deep interest than the question of the geographical distribution of animals. Dr. Sclater, the active Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, has contributed an instructive paper, ‘On the Mammals of Madagascar,’ to the second number of the ‘Quarterly Journal of Science,’ from which we gather the following facts. As a general rule it is found that the faunæ and floræ of such countries as are most nearly contiguous, do most nearly resemble one another, while on the other hand those tracts of land which are farthest asunder are inhabited by most different forms of animal and vegetable life. Now Madagascar, with the Mascarene Islands, is a strange exception to the rule; for the forms of Mammalia which are found in these islands are very different from the forms which occur in the contiguous coast of Africa, although the channel between Madagascar and the Continent is in one place not more than 200 miles; ‘The numerous mammals of the orders Ruminantia, Pachydermata, and Proboscidea, so characteristic of the Æthiopian fauna, are entirely absent from Madagascar. The same is the case with the larger species of carnivora which are found throughout the African continent, but do not extend into Madagascar. Again the highly organised types of Quadrumana, which prevail in the forests of the mainland, are utterly wanting in the neighbouring island; their place being there occupied by several genera of the inferior family of *Lemurs*.’ Dr. Sclater shows that this anomaly is not confined to the orders already enumerated, but that similar irregularities prevail to a greater or lesser extent in every part of the mammalian series, and that in short the anomalies presented to us of
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the forms of life prevalent in the island of Madagascar 'are so striking that claims have been put forward in its favour to be considered as a distinct primary geographical region of the earth.' Dr. Sclater also draws attention to the very curious fact, 'quite unparalleled, as far as is hitherto known, in any other fauna, that nearly two-thirds of the whole number of known species of the mammals of this island are members of one peculiar group of *Quadrumana*.' The family of *Lemuridæ* contains no less than eight generic types all different from those found in Africa and India, although this group is also represented in Africa by the abnormal form *Perodicticus*, and in India by *Nycticebus* and *Loris*, two allied genera. The celebrated Aye Aye (*Chiromys Madagascariensis*), a specimen of which anomalous animal is at present in the New Monkey House in the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, is considered by Prof. Owen to be more nearly allied to some of the African Galagos than to any other form of animal. Of Insectivora, the genera *Centetes*, *Ericulus*, and *Echinogale*, small animals resembling hedgehogs in outward appearance, are thought to be most nearly allied to an American genus! From the anomalies in the mammalian fauna of this island Dr. Sclater arrives at the following deductions, which, however, as they are based upon the hypothesis of the derivative origin of species, cannot at present be deemed altogether conclusive:—

'1. Madagascar has never been connected with Africa, as it at present exists. This would seem probable from the absence of certain all-pervading *Æthiopian* types in Madagascar, such as *Antelope*, *Hippopotamus*, *Felis*, &c. But on the other hand, the presence of *Lemurs* in Africa renders it certain that Africa, as it at present exists, contains land that once formed part of Madagascar.

'2. Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands (which are universally acknowledged to belong to the same category) must have remained for a long epoch separated from every other part of the globe, in order to have acquired the many peculiarities now exhibited in their mammal fauna—e. g., *Lemur*, *Chiromys*, *Eupleres*, *Centetes*, &c.,—to be elaborated by the gradual modification of pre-existing forms.

'3. Some land-connexion must have existed in former ages between Madagascar and India, whereon the original stock, whence the present *Lemuridæ* of Africa, Madagascar, and India, are descended, flourished.

'4. It must be likewise allowed that some sort of connexion must also have existed between Madagascar and land which now forms part of the New World—in order to permit the derivation of the *Centetinae* from a common stock with the *Solenodon*, and to account for the fact that the *Lemuridæ*, as a body, are certainly more nearly allied to the weaker forms of American monkeys than to any of the *Simiidae* of the Old World.'

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'The anomalies of the Mammal fauna of Madagascar can best be explained by supposing that, anterior to the existence of Africa in its present shape, a large continent occupied parts of the Atlantic and Indian Ocean, stretching out towards (what is now) America on the West, and to India and its islands on the East; that this continent was broken up into islands of which some became amalgamated with the present continent of Africa, and some possibly with what is now Asia—and that in Madagascar and the Mascarene islands we have existing relics of this great continent.'

We fain would have lingered on the natural products of this interesting island, to drink of the refreshing liquid furnished by the traveller-tree, and to admire the sago palms and other vegetable forms, but space forbids our dwelling longer on the natural productions of the Tropics.* We could have spoken of the aspects of tropical nature as it appears in Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and other islands of the Pacific Ocean, but we must stop. We ought not, however, to conclude these gleanings without a brief notice of Dr. Hartwig's popular book, whose title we have placed at the head of this article. There are those who look with contempt on popular science of all kinds, and regard with undisguised aversion such compilations as the one before us. We do not share these feelings in the least degree; on the contrary, we welcome most heartily such introductions to the Study of Natural History.

* In our own territory of the Seychelles Islands, 4° to 5° S., 300 miles N.E. of the great island just alluded to, we see one of the strangest of vegetable productions, the double cocoa-nut, or *Lodoicea*, which was fully described by Mr. Ward in the 'Journal of the Linnean Society, 1864.'—'The shortest period before the tree puts forth its buds is 30 years, and 100 years must elapse before it attains its full growth. One plant in the Garden at Government House, planted 15 years ago, is quite in its infancy, about 16 feet in height, but with no stem yet visible, the long leaves shooting from the earth like the Traveller's Palm (*Urania speciosa*), and much resembling it in shape, but much larger. Unlike the cocoanut-trees, which bend to every gale and are never quite straight, the cocode-mer-trees are as upright as iron pillars. At the age of 30 the trees first put forth blossoms. The female tree alone produces the nut, and is 6 feet shorter than the male, which attains a height of 100 feet. From fructification to full maturity a period of nearly 10 years elapses.' But the remarkable point is the arrangement of the roots unlike any other tree. 'The base of the trunk is of a bulbous form, and this bulb fits into a natural bowl or socket about 2½ feet in diameter and 1½ foot in depth, narrowing to the bottom. This bowl is pierced with hundreds of small oval holes about the size of thimbles, with hollow tubes corresponding on the outside, through which the roots penetrate the ground on all sides, never, however, becoming attached to the bowl, their partial elasticity affording an almost imperceptible, but very necessary *play* to the parent stem when struggling against the force of violent gales. This bowl is of the same substance as the shell of the nut, only much thicker. As far as can be ascertained, it never rots or wears out. It has been found quite perfect and entire in every respect 60 years after the tree has been cut down. At Curiense many sockets are still remaining which are known to have belonged to trees cut down by the first settlers in the island (1742).' One of these sockets is to be seen in the Museum of woods at Kew.

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True, they may be sometimes of little scientific value, but they are very useful stepping-stones to something more solid. They are more especially intended for the young, but those of mature years may derive much profit by a perusal of many of these works, and even the naturalist may read them with pleasure and instruction. The numerous beautifully illustrated and carefully compiled works on natural history, such as the book before us, together with 'The Sea and its living Wonders,' by the same writer, with Routledge's admirable 'Natural History,' and several of the Christian Knowledge Society's publications, which have appeared within the last few years, are an encouraging sign of the growing interest which the rising generation takes in the study of the great Creator's Works, and we heartily wish them 'God speed.'

ART. VII.—*Report of Debate on the Oxford Tests Bill, June 14th, 1865. 'Times.' London.*

THE great constitutional conflict in which we are engaged is bringing home to the minds of many reflective men a question which from time to time has troubled the consciences of churchmen, ever since the Christian Church became a power in the world. Political questions, in which the Church is deeply interested, have risen up, and have become the battle-field of parties. The purity of the doctrines which she is commissioned to teach—her possession of the places of education, where she has hitherto been supreme—and the means which the piety of past generations has confided to her for the support of her fabrics and her ministers—are threatened by the legislative action of the House of Commons. Up to this time the blow has been to a great extent averted; but the escape has been so narrow, that it furnishes no ground for counting on similar good fortune at a future time. The question then arises, what is the duty of the Church under these circumstances? May she use the arm of the flesh in her self-defence? May she avail herself of the vast political power which her influence places in her hands to resist the subversive party in the House of Commons? In a word, may she descend into the political arena and fight, as others do, for her own rights? Or is the battle of politics so degrading—so alien to her character—so injurious to her mission—that she is bound rather to suffer wrong, and stand helplessly by while the spoliation is going on? If Churchmen had to decide the question by mere feeling, there would be no doubt as to the response. The lower forms of political warfare are neither edifying nor attractive.

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There is no greater sacrifice made by the highly educated classes in England to their country's welfare than the part which they take in politics. The natural effect of all the refining influences which are brought into play by an age of civilisation is certainly not to increase the taste for electioneering. At every election it becomes more and more manifest that the increasing dislike of it in the better class of minds is producing deplorable effects upon the constitution of the House of Commons. If this is growing to be the feeling of the laity, it must exist much more intensely in the minds of the clergy. A struggle of any kind has in it little that is congenial with the work they have to do. If it were possible, they would gladly allow no thoughts but those of peace to intrude upon minds absorbed in the task of carrying comfort to the afflicted, healing to the penitent, and to all the good tidings of another world free from strife and turmoil. It is easy to understand that they should constantly feel tempted to turn away from the struggle of earthly politics, as from something unsuited to their exalted mission, and that the very best among them should often be the first to yield to the temptation. The contrast between the spiritual future, of which a Christian should think, and the earthly present, in which he is forced to live, is often startling enough; and at no time does that contrast take a more obtrusive form than during the time of a contested election.

If nothing but the gratification of feeling were concerned, many minds would indeed earnestly desire that the Church should be wholly separated from the world. The ideal of a Christian Church, which unsoubered, unsaddened enthusiasm is prone to form, is something removed not only from the strife of political parties, but from every secular duty and from every earthly care. A class of men living solely for the Gospel, exclusively occupied in the performance of their ministry and the delivery of their message—never bestowing a thought upon their own sustenance or that of those dependent on them, or on the means for supporting their religion and its ministers at future times or in other places—such a class of men would be a glorious spectacle; and the idea of it has been the beguiling dream of many a warm imagination. But the whole experience of the Christian Church has proved it, again and again by reiterated experiments, to be nothing but a dream. Again and again sects have started up repudiating the worldly cares that had corrupted those whom they aspired to supplant, and trusting for their own support to unsolicited enthusiasm; and after a time, when the first fervour of new zeal had cooled away, they too have been compelled to make provision, either by endowments or by begging organisations, for the secular conditions of religious ministration. Clergymen,
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like the rest of mankind, must eat. Those who serve the altar must live of the altar. Unfortunately the altar does not produce the means of sustenance by itself. Unless the faithful will lay upon the altar the means by which he who serves it may live, he must inevitably starve. But the experience of mankind has ascertained, beyond dispute, that the spontaneous offerings of the people will furnish a very scanty sustenance for the priest. Some system or other, therefore, has been adopted in every religious communion, of any length of standing, for extracting from the worshippers contributions sufficient for the maintenance of their worship. In the Church of England and in most other religious bodies there are two ways of carrying out this object. One is to take advantage of periods during which religious zeal is running high to provide, by means of permanent endowments, against the effect of its inevitable ebb, and so in the end to lean for support on the gifts of the dead; the other is to draw it—it might almost be said to extort it—by sheer importunity from the living. The various religious bodies avail themselves of one or other of these systems of sustenance, according to their circumstances. Those that are of some antiquity are generally able to lean to a great extent upon endowments. The newer sects, on the other hand, are compelled to content themselves with indefatigable begging. But the two systems, whatever the contrast between them and whatever their respective merits may be, resemble each other at least in one point. They both bring the Church into the closest connection with the world, and make her spiritual efficiency dependent on her secular prosperity. Both are fatal to the ideal of a priesthood exalted above all worldly cares. In fact, the necessity of soliciting from others the means of his own sustenance, is of the two far the most unsuitable to the character of a Divine messenger, and most likely to mar the power of his appeals. Once admit that organised efforts for the collection of money for religious purposes are within the legitimate province of a Christian minister, and that the unspiritual details of such undertakings are sanctified by the noble end they have in view, and you concede the principle that a clergyman may becomingly take part in every lawful struggle for the pecuniary interests of the religious body to which he belongs. The clergyman of an unendowed denomination has no choice but to demand, or at least to solicit some substantial return for his services from those who take advantage of them; but in so doing he wholly surrenders the grand imagination of the minister of Heaven disdaining to stoop to the lower cares of life, or to mingle in the struggle for existence.

The truth is indeed well recognised that endowment, of all contrivances

trivances by which the necessary material sustentation of religious teaching can be provided, is the least exposed to the danger of despiritualizing those who profit by it. In ordinary times a suitable endowment is almost an absolute security to the clergyman that it will be in his power to shut out all pecuniary vexations or fears, by which he may be distracted from his work. It furnishes to him, if it be well-contrived, an adequate supply of the means of life with an unfailing regularity, which in no way depends upon any exertion of his own. If the ideal of a priest secluded from every worldly care could be realised anywhere on earth, it would be where there was an endowment adequate, and likely to be always adequate, for the needs of the Church. But there is one set of circumstances under which the material support of the Church must be a matter of effort and of struggle, even under a system of endowments. Though consecrated to holy uses, they still fall within the category of earthly treasure, which the thief may break in upon and spoil. They are liable to human depredation, and must be protected by human means. The contrast between the condition of those who have and those who have not is seldom a soothing subject of contemplation to the latter; and they are apt to attribute it to some wrong in the institutions by which it is sanctioned. In the case of endowments this natural impulse of covetousness is mingled with and sometimes masked by hostile religious zeal. Whenever the politicians or the sectaries who have cast upon any endowments the eyes of desire become powerful enough to carry their wishes into effect, there is always some good pretext at hand, which passes as valid with those who need it, for effecting the desired spoliation. In such times the sustenance of the Church will depend upon the activity of her most zealous members as much as if it were raised by begging circulars or begging sermons once a month. No doubt this activity may be stigmatised as secular: all efforts which have the getting or keeping of money for their object are liable to that designation. But struggling to keep your money is not a bit more worldly than struggling to get it. Stimulating a congregation to put their money into the plate, and stimulating Members of Parliament, or those who elect them, to vote against spoliating proposals, are both equally secular occupations. If either is unworthy of a minister of religion, both must be so equally. The minister of religion who, though unendowed, never utters a word or takes a step to induce any one to contribute towards his maintenance, may, without inconsistency, object to Church politics and clerical politicians. But if it be admitted that clergymen who have nothing to eat are not likely to prove effective in their office; and that if clergymen are to be fed, the
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degrading necessity of procuring money to feed them is inevitable, then it is as legitimate to use the means which the British Constitution prescribes for preserving the money that has been collected, as it is to use exhortation from the pulpit, or organised importunity, for the purpose of collecting it.

We are well aware that a good deal of doctrine of a totally different tone is going about the world just now. Exhortations to the clergy not to busy themselves with the things of this world are particularly rife. They are told that none of these questions of endowment really concern the due performance of their sacred duties. By a thousand taunts and insinuations it is hinted that any zeal in protecting their endowments can only be a proof of unspiritual and sordid minds; and, above all things, they are warned of the fatal consequences to their influence, and the esteem in which they are held, if they should take advantage of the alliance of any political party in resisting spoliation. All this advice is tendered to them with great earnestness by many political counsellors; and from the devout tone and elevated language in which it is conveyed, a stranger might infer that many of our Sauls had taken their places among the prophets. The suspicious feature about this profuse liberality of admonition is, that it mainly proceeds from those who have strong motives of a less exalted character for wishing to throw the endowments open for a general scramble. The judicious advisers of the Church in this case are either the Dissenters, who wish to have a share of the plunder, or the politicians who wish for the Dissenters' vote. Under these circumstances the advice in question indicates a considerable command of nerve, and a total absence of bashfulness. Spoliation, whether public or private, is, unhappily, no rare phenomenon in this evil world; but to read a man a sermon upon the sin of covetousness at the moment you are rifling his pockets, is a refinement of cruelty of which there are few examples. Spiritual exhortations will always command due reverence in mouths which they beseem; but the text, 'Lay not up treasure upon earth,' would cease to be impressive if it came from a gentleman who was at the moment engaged in emptying the cash-box of the person to whom it was addressed.

The truth is, that in a constitutional country like England there is no middle term between a readiness to engage, if need be, in political warfare and an absolute renunciation of all civil rights. Vast numbers, of course, pass from the cradle to the grave without once in the course of their lives being called upon to employ a particle of political influence for the preservation of their rights. But they never renounce the power of doing so, or would hesitate to exercise it, if they were assailed.

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If any class were to proclaim itself precluded from resorting to political agitation in self-defence, it would mark itself out for depredation. The struggle for existence among the political elements of the State is constant and severe. Our Government and Legislature have no independent action of their own; they are the passive tools of the victor in that struggle. The only security for the vanquished is that any oppressive action towards them is likely to involve other classes in its principle, and so to give them the opportunity of finding in new combinations the means of renewed resistance. Conflict in free states is the law of life. A despotism protects its subjects from all encroachments but its own. There is no protection under it against the Government; but there is comparatively little danger from the designs of rival interests. Under a free government there is no danger from the executive, but the necessity of self-protection against rival interests is incessant. No institution constitutes any exception to this rule, and least of all one so exposed to hostility as the Church. The idea that it is the part of Churchmen to submit passively to whatever treatment the lay power may design for the Church is borrowed from the experience of despotic times. When Churchmen formed no part of the Government, their union would have been powerless to control its decisions unless they had been prepared to venture upon illegal resistance. Under a free government such a passive attitude, so far as secular position is concerned, would be simple ruin. No scruples of a similar kind hamper their adversaries. No dissenting minister is afflicted by any doubts as to the lawfulness of his taking part in a secular conflict. The Church has to contend against an organisation in which every spiritual influence is utilised as a source of success in gaining a purely secular end. If she is shy of employing her influence for the purpose of securing her secular position, no hesitation of that kind will disturb the projects or paralyse the vigour of her foes. To them it appears as a fact too self-evident for argument, that the religious bodies to which they belong are justified in struggling for what they conceive to be their rights; and that they may arm themselves without reproach for secular ends with weapons which though innocent are borrowed from the world. The hustings are the very court of appeal provided by the constitution against injustice which may be perpetrated by the House of Commons. To have had recourse to that court of appeal can never be a matter of reproach to any class of the subjects of the Queen. Unless it was wrong of the Church to have accepted endowments, it cannot be wrong for her to use every constitutional means for their protection; and the hustings are

are the only court in which the friends of the Church can hope to obtain protection for the endowments she has received. It is there they must confront their adversaries; it is there they must appear, unless they are content that judgment should go against them by default. But this court, like every other, has its own system of procedure, to which those who sue in it must conform. Agitation and canvassing, and party organisation, and the various details of electioneering, are merely so many parts of the procedure by which the cause is brought to an issue and the decision of the court is obtained. If they are disagreeable, and even repulsive in their character, the blame lies not with those who resort to them, but with the constitution that imposes them. It may be painful that subjects of a sacred character should be bandied about in this turbulent court of the constitution. It is equally painful when they are made the subjects of contention in the more orderly courts of law. But it is a scandal for which the suitors at least are not responsible. It is enough for them that no other means of securing justice has been offered to them by the constitution under which they live. They are not to be barred of their rights because the only procedure through which those rights can be vindicated is open to criticism.

The necessity of taking part in political conflicts is one which from time to time individual religious men have deplored, but which the Church, as a whole, has never been able to avoid. It is part and parcel of the alliance which from the earliest she has in one form or another contracted with the powers of the world. She accepted that necessity when she accepted endowments,—when she consented to establishments,—when she authorized her highest office-bearers to fill secular offices, and bear secular honours,—when, in the interests of peace, she lent from time to time the sanction of her authority to the political arrangements of each succeeding age. The first alliance with Constantine involved within the same century more than one fierce dynastic conflict, in which the Church was no impartial bystander: and almost every century which has followed since that time has witnessed her practical acknowledgment of the same unwelcome necessity. If she has judged it right to accept earthly advantages, in order that they may be used to gain spiritual ends, it cannot be incompatible with her sacred character to accept the conditions under which all earthly advantages must be enjoyed. She must descend, if need be, upon the political arena, and fight with political weapons for her rights. Her children must submit to the exigencies of political warfare. In that, as in all other earthly concerns, they are bound to display

play an example of the lofty morality they profess; but, subject to this higher duty, they must use in the contest upon which they have entered every means by which victory can be attained. It cannot be right to fight the battle, and yet wrong to fight it well. Whatever legitimate course is most likely to secure the secular interests of the Church, that course they are bound to take. If it be for her interests to keep aloof from political party, those who consider her prosperity as superior to any other object of earthly aspiration, will not allow any secondary attachments or lower aims to draw them into a party organization. On the other hand, if it be for her interests to form a party alliance, to purchase political aid by political support, they will not be deterred from that course by any fear of the sentimental obloquy it must involve. The incongruity between the ministry of the Gospel and political activity will always reveal itself with marvellous distinctness to those against whom the political activity of the ministers of the Gospel happens to be directed. They are smitten with a sudden admiration of political neutrality, and celebrate its beauties in language which might almost seem to treat it as one of the counsels of perfection, if they did not at the same time exhibit such extravagant care to avoid it in their own conduct. One who should form his judgment by the phrases of unmeasured contempt with which the degradation of politics is preached by politicians, especially on the eve of a general election, might almost fancy that some great public act of penance was about to be performed; and that before long hordes of politicians would be seen publicly burning their blue-books, with as much zeal as the Florentines destroying their novels at the bidding of Savonarola. No such gratifying spectacle, however, does in practice ever take place. Those who, before the election, had been lecturing the clergy with so much unction upon the degradation of politics, return to their degradation with redoubled zeal as soon as they have persuaded the simple-minded clergy to refrain from taking part in the election. There is inevitably a certain suspicion attaching to these ardent panegyrics upon ecclesiastical inactivity when they so commonly proceed from those who are always the foremost advocates of projects for the alienation of ecclesiastical endowments.

This, however, is not the whole of the question which Churchmen have to consider at the present juncture. The legitimacy of political action on the part of the Church must be admitted by all who allow that she may occupy any position whatever of secular dignity and wealth. Whether at every particular period it is or is not her interest to join her forces to those of a political party is a question of far wider range, which must be decided less upon
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first principles than by the particular circumstances of each case. History will furnish us with an abundance of instances in which the Church has suffered from a political alliance, and an equal abundance of cases in which she has prospered. In other words, like all other allies, she has accepted the fortune of war. If the auxiliaries succeed whom her principles have led her to select, she shares in their success; if they fail, she does not escape the consequence of the common failure. She reigned for centuries with the kings of France, and she expiated her prosperity by a period of bitter persecution when they fell. Under the Stuarts she ruled with a high hand, but she took her part in the calamities which their misgovernment entailed. She was upheld by Mr. Pitt and his disciples, and she has suffered as much under the vengeance of Lord Russell and the Whigs as they have ventured to expend upon her. The acceptance of the world's support implies a share in the world's vicissitudes; but on the whole, taking into view the long period which has elapsed from the Church's first 'establishment' to the present, it cannot be said, looking at the matter from the most purely secular point of view, that the policy of political alliances has been unsuccessful. Throughout the whole of that time it has procured her the means in every country of Europe of supporting her ministers and missionaries in independence of popular caprice, and through periods alike of enthusiasm and of lukewarmness; and it has given her everywhere a large share, and in some countries the complete control, of the education of the young. For the sake of comparison it would be desirable to examine instances on the other side, but they are not very easy to find. The wisdom of leaning to some extent upon the arm of the flesh has been so generally and so constantly recognised throughout Christendom, that the case of a Church accepting no patronage and no protection from the State can scarcely be cited. Sects of Christians may be found in all states in any degree free, which are only tolerated by the state in which they live, and do not receive from it either dignity or formal recognition; but their case is not really in point. They are as truly political in their action and attitude as any Established Church. They may have no special dignity or privileges to defend; but wherever they are not absolutely insignificant they have some accumulated property which they hold under the protection of the state; they have rights of which they are jealous, a policy which they strive earnestly to promote, and a political organisation for the furtherance of these objects, which they develop with unceasing care. And of all religionists they are commonly the foremost to seek the alliance of politicians, and to give in barter for it the popular influence acquired in the pulpit
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or the school. They witness in favour of a policy of political alliance more strikingly than the Established Churches. Those who hold dignities in the State, and take part in the business of secular legislation, cannot, perhaps, help being politicians. Their very duty would force them to work within the sphere of politics, even if their interests did not. But the Dissenting sects are at liberty, if they think fit, to stand aloof from politics altogether. No necessity lies upon them to court the alliance of a political party, or to adopt as a body party views upon political questions that are wholly unconnected with religion. That they voluntarily undertake the costly labour of political action is a sufficient proof that they, like the Established Churches, are convinced that their secular interests would not be secure without it.

- Of course if we were rather nearer the Millennium than we seem to be at present, such precautions would be unnecessary. If legislatures were always guided by a sheer sense of right, and never succumbed to a pressure from without; if Ministers were as pure from the suspicion of bribing constituencies with partial legislation, as from that of bribing members with money; if electors never used their constitutional powers for the purpose of advancing their personal or sectional interests, it might be safe for the Church to rely entirely upon their justice, and to abstain from measures of self-defence. No body of men would more joyfully lay aside their armour than the supporters of the Church. It is no pleasant occupation to be fighting under a holy banner in the repulsive strife of electioneering politics. It is no light pain to see religious jealousy misconstrued by those who cannot feel it, or to listen while every act of enthusiasm in a sacred cause is being imputed to the grossest personal ambition. But whether the task be pleasant or unpleasant, this is not a period at which it can be renounced. Whatever else may be said of the present age, it is not one of religious calm. These are not times in which the Church can go upon her work in quietness and confidence, free from all fear of attack. If ever the inveterate animosity and unflagging activity of her foes can make it her duty to see to her own defence, that duty is imposed upon her now. In past times her sons may have been tempted to mistake power for security, and, instead of liberty, to seek the aid of the secular arm in establishing a supremacy over others. But it is no such vain aspiration that is in question now. The struggle is one for bare existence. Not only is her worldly position menaced. The loss of the pecuniary resources in her possession would severely cripple her exertions, until sufficient time had elapsed to enable the affections of her children to replace them. But it is the smallest of the evils by which she is threatened. Her connexion with
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with the State has placed it in the power of her enemies, if they can gain enough electoral support, not only to despoil her of her possessions, but to lay their hands even upon the faith which she professes. And it is to protect, not only her endowments but her creeds, that Churchmen will for many years to come be called upon to neglect no resources of political warfare that can be made available in her defence.

The danger which is incurred by the Church in this respect is a very peculiar one, and is not often rated so highly as it deserves to be. It undoubtedly arises from the protection which the Church enjoys from Acts of Parliament: but it is not the less serious on that account. If Parliament were to pass an Act, altering the formularies of the Church, either by inserting any new doctrine, or striking out any phrase which witnessed to an old doctrine, universal resistance would probably be the result. The great mass of the clergy would refuse to read the altered service, and would leave to the civil power the responsibility of enforcing its decrees by penalties, if it should think fit to embark on such an enterprise. But if, instead of a positive alteration of the formularies, Parliament were to content itself with repealing the obligations by which they are enforced, resistance would not be so easy. The clergy and the mass of the laity might go on doing their duty. They might in their own spheres adhere steadily to the faith to which they had been baptised. But the process of disintegration might go on around them, and they would be powerless to prevent it. The misconduct of a few powerful patrons, especially those patrons who derive their title from the Government, in such a case would suffice to introduce into the ministry of the Church a large element of open unbelief. If a party that is already strong in the House of Commons were to become predominant, so as to obtain the abolition of tests, and to influence the Church appointments of the Crown, the faith of large portions of the Church would gradually disappear, without any power on the part of the existing Church of England to resist the change. The check which ecclesiastical suits can impose upon even the extremest forms of error is so slender, and of such doubtful value, and the power which the House of Commons can exercise over the Church, through the patronage of the Crown, is so enormous, that if the latitudinarian party ever became thoroughly and permanently masters of the House of Commons, it is no extravagant prediction to make that the character of the Church as an exponent of revealed truth would be almost effaced.

It is not necessary, in order to bring about this result, that the Dissenters, or any of the avowed enemies of the Established Church,

Church, should obtain a majority in the House of Commons. Such a policy would be quite compatible with professions of the most earnest determination to uphold the Establishment. And in the mouths of those who made them, such professions would be perfectly sincere. They would not be destroying the Established Church, as they understand the words. As far as external appearances could be trusted, the Established Church would be still there. Its majestic framework, its elaborate organism would remain seemingly unshaken. Its fabrics would still resound every week with ceremonies to which the name of divine service would be given: its office-bearers would still draw from lands or tithes their appointed sustenance. All that would be gone would be the spirit which animates it, and the creed which it exists to preach. The change that would have come over it if the ultra-Liberal school of politicians have their way will undoubtedly present a phenomenon new to the ecclesiastical historian. It will not be the mere change from one religion to another. Rightly or wrongly such changes have often occurred before, in various times and places. But whether they consisted in the abandonment or the adoption of error, they have always at least resulted in the profession of a religion as definite as that which has been laid aside. Consequently the preaching of the new creed, so far as it is true, has not lost the only conditions under which it can be effective and salutary. But the adoption of a new form of belief is not what the latitudinarian assailants of the Church demand. If any definite form of belief is to be upheld at all, they would probably be as well content with that of the Church of England as any other. What they desire is an Established Church and a religious teaching recognised by the State which shall embody no distinct belief at all. The efforts which are made to this end are probably made with perfect purity of intention, and under a strong conviction that they will bring about a relation between man and his Creator far superior to any that was ever thought of before. But the mass of reflecting Churchmen will feel that such assaults are aiming a deadlier blow at the very existence of the Church than has at any time been levelled by the wildest heresies that were ever devised by human fancy. If there be no faith once delivered to the saints, if there be no Gospel that is to be preached to every creature as the distinct object of belief, the Church's credentials are a forgery, and her mission a self-imposed and futile toil.

It would be a mistake, fraught with disaster, if Churchmen were to suffer themselves to be blinded to the real character of this movement by the apparent friendliness of the language which its promoters use. The day has gone by when any section
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of politicians, or thinkers of any class, will be inspired by direct hostility to religion. Like enlightened conquerors, the assailants of the Church in these days do not mean to destroy it, but only to tame it to their use. Perhaps it is the very strangeness of the tactics which are used against them which make Churchmen blind to the dangers which surround them now. In the last century religion generally was the object of hatred to a powerful school of opinion. Its ceremonies, its secular position, its spiritual claims, its moral teaching, were alike the object of reproach and ridicule: and no sect of men calling themselves Christians were exempt from this antipathy. That assault was boldly resisted by the Churchmen of that day at a time when its power seemed irresistible; and after a time its fury died away. The school of thought from which it proceeded, condemned by its own excesses, withered and decayed. In our own day the Church has had to defend herself from enemies of another kind. Her possessions have created envy in sects too scanty in their numbers, and too recent in their origin, to have similar resources at their disposal for the support of their own operations. The Dissenting attack upon the Church has been conducted with great energy and skill, and it cannot yet be spoken of as absolutely past. But the efforts of the last few years have done much to quell it; and have at least proved conclusively that Dissent has no genuine hold upon the affections of the people of this country. Its temporary success in Parliament was one of those advantages which an adroit tactician with inferior numbers can always obtain against an apathetic opponent, but which can only last until that apathy has been dispelled by serious danger. Dissent remains powerless in its own unaided strength to injure the Church, but offering a well-trained and formidable reinforcement to any new enemy that may appear. The new enemy has not delayed his coming. The signs are already showing themselves of the third and greatest of the dangers which the Church of England has had to meet within the last century. This time it is no open opponent that challenges Churchmen to defend the cause they love. Their adversaries are gentlemen who preface every subversive proposition with the assurance that they are 'attached members of the Church of England,' and that they only 'desire to extend her usefulness.' In other words, they desire not to spoil the Church, but to use her: not to shatter the gigantic influence they have learnt to admire and to dread, but to master it and to make it obedient to themselves. A Church purged of dogma, disembarassed of belief, embracing every error and every crotchet within its fold, but retaining its influence for purposes of high police, and devoting all its energies to the foundation of mechanics' institutes

institutes—that is the ideal towards which they struggle, the Utopia of which they dream.

It would be idle to stop to demonstrate the baselessness of the hopes they cherish. They may succeed in destroying the Church's belief. They may, in the present languor of faith, paralyse the noblest instrument for the elevation of man which was ever granted to any nation; for there appears to be no limit to the power for evil which well-meaning theorists are allowed to exercise. But they will never be enabled to enslave it. They cannot carry it off from the service it now fulfils, in order to turn it to the uses of a godless philanthropy. The zeal which is born of religious belief cannot be confiscated by Act of Parliament. The most Ultra-Liberal politicians seem to be aware of the advantages which result to the community, even in the most secular point of view, from religious earnestness. They must make up their minds to the disagreeable truth that those advantages cannot be enjoyed without the inconveniences which follow from a definite belief in supernatural truths. It is related of a German prince, that when the automaton chess-player was exhibiting its wonders before Europe, he bethought him that it would add to his somewhat shrunken state and dignity to purchase such a marvel. Unfortunately he neglected at the same time to secure the services of the concealed player, to whose genius the remarkable performances of the automaton were due. The distressing result was that when the Prince came into possession of his bargain, the bargain would not move. The Church has ever proclaimed the hidden Power to whom all her marvellous achievements are due, and has never sought to take the glory to herself. But, if the comparison may be made without profanity, the parallel in other respects holds good. The Ultra-Liberals desire for the propagation of their shallow philosophy, that strange mastery over the minds of men which is possessed by the Church of God; and they dream that by seizing the machinery, they can appropriate the spirit. No suspicion seems to cross their minds that the dogma against which they rebel has any connection with the energy they admire. In the recent discussion upon the Oxford Tests Bill, upon the fourteenth of last month, the champions of the new doctrineless religion spoke their minds with unusual candour. Any one who wishes for a synopsis of their belief will do well to refer to that debate. Mr. Goschen throughout treated religious teaching as something wholly beside the interests of ordinary men. Oxford, he said, was a place mainly for the education of laymen, and not a seminary for ecclesiastics; and therefore it was absurd to make theology an essential portion of the teaching. Mr. Grant Duff was of opinion that 'the true strength

strength of the Church of England lay not in dogmas, but in her action upon the people.' Mr. Chichester Fortescue, a distinguished member of the Government, after several skits at what he called 'controversial divinity,' which he appeared to think ceased to be of importance the moment it was controverted, went on to make the remarkable statement, that 'every year of his life he was less inclined to attach much importance to dogmatic teaching, compared with the great objects of a Christian life.' There lies, as neatly as words can express it, the great article of the Neo-Christian faith. Undoubtedly, it contains a truth. It is the result, not the essence, of Christianity, that is of importance to the politician. From a purely secular point of view, there would clearly be an advantage if we could have the purity of Christian morality, and the benefits of Christian zeal, without its stubborn and inflexible creed. In the same way, it would be a great saving of trouble if it were possible to cut down oaks without the tedious necessity of planting them first. These theorists need to be taught by hard experience, as theorists scarcely more presumptuous have been taught before, that Christian morality is a blessing which can only be enjoyed by the world as a consequence of Christian faith. What misleads them is that this rule is true of a community, but is not necessarily true of an individual. Some of the brightest examples of what a Christian life should be have been, and still are, men who have renounced all but the mere pretence of Christian faith. The fact in their case is that their morality was formed before their intellect went astray. Virtue had become easy to them before faith had become difficult. Thus it has come to pass that Christianity has been reproached with her own success, and the morality which her preaching has produced has been employed to discredit its truth. But what the world has not yet seen is a society in which the dogmas which these gentlemen despise have lost their hold upon all classes and both sexes, and which yet retains its morality or even its civilisation through two or three generations. The virtuous heretic or infidel, the child of believing parents, brought up in a believing community, is not difficult to understand. But in order to prove the disconnection between 'the objects of a Christian life' and 'dogmatic teaching,' which is the cardinal principle of this new school, it is necessary to produce a generation, born of unbelieving parents, nurtured amid an unbelieving community, and which yet has grown up even to that measure of Christian self-restraint which we are able to recognise in our own lukewarm age. These will be the only conditions under which it can be fairly ascertained by experiment whether Christian morality can be produced by mere sentimental admiration,

admiration, or whether it needs for its sustenance the love of an 'historic Saviour,' and the fear of a genuine retribution. No impartial reader of history, ancient or modern, can doubt of the calamitous issue to which the experiment, if it should be ever tried, will come. The duty which lies upon Christians of the old sort, is to take care that ours shall not be the community upon which the experiment is performed.

To most Churchmen, it will be a matter of less interest to inquire how this school is to be refuted than how it is to be repelled. The impossibility and self-contradiction of a religion without dogma is a fact that to most minds does not need formal proof. It is more material to inquire how the danger of the attempt to set it up can be averted. Irrational as the idea may seem, it exerts at this moment a considerable, though probably a transitory power. It has of course a permanent value in the eyes of those politicians who recognise the social utility of religion without having arrived at any very profound conception of the causes to which that utility is due. But its chief strength lies in the fact that it falls in with the humour of the day. Religious enthusiasm is liable to the law of action and reaction which governs every movement in the moral world. Its history consists of an alternating series of fervour and apathy. At the present moment the tide appears to be at its lowest ebb. The keen interest in controversy which marked the first half of the century has almost died away. Novelties that thirty years ago would have scared the whole Church from its propriety scarcely leave a ripple upon the tranquil surface of the religious world. Controversies which but fifteen years ago moved the public mind with uncontrollable violence, and carried disunion and dissension into the heart of the most united families are now dismissed with a shrug of contemptuous indifference. Many remarkable results of various tendency may be traced to this curious change, for its operation is neither wholly for good nor wholly for evil. But one of its necessary results is to lead men to undervalue dogma, or even to despise it altogether. Dogmatic theology has naturally few friends. Every one can see at a glance the uses of morality. The shallowest understanding can appreciate the inconveniences which would result to most people, and especially to wealthy people, if the laws of morality fell into contempt. But it requires a process of reasoning and an appeal to history to demonstrate the utility of dogma. It is easy to evade the argument that outside of revealed truth there is no motive strong enough to extort morality from the passions of human nature, by rose-coloured theories of human progress: and there is no simpler mode of winning a reputation for liberality and largeness of thought

thought than by advocating an 'undogmatic' or 'unsectarian' religion. In an age, therefore, when religious emotions are flagging, and religious convictions are feeble, the dogmatic portion of theology is the first to suffer. Everyone wishes to be thought charitable by his neighbours: and by a curious contortion of language a religion which discards dogma, and makes the promises of Christianity independent of articles of faith, is usually decorated with the epithet 'charitable.' The charity appears to consist in presenting to everybody a general license not to believe. It certainly has the merit of being the most inexpensive kind of charity, for it only involves the bestowal of that which is not the giver's to bestow. But in the ebb-tide of religious feeling, a system of teaching is naturally more comfortable, and seems more amiable, which involves nothing that can be disagreeable to anybody. The Church, therefore, in resisting attacks upon her endowments, and attacks upon the dogmatic restraints by which the disposal of them is restricted, is contending with two antagonists of very different power. The adversary who desires to despoil the Church is contending against the whole current of the feeling of the day; for the nation is too keenly engaged in getting rich not to set an intense value upon the rights of property, and cannot listen to the word 'spoliation' without feelings of undisguised dismay. But the stout defence of unbending creeds does not command any worldly sympathy, but is rather opposed to that vague kindliness of sentiment which civilized and well-educated people commonly entertain upon subjects in regard to which they are entirely indifferent. The fashion will change in due time, as controversial fashions have changed before. The severance which has to some extent taken place between Christian morality and Christian truth is too artificial to be lasting. As soon as the exceptional combination of circumstances which has produced it shall have passed away, it must either become better intellectually, or be followed by a worse morality than it has produced as yet. The dream of undogmatic religion is too baseless to impose long upon educated minds. Either the philosophic caprice of the day will melt silently away, and the mass of our countrymen will be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of that reverence for the great doctrines of their faith which they have always cherished, or we shall return to the same starting-point by a more circuitous and more disastrous route. We shall either cling to our articles of faith in spite of 'rationalist' and 'unsectarian' teaching, or we shall learn, by a cruel experience, that men will not be moral without a motive, and that a motive can only be furnished by religious belief.

But before the problem can be thus worked out many years perhaps may pass; and it is for lovers of the Church to take precautions that during that interval the State shall not use its power to imperil the steadfastness or the purity of her faith. That must be the chief object of their political efforts; but it is not the only one. In many other points the legislation of Parliament can injuriously affect the Church; and there are never wanting adversaries to take advantage of any such opportunity. There is the victorious decision of the church-rate controversy to be upheld. There are the burial-grounds to be protected from the invasion of dissenting ministers. There are the efforts perpetually made by Dissenters to appropriate in a greater or less degree the educational institutions of the Church; and unless the greatest of all instruments for evangelization is to be tamely surrendered, these efforts must be resisted, whether they strike at the universities, or the endowed grammar-schools, or the humble national schools for the primary education of the poor. Against each the antagonists of a definite faith are diligently working, either in the House of Commons or in executive departments; and they occupy positions from which they may do incalculable mischief, unless they are baffled by the steadfastness and the vigilance of Churchmen. In the presence of dangers so grave and so numerous, and foes so inveterate, the employment of ecclesiastical influence for political purposes becomes a sheer necessity of self-protection. The only question about which any doubt will remain in any Churchman's mind is as to the mode in which it can be the most effectively applied.

Our own opinions upon this question will be no novelty to our readers. The 'Quarterly Review' has never failed to maintain that the Church, as one of the most vital parts of our Constitution, has a claim to the services of the Conservative party which they can never disregard; and that all friends of the Church are bound as such to support the party on whose strength her political existence depends. Thirty years ago such a doctrine would have been admitted almost as a political axiom, too plain to need formal statement. In more recent times, however, the axiom has not been undisputed. A certain number of persons, more or less friendly to the Church, have in recent years exhorted the clergy, and those of the laity generally in whose hearts the interests of the Church occupied the foremost place, to withdraw from all connexion with their old Conservative allies. Nobody, indeed, has ever gone so far as to advise Churchmen to seek the alliance of the Dissenters. It would be difficult to take kindly to an ally who was perpetually showing his affection by hunting for flaws in your title-deeds, or dipping his fingers into your cash-box.

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The advice rather takes the form of recommending an abstinence from politics altogether with a view of conciliating the Liberals. Sometimes this course is urged on purely religious grounds, by appeals to the sanctity of the clerical office; as though politics, like hunting and dancing, are essentially secular pastimes. At other times it is advocated upon grounds which are rather darkly insinuated than broadly stated, which appear to have in them more of personal preference or antipathy than of any other element.

Upon closer examination it will be evident that this change of attitude towards the Conservative party which has been assumed by a few well-known divines, and by an active though not numerous section of Churchmen, is purely political in its origin. It does not result from any alteration in the mutual relations between Church and State, or between the ecclesiastical and political Conservatism of the country. It has been produced simply by the strangely erratic career of a knot of wayward politicians. When Sir Robert Peel broke away from his followers by suddenly renouncing principles which he had spent many years in persuading them to adopt, he took with him nearly all the formed administrative talents of his party. Unfortunately for themselves, and for those who relied upon them, these statesmen did not at once recognise the real hue of their own opinions, or take up their posts in the camp to which they properly belonged. They clung to the belief that they were still Conservatives; and though refusing to act with the Conservative party, they equally refused to give up calling themselves by its name. Of course this amphibious condition could not be lasting. Measures came up upon which it was necessary that they should vote; and as each test was successively applied, the result invariably was the surrender of some fresh portion of Conservative principle, the acceptance of some distinctive tenet of Liberalism. But their belief in their own Conservatism, baseless as it was, was a tenacious belief, and fought hard for its existence. Every step in the transaction was a struggle; and on each occasion their friends affected to doubt what the ultimate issue would be. It was not until thirteen years had elapsed after the great disruption that they were avowedly and permanently absorbed into the ranks of the Liberal party.

It so happened that many of these politicians had, in the days of their Conservatism, been earnest supporters of the Established Church; and their attachment to the Church was the last result of their early political training that deserted them. In more than one instance it clings by them still; but at first it was a very prominent feature of their eclectic creed, and per-

haps attracted all the more notice from its very contrast to the Liberalism which was slowly impregnating their opinions in other departments of thought. This simultaneous pursuit of incompatible ideals attracted a good deal of admiration from minds of the class that are fascinated by intellectual *tours de force*. Even now, when the practical fruit of this unnatural union has been fully developed, the newspaper which devotes itself to the support of Mr. Gladstone, bases its advocacy of him chiefly on the temptation to abandon the Church to which, as a Liberal statesman, he has been exposed, and which he has successfully resisted. Some minds appear to grow weary of the spectacle of homogeneous convictions; and they not only find a motley creed more agreeable to themselves to contemplate, but they come to admire it as a sort of virtue. Just as in ruder times insanity was looked upon as a mark of the protection of Heaven, so in these days the simultaneous belief in two or three inconsistent sets of opinions is held by many to be the sure sign of peculiar conscientiousness. Certain it is, that from one cause or another the political degeneration of this small knot of distinguished Churchmen was the origin of a marked change of feeling on the part of an active section of the clergy. They renounced the political predilections which have distinguished the clergy of the English Church ever since there has been a Church in England. At first they even gave indications of a desire to fraternise with the democracy. Such a wish appears to be cherished even now by some of the most eminent among them. A recent letter from Dr. Pusey, extracted out of him by Mr. Gladstone's election necessities, shows that there are still some persons who seriously believe that a system of universal suffrage would be favourable to the Anglican Church. But this is not a common view. Those who, on grounds of personal friendship or personal antipathy, desire to help Mr. Gladstone, avoid the error of counselling the clergy to turn radicals. Whatever may be the theoretic value of a democratic Christianity, the practical fact is, that whenever the Liberals triumph, the extreme Dissenters triumph also. The Liberal party behave with circumspection towards the Church when they are weak, and do their utmost to school their violent allies into only asking for a little at a time. But in proportion as they have been strong, in the same proportion the Church has fared ill at their hands. The Liberal leaders make professions of moderation in their views upon this subject; but, however sincere such professions may be, they offer no practical guarantee. The moderate opinions which serve to gain an instalment of any violent change, often disarm opposition at the time; but the security they seem to give is quite illusory. When they have served their

their turn they are thrown aside; and the speaker who gave utterance to them, if he values his consistency, is thrown aside with them, and new leaders appear, provided with opinions just one shade less moderate, fitted to push on the process of destruction one stage further. The Radical leaders are sufficiently necessary to Liberal supremacy to be sure that every change which they have at heart, will not long be neglected by any Liberal Government; and the Radical leaders are in deadly, irreconcilable hostility to the Church. An alliance between the Church and the Liberals can never be permanently the dream of more than a few very eccentric minds.

Yet it is at this moment the policy to which an active and influential party are trying to bring the Church. Mr. Gladstone is less successful in persuading than in dazzling the House of Commons; but there is no doubt that he is a master of the art of persuasion with his friends. He has contrived to induce those who have given up everything else for the Church to give up the Church for him. Since he joined Lord Palmerston in 1859, there is no subject upon which he has given to the Church an effective and genuine support. He has voted against her upon the Burials Bill and the Oxford Tests Bill, in order to gratify his Radical friends; he has suffered the Government of which he is the chief support to harass and oppress the managers of Church schools with a pertinacious and untiring hostility; he has personally authorised the application of the Conscience Clause under which so many of them have suffered; and he has not exerted himself to induce his colleagues to refrain from abandoning the Church they had previously supported even upon such a question as Church Rates. These are in themselves exhibitions of the real strength of his attachment to the Church, which should have undeceived the most trustful and simple soul. Those who support him profess to prefer the interests of the Church to any other interests whatever. Nay, they go farther, and say that it is on account of that preference that they support Mr. Gladstone. It is at all events clear that they have selected for their representative a statesman who in this vital point diametrically differs from them. He may or may not care about the Church; but he certainly does not care about her so much as he does about certain questions of secular politics and certain objects of personal ambition. Had the Church been his first object, those would have been his allies who have been friendly to the Church, not those that have been hostile to her. In joining the Liberal Government he necessarily proclaimed that he agreed with them on the questions which he considered the most important of the day. But he did not agree with them on
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Church questions; for, except when he has voted against the Church, they have steadily voted against him. It follows inevitably that he did not consider the Church so important as the French Treaty or the Reform Bill. He deliberately resolved to give the whole support of his talents to increase the strength of a party who have uniformly used their strength for the injury of the Church of England. He may himself—in the face of an impending election—have made up his mind to vote against the Oxford Tests Bill; but the majority which carried that Bill was in a great degree of his own creation. Everyone who gives strength to the Liberal party increases their power at the hustings, and their consequent strength in the House of Commons. Therefore, in giving them his general support, no matter what his votes may be, he in reality supports every measure they propose, and shares the responsibility of every triumph they win. There is no limited liability in the responsibility of members of a Government for the acts of their colleagues or their party. Party strength is acquired as a whole, and party organization works as a whole. Mr. Gladstone is a great orator; he is a master of showy finance, and his skill in the political investment of a surplus is unrivalled. He never commits the error of making remissions which will not tell at the hustings. These are great gifts to place at the disposal of a Government. They operate on public opinion, and they influence constituencies. It is probable that in some constituencies members are returned to support the Government, who would not have been returned but for the assistance which Mr. Gladstone has given to the Government. In four or five divisions, during the last six years, the Government has been saved from expulsion by majorities ranging from seven to eighteen. In other words, they have been saved by the support of from four to nine members. It is conceivable enough that the value of the strength brought by Mr. Gladstone's talents to the assistance of the Government may be rated at a higher number of members than nine. If so, it is quite clear that Mr. Gladstone by joining them has kept them in office, and therefore that he is responsible for the mode in which they have exercised the departmental powers and Parliamentary weight which office gives. There can be no doubt that he has become so willingly, for he has strained every nerve to keep the present Government in power. Among other things, he is clearly responsible for the persistent aid which the Government has given to every Dissenting attack upon the Church, and for all the disastrous consequences those attacks would have entailed unless they had been foiled, not by the party which Mr. Gladstone befriends, but by the party to which he is bitterly opposed.

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It is, of course, open to him to accept this responsibility, and to say that he supported the Government because he preferred their policy as a whole, though he differed with them in regard to their conduct towards the Church. This is the only plea open to him, and it is probably the one that he would select. But he cannot avail himself of that plea without admitting that he holds finance and reform, in which he agrees with the Government, to be matters of more importance than the Church upon which he disagrees with them. In order that the suffrage might be lowered, and certain goods admitted duty free, he was willing to contribute his political strength towards depriving the Church of her endowments in the shape of Church-rates—towards admitting Dissenters to officiate in her churchyards—towards allowing them to shape the studies of the Universities. There are people who think more of duty-free goods than they do of the maintenance of the Established Church or the preservation of religious teaching at the Universities. It is very intelligible that such persons should support Mr. Gladstone with enthusiasm. But there are other persons who think a good deal more of religious Establishments and religious teaching than they do of tariffs. And that any of these should still give their confidence to Mr. Gladstone, and should be willing to quarrel with the Conservative party in order to uphold him, is one of the political puzzles of the day.

There is no greater fallacy than to estimate the store which any man sets by any particular cause, or the value of the aid he gives it, by the isolated votes that he records. By the votes a man gives he simply bears witness to the convictions of his constituency; by the party he supports he gives effect to his own. The fate of the Ballot is a good illustration of the difference between voting for a cause and supporting it. A very large number of members have pledged themselves to vote for the Ballot. Some of them are eminent men, members of the Cabinet, many of them are attached and trusted supporters of the Government, and, taking them as a whole, they form a large majority of the Liberal party. If they pleased, it would be absolutely in their power to impose their will as law upon their leaders, and make the Ballot a portion of the programme of any Liberal ministry. But, though they have freely given their pledges upon the subject, in their hearts they are not really in earnest about it. They attach far greater value to other measures which they hope that a Liberal Government will carry for them, or even to the gratification of personal ambition, than they do to the Ballot. The consequence is, that the Ballot, though backed by a larger number of votes than many a cause that has become speedily

speedily victorious, has sunk to that state of hopelessness that it is the object no longer of fear but of ridicule. Its supporters fulfil their pledges by giving it a bare vote. But they put no pressure upon their leaders; they show no anxiety for its success; they do not make its acceptance a condition of personal confidence or of support in critical party divisions.

The Roman Catholics are an instance upon the other side. They give to their religion not merely their vote but their support. They do not indeed subordinate to it every other question, or for its sake vote that black is white. Most of them express their opinions upon each particular measure with as much freedom and as little secondary motive as any other members. But a great number of them make it an indispensable condition of personal confidence or party adhesion. The abandonment by several of them of the offices they held under the Government of Lord Aberdeen, because Lord John Russell uttered opinions on behalf of the Government which they held to be injurious to their Church, may serve as an instance of the devotion with which they and the supporters whom they represent place the interests of their religion above every other object of political aspiration.

Now, the support which Mr. Gladstone gives to the Church of England is not of the latter type, but of the former. He supports her just as Mr. Milner Gibson supports the Ballot. He gives her an occasional vote, especially when an election is close at hand, or when any point is under discussion about which he thinks that his constituents are likely to take a lively interest or to display a tenacious memory; but he does not throw into her scale a single grain of the enormous political influence he possesses. If any one wishes to compare what Mr. Gladstone does for the Church with what he can do for objects for which he really cares, let him compare the history of the Paper-duties in 1861 with the history of the Oxford Tests Bill in 1864. The repeal of the Paper-duties was profoundly distasteful to several influential members of the Cabinet, among whom rumour, not ill authenticated, was at the time wont to put the Prime Minister and Sir George Lewis. It was still more obnoxious to a large proportion of the steadiest supporters of the Government. The late Mr. Ellice, who knew more, probably, of the actual feeling of the House of Commons than any man then alive, is known to have given his opinion, that if severe party pressure had not been used, the repeal of the Paper-duty would have been rejected by a majority of a hundred votes. Powerful organs in the Press were equally opposed to it, and the surplus which it absorbed was only procured by ignoring the claims of wider and more influential interests.

interests. And, to complete the case, the same proposal had in the previous year procured for the Government a humiliating reverse in the House of Lords. But Mr. Gladstone was thoroughly in earnest. The measure not only fell in with his financial theories, but it promised to be subservient in the most important degree to the aims of his personal ambition. He hoped to secure by it the confidence of the extreme Liberal party, which has since that time been so abundantly accorded to him. Actuated by this motive he overbore all opposition, whether it came from his supporters or his colleagues; he staked his political position on the result; and with the threat of breaking up the Ministry, which could never have been pieced together again, the feeble convictions of Lord Palmerston were at last overborne. The question was made a Cabinet question. All the engines of party organization were brought into action to drive it down the throats of the unwilling Whigs. The whips worked with the desperate zeal of men fighting for official life; and in the end their labours were rewarded by a majority of fifteen. Such is Mr. Gladstone's power with his colleagues and his party, and such his energy when a question of finance is at issue. It is instructive to compare it with the conduct of the same Mr. Gladstone when a question of religion was at stake.

The resistance to the Oxford Tests Bill was destined to a far humbler history and far less decisive triumph than that which attended the crusade against the Paper-duty. Yet, in point of importance, it was not unworthy to compare with its more honoured predecessor. The preservation of the machinery by which pure doctrine upon the most awful and momentous of all subjects is instilled into the minds of those who are to govern England, was a subject surely not quite unworthy of a statesman's care. It deserved to compete in Mr. Gladstone's solicitude even with a measure for enabling penny papers to be published at a greater profit. And as Mr. Gladstone was the member for Oxford, and was not the member for the 'Morning Star,' the preservation of religious teaching at Oxford might have been held to have had even a preferable claim on his affections and his efforts. This, however, was not Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the relative importance of the two questions. He did not think it necessary to stake his political position upon his view, or rather his constituents' view, of the question. He did not force it upon the Cabinet. He made no effort to press it upon the acceptance of his party. He did not procure that the machinery of party organization, of which on the Paper-duties he had had so absolute a command, should be used to protect the Church. Indeed, on the first occasion when it was brought before the House, he

he did not even bestow upon it that limited and perfunctory measure of support which the unwilling friends of the Ballot give to it. On the second reading of the Bill, and on the motion for going into Committee, he did not give to the Church even the benefit of his bare vote. On both those occasions he swelled the majority against her. He did it, however, it is said, with the earnest desire of amending the Bill in Committee. If so he must have exercised a very severe self-denial: for when the Committee came he carefully abstained from moving anything at all. But then it is the third reading of the Bill upon which his friends rely. It was a close division: and the member for the University of Oxford did really give his vote in favour of the maintenance of religious teaching at the University he represented. It is true that he did give his vote: and by the enthusiasm with which the fact has been insisted on, it is evident that even that amount of exertion in the Church's behalf rather surprised those who knew him best. But it was a vote in the true Ballot style. It was prefaced by no speech: it was accompanied by no attempt to exert influence either over his colleagues or his followers. He would not even exert himself so far as to entreat of his colleagues that they should not exercise the full force of a Liberal party-whip against the Church to which he professes to be attached. It was indeed a close division. That it was so was no thanks to him. It was due to the exertion and the Parliamentary strength of that Conservative party which it is the business of his life to weaken, and, if he can, to discredit. That it was not a decisive victory for the Church was due to the efforts of that party which hails him as its future leader, to the example and the efforts of those colleagues whose official existence is due to his support, and above all to the official exertions of his own subordinate, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Government whipper-in. Could he not procure from his colleagues the favour of their inactivity? Could he not induce them to allow the party-machinery to rest, and to leave the question to the unbiassed and unsolicited verdict of the members? Is it credible that the Minister who could force his financial views upon a reluctant Government and a reluctant party, would be so impotent, if the interests of the Church were nearly as dear to him as the doctrines of Free-trade? And if they be not, if he merely gives to them a perfunctory and ostensible support in order to retain his hold over a Church constituency, is it credible that Churchmen will again commit the folly of trusting the interests of the Church into his hands?

This may serve as a specimen of the mode in which he has dealt with Church matters throughout the whole of the present Parliament.

Parliament. It is a perplexing phenomenon, that for the sake of retaining such services as these, a certain number of persons who profess to place the Church above every human interest are inclined to break the connexion that has existed for so long between her and the Conservatives, and replace it by a Liberal alliance. Some of those who have appeared as advocates of such a course of proceeding are eminent enough. Some of them are men who gave the vigour of their life to fighting the battle of the Constitution with a stout heart, and have only begun to talk of compromises with Radicalism in their old age. The wisdom of such a policy is difficult to confute, because it is almost impossible to conceive the reasons on which it can be based. Unless the Liberal party is false to all its traditions, and forgetful of all the sources of its strength, an alliance between it and the Church must be an alliance all upon one side. The Liberals have changed in many things. They have been Reformers and anti-Reformers : they were the stoutest of Protectionists, and they are now the most vehement of Free-traders. But there is one point upon which they have never changed. Ever since the first formation of the Whig party, they have never swerved nor faltered in their hostility to the Church. From the Solemn League and Covenant to the suppression of Convocation, from the suppression of Convocation to the Appropriation Clause, every assault upon the Church has been headed by Republican or Whig leaders, and has been invariably supported by the so-called party of progress. Under Sir Robert Walpole, under Mr. Fox, under Lord John Russell, the tradition has been upheld with a staunch fidelity which no other of the principles of the party has enjoyed. Nor is there the slightest indication that any change has come or is coming over their policy. The struggle of the last fifteen years between the Church and her enemies has, within the walls of the House of Commons, taken simply the form of a struggle between Conservatives and Liberals. Everything that could injure the Church has been supported by the Liberals ; and each attack has only been foiled by the compact front presented by the Conservatives. In every one of the ' Wednesday divisions ' which have been the subject of so much just congratulation to Churchmen, the representative of the Government invariably gave his support to the Dissenters. The active canvass which is going on at this moment all over the country, offers unusual opportunities for studying the affinities of politicians. The addresses of the candidates speak as clearly as the votes of the House of Commons. In every borough the Liberal candidate addresses himself naturally to the Dissenters ; and in proportion to the number of Dissenters upon the register is the
likelihood

likelihood of a Liberal triumph. All this support the Liberals must sacrifice the moment they venture to do justice to the Church. It would be sacrificing all the support the Liberals receive from men of the type of Mr. Bright, Mr. Hadfield, and Mr. Baines. It would be a direct reversal of policy upon the one subject upon which a great number of men still feel keenly. If a portion of the Liberal party attempted it, their forces would be hopelessly divided. That the whole should consent to it is a simple impossibility; for with the large majority of them it would involve the renunciation of every opinion upon ecclesiastical subjects which they have ever uttered.

The Churchmen who advocate an alliance with the Liberal party and propose to inaugurate that policy by their votes at the impending election at Oxford, do not appear to have formed any theory as to the mode in which this novel union is to be brought about. They only rely with a vague credulity upon Mr. Gladstone's persuasive eloquence. The time, however, has passed for forming indefinite expectations of its efficacy. He has held a prominent place in a Liberal Government too long to leave room for any doubt as to the precise influence he can exert in improving the ecclesiastical opinions of his followers. His persuasive eloquence may or may not have been heartily exercised upon their stubborn hearts; but, whether it has been used with goodwill or not, it has certainly failed of its effect. They are not only no better than when he joined them in 1859, but rather worse. They have changed their mode of attack, and it has become all the more formidable for the change. They have ceased for the moment to assail the security of the Church's possessions, but they have learnt the more deadly strategy of sapping the integrity of her creed. The division, a few weeks ago, upon the Tests showed how slight an effect his oratory could exercise upon his followers, though his powers were stimulated by the consciousness that precious University votes might depend upon the vigour of his sentiments. The truth is, that even if the alternative lay before the Liberal party to abandon the Dissenters or to lose Mr. Gladstone, they could have no hesitation about the choice. It is possible to do without leaders, but it is not possible to do without votes. But so painful a decision is not really required of them. Experience has made them acquainted with Mr. Gladstone's tolerance to those who support him as a Minister and only resist him as a Churchman; and they know better than some of his Church friends seem to do how far his ecclesiastical opinions are likely to interfere with his political alliances. Mr. Gladstone will remain with them, whatever havoc they may make among the endowments or the formularies

formularies of the Church; for similar attacks that have been made during the present Parliament have not weakened his allegiance. It is very unlikely, therefore, that his presence among the Liberals will effect any modification of their hostility to the Church; such a change would alienate the Dissenters and would not even bind Mr. Gladstone closer to them.

Perhaps the desire definitively to exchange the alliance of the Conservative for the alliance of the Liberal party is not entertained by the whole of the Churchmen who intend to support Mr. Gladstone. In some of the expressions of opinion to which the approaching election has given rise, a less dignified but somewhat shrewder aspiration makes its appearance. Not a few of Mr. Gladstone's supporters appear to think that the present is an admirable arrangement, because it gives the Church a hold over both sides of the House. The Conservatives, according to this view, are safe. They may be repudiated, opposed, insulted to any extent. Oxford may refuse to recognise by her vote the earnestness with which they have fought the battle of the Church; but their principles are so well known, and have been maintained so steadily, that there is no fear that any desertion or ingratitude will shake their fidelity. The same reliance cannot, it is said, or rather hinted, be placed on the loyalty of Mr. Gladstone. If the Church drives him from her—*i. e.* if he is not elected for the University of Oxford—his Church principles are not warranted to bear the strain. If he is forced to take refuge with a manufacturing constituency, it is thought likely enough that he will adopt the Church principles of his new friends, and that his present views about protecting endowments and upholding formularies will go the way which all his other Conservative opinions have gone before. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary to preserve his connection with the University, as (to use the current phrase) 'it is the only thing that holds him.'

This is a view of the case which any one who discusses the University election may hear anywhere in private conversation, and which shows itself not indistinctly in the writings of those who are most earnest in advocating his cause. It must be confessed that the theory is more complimentary to the Conservative party than it is to Mr. Gladstone. We wish we could conscientiously accept for them the whole of the compliment it involves. But we cannot refrain from doubting, from a Church point of view, the danger that is likely to ensue from the course that is deprecated, or the entire safety of that which is recommended. Mr. Gladstone's Church championship is an advantage that may be surrendered without any serious misgiving. It brings little else than his own single vote: and scarcely that
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on occasions when the vote is the most sorely needed. On the other hand it has operated, and to some slight extent operates even now, as a decoy of dangerous efficacy. In the House of Commons his example has lost its power with any who retain any kind of Conservative feeling. Those who daily witness the cordial and close co-operation which he maintains with the Dissenters and Radicals in the House of Commons cannot continue to cherish any illusions as to the real hue of his political opinions. But out of doors, among those who have not the opportunity of watching him closely, his seductive power is more extensive and more pernicious. They know that he was a Conservative once, and before they will believe in an alteration they look for some definite statement of a changed belief. It is only in rare intervals of incaution, like that which produced the universal suffrage speech of last year, that definite statements can be discovered in his oratory at all : and, in that case, as soon as his attention was called to the inadvertent lucidity of his expressions, he hastened to enshroud it in the wonted cloud of words that hides the curious mazes of his career from the public eye. So long as he sits for Oxford, that stands in the eyes of a great number of people as a warranty of his Conservatism : and by the help of its sanction he continues to persuade them to accept as constitutional a good many notions which have been learnt in the later, or Manchester, half of his career. Oxford is no real restraint upon his actions. It does not force him to give any genuine and effective assistance to the Church upon any occasion on which his interest would not otherwise lead him to give it. But it enables him to stamp at the Oxford mint many an idea of American or German origin. It does not restrain him from giving the whole of his powers to the service of Liberals : but it gives him a title to the attention of Conservatives which would not be accorded to the representative of an avowedly Liberal constituency, but which, nevertheless, is used entirely in Liberal interests.

The idea, therefore, that the University seat is the only thing that holds Mr. Gladstone must be abandoned, because there is in reality nothing left from which it can be said to hold him. The other half of the implied argument to which we have adverted, that the Conservatives may be depended upon to support the Church whatever the upshot of the University election may be, has of course more truth in it. Yet there would be something delusive in this confidence, if it were to be carried too far. We have no doubt that it would be strictly true with respect to the leaders of the Conservative party, and to the larger portion of their followers. They would be loyal to the Church, however far any portion of the clergy might wander from their traditional policy and

and their obvious interests in the exciting pursuit of a Liberal alliance. But, in close divisions, the result does not depend entirely upon the leaders of a party, or even upon a majority of the members of whom it consists. If there is any cause that mars a complete unanimity of sentiment among them their power for Parliamentary purposes is paralysed. Now, a party is made up of men who attach a very different prominence to the various portions of its creed. Some, for instance, care most for a Conservative policy as it affects the Church: the thoughts of others are most fixed on foreign policy: others, again, are most eagerly bent upon an effective resistance to democracy. These sections, confident in each other's mutual goodwill, extend to each other a hearty and strenuous support. But it cannot be denied that that section whose chief political object is to keep democracy at bay, will be a good deal chilled in their enthusiasm upon Church divisions, if they see the great Church constituency deliberately returning as its representative the leader of the democratic party. There are always, in every large body, many men who obey their impulses more than their reason or their principles, and such men might under such provocation allow their feelings to find expression in their Parliamentary conduct. If only a few of them, under the dominion of resentment of this kind were to resist all party pressure and absent themselves from divisions, the Church victories which have adorned this Parliament could not possibly be achieved in the next. If the great Church constituency were to elect the chosen leader of Mr. Bright and his friends, the chosen candidate of the extreme Liberals in South Lancashire, it would be, after all the exertions the Conservative party have made during the last six years, a disavowal so mortifying that it could hardly fail to tell upon divisions. Such a result will assuredly not take place if the Conservative leaders can prevent it; but no one who knows human nature can doubt that it may possibly take place in spite of them. 'Contempt,' says the Indian proverb, 'will pierce the shell of the tortoise;' and if the clergy recompense with contempt those who have rescued the Church when the Liberation Society were on the point of triumphing, and have turned defeat into victory, they can hardly look for efforts so vigorous and so successful another time.

These, however, are forebodings of darker omen, upon which it would be painful to dwell. There is every indication that, at Oxford and elsewhere, those who love the Church perfectly understand her real interest, and will not choose as their champion one who is already hailed as the leader of the Radicals and Dissenters. In the struggle which lies before us, Churchmen must
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remember how the fairest cause may be ruined, and the most devoted labours foiled, by the effect of internal divisions. It is not a time when individual predilections or personal antipathies ought to influence the minds of men who are earnest in a common cause. The next Parliament will probably have a more momentous influence over the destinies of the Church, than any within recent memory; for the subject matter of its deliberations may be of more than secular importance, and the ill that it may be invited to do is not of a kind that can be repaired. During the next five or six years, we shall probably have to bear the brunt of the attack that has been long maturing, and of which the first skirmishes have already taken place. The contest will differ from all to which we have been recently accustomed, in that it is no longer for the outworks, but for the citadel of the position that we hold. Struggles for the maintenance of endowments were important, but they were not supreme. If an endowment was lost, it could be replaced; and its loss would be rather a temporary embarrassment, than a fatal blow. But purity of faith, once tampered with, cannot easily be restored. If, through the apathy or the divisions of Churchmen, the power of the House of Commons falls into the hands of those who are the enemies of all creeds, injury may be done to her in a few short years which generations will not repair. The attack must be made at once, if it is to be made with any chance of success. The adversaries of the Church know that the rapidity with which she is recovering her lost hold, among the classes that have been alienated from her, will in the course of a very short time place her in a position to defy the intrigues of politicians. Their only hope is to take advantage of the present apathy of educated opinion, and the dissensions of Churchmen, to pass measures which, unless she is content to surrender her Divine credentials, must pierce her with the wound of a deadly schism. The attack has been conceived with terrible ingenuity, and will doubtless be carried on with all the energy the enemies of the Church know how to command. Its results will depend upon the spirit which Churchmen shall display. Dissensions may open to it the door of success, and produce calamities of which no man living shall see the close. Union, and energy, and a subordination of every other motive to the one great end, will baffle it for ever.

ART. VIII.—*History of Frederic the Second of Prussia, called Frederic the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle. Vols. V. and VI. 1825.

WE left Mr. Carlyle, several years ago, at the end of the two preliminary volumes of his great and laborious work, the crowning effort of a life of unremitted literary industry. In his third, he carries his hero on to the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, the most prominent period in his biography and in the history of the eighteenth century; down to the French Revolution; the war which established his place among the eight or ten chief military captains of mankind, and which, at the same time, elevated a new Power to rank among the first-rate monarchies of Europe. In the two last volumes, now before us, he recounts, in very minute detail, the intricate events of that contest, and, as it certainly appears to us, with disproportionately small development, the internal history of Prussia, and the particulars of his hero's life, down to his decease. All the reading world has had before its eyes these remarkable volumes: all that can be said of their inordinate tendency to hero-worship; the intolerant dictation to the reader of all that he is to think and feel, under pain of heresy; the familiar and characteristic extravagances of style and diction; has been urged already by a thousand ready pens. And almost as ample testimony has been borne by critics to the power and picturesqueness of the narrative; the thousand touches of humour and pathos by which the writer's lessons, if too didactically enforced, are illustrated and accompanied; the genuine sense of what is right in human action and lofty in human character which underlies his overstrained idolatry. After all that can be objected, and after all deduction on the score of the injury which the writer has inflicted upon himself, greater than any his critics could have occasioned him, by the choice of a subject so unpromising for one of his peculiar temperament, and by his manner of dealing with it in extreme and yet unequal copiousness of detail, always lengthiest, as it seems to us, where the matter is least attractive, it will remain in truth a great work, and a substantial contribution at once to accurate history and to high literature. For our own part, sincerely attached as we are to our profound Master of Paradoxes, we cannot but be enchanted to welcome him on his liberation from this self-imposed labour: to think of him as once more at liberty to astonish and amuse us with the wayward flights of his fancy, as well as instruct us with the hard, strong sense which redeems so many of his vagaries: no longer labouring away at that most hopeless of all his chimeras,

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the endeavour to make a perfect hero, without fear or reproach, of one who commonly passes for the most unloveable, if not absolutely odious, of all the really great men recorded in history; a task under which he has for these five years reminded us of nothing so much as of a set of busy children, in a winter garden, endeavouring, with vast activity and perseverance, to build up a Man of Snow. We feel ourselves well able to combine the sentiment of thankfulness for what we have got, with that of sympathetic relief at seeing the labourer himself quit of the mighty burden which he has laid down at our feet.

The fifth volume opens with the second campaign in chronological order, but which in substance may be almost called the opening one of the Seven Years' War—that of 1757. Excited by Frederic's audacious occupation of Saxony, the three great allies, France, Russia, and Austria, have resolved on his speedy extinction, or reduction to the limits of the 'March of Brandenburg.' They have dragged into the quarrel that anomalous body the Holy Roman Empire (which Mr. Carlyle, after his fashion, will persist in calling the Reich, though he might quite as gracefully style France 'the Royaume'), and even the misgoverned and decayed state of Sweden, in virtue of its old claims on Pomerania: as to which last addition to the alliance Mr. Carlyle remarks, with truth, that its chief value was, that it served for an answer to the plausible representation that Catholic states were coalescing against a Protestant Sovereign. In point of fact, it may be said at the outset, that questions of religion were soon felt by all parties—except a few of our determined English Protestants—to have no more to do with the Seven Years' War than they had afterwards with those of Napoleon. Frederic has only England at his side; and England, as yet, has little more than an army of observation, on the Rhine, under the Duke of Cumberland. Four invading masses—Russia from north-east, Sweden north-west, France and the 'Reich' south-west, Austria south-east, are collecting at once on the frontiers of his disjointed States. All the on-lookers, with one judgment, seem to have made up their mind that he will remain on the defensive, and make Saxony his battle-field; that is, suffer himself to be gradually squeezed into collapse by the folds of the 'boa-constrictor,' to use an illustration which recent American campaigns have made famous. But 'it is by no means Frederic's intention that Saxony itself shall need to be invaded. Frederic's habit is—as his enemies might by this time be beginning to learn—not that of standing on the defensive, but that of going on it, as the preferable method, wherever possible.' Accordingly, in April of this year, Frederic dashes with upwards of 150,000 men out of Saxony into Bohemia

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—why Saxony and Bohemia, while Silesia is sometimes 'Schlesien,' Lusatia and Pomerania always 'Lausitz' and 'Pommern,' we can on no principle, whether of philology or euphony, conjecture—and lays siege to 'Prag.' The siege is admirably described; the description of the country in which the leading events take place, as fine and accurate a piece of picturesque writing as we have met with. The siege—more properly a series of attacks on a hostile army intrenched within lines comprehending a city—proves a failure. 'Prag cannot be got at once.' And hereby comes a complication, which produces, to us, Englishmen, one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Carlyle's work. England, hitherto loyally, if not very energetically, engaged in support of Prussia, begins to waver, under the doubtful aspect of affairs in Bohemia, and the extremely unstable character of her own statesmen.

It is in this crisis (if we may anticipate the complete development of events by a few months) that Pitt steps forward as the founder of England's European greatness, but as the very saviour of Prussia. We are so much more accustomed to dwell on him in the first character than the last—the cause of Prussia, for various reasons intelligible to most, though ignored by Mr. Carlyle, not having been one of abiding popularity—that it is as it were a new lesson to us, and a very valuable one, to have it pointed out how entirely, next to his own good sword, Frederic owed his political salvation to Pitt's personal character and resolution. The union of France and Austria had long been the contingency against which thoughtful English statesmanship had most sedulously sought to guard. This contingency had now taken place. Pitt had that true political insight which revealed to him alone, perhaps, of his contemporaries, the importance to Britain of the erection of a new, independent military power in Northern Europe, sufficient with our aid to counterbalance France and Austria both. To this object he devoted, without hesitation, all the energy of his will: for this purpose he inflamed the spirit of England to the highest pitch of hardihood and resolution. That he has become thereby a prime favourite with Mr. Carlyle—'an authentically royal style of man,' 'not born King; alas, no, not officially so, only naturally so: has his kingdom to seek: the conquering of Silesia, the conquering of Pelham Parliaments,'—it is easy to anticipate. But allowing at once for extravagances of diction, and also for the kind of collateral bias which thus helps to direct his judgment, Pitt has seldom been more thoroughly appreciated, or more worthily celebrated, than by the author of these volumes. But we have not space to bring this subject fairly before the reader. We will

content ourselves, on English affairs, with a singular bit of by-praise not at all undeserved, in our opinion, but which shows how far the force of the *lues biographica*—the passion of a biographer for his hero—can overcome even the most congenital antipathies. Mr. Carlyle—of all conceivable people—actually bestows a *coup de chapeau* on Horace Walpole! The common tie of connexion being the love of Pitt, whom Mr. Carlyle loves as the supporter of Frederic, while Walpole praised him, in truth, because he superseded the Pelhams, who had risen on the fall of Sir Robert:—

‘Walpole’s “George the Second” is a book of far more worth than is commonly ascribed to it: almost the one original English book yet written on those times—which, by the accident of Pitt, are still memorable to us. But for Walpole, burning like a small steady light there, shining faithfully, if stingily, on the evil and on the good—that sordid muddle of the Pelham Parliaments, which chanced to be the element of things now recognisable enough as great—would be for ever unintelligible. He is unusually accurate, punctual, lucid: an irrefragable authority on English points. And if in regard to foreign, he cannot be called an understanding witness, he has read the best documents accessible, has conversed with select ambassadors (Mitchell and the like, as we can guess), and has informed himself to a degree far beyond most of his contemporaries. In regard to Pitt’s speeches, in particular, his brief jottings, done rapidly while the matter was still shining to him, are the only reports that have the least human resemblance. We may thank Walpole that Pitt is not dumb to us, as well as dark. Very curious little scratchings and etchings these of Walpole: frugal, swift, but punctual and exact; hasty pen-and-ink outlines; at first view, barren: bald as an invoice, seemingly: but which yield you, after long study here and elsewhere, a conceivable notion of what and how excellent these Pitt speeches may have been. Airy, winged, like arrow-flights of Phoebus Apollo; very superlative speeches indeed. Walpole’s book is carefully printed; but, in respect of editing, may be characterised as still wanting an editor’ (v. 67).

Of the results of Pitt’s final accession to power in 1757 on Frederic’s destinies—the extinction of ‘Newcastleisms and impious poltrooneries’ at home, the punctual payment abroad of subsidies which under the reign of Newcastle had been promised and not paid at all, the generous vigour with which the whole weight of France was at once removed from the mass which lay on Frederic, and that country forced to employ nearly all her means in fighting England alone, in America and in Germany, Mr. Carlyle has of course much to say; and according to our impression it has never been so well said before. Unfortunately these, like all the really valuable parts of the work, are reduced to so disjointed a state from his singular method of composition

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or rather decomposition of his subject into minute fractions—they are only to be disinterred with such an infinity of trouble from under the dead weight of tons of battles and sieges, that very few readers of the ordinary class will derive from them so much instruction as they might on one of the most interesting and glorious passages in our domestic history.

Prag, as we have seen, 'cannot be got at once.' Daun is moving from eastward to relieve it: Frederic raises the siege and advances against Daun: and in the battle of Kolin (June, 1757) receives his first defeat—a pretty decided one. Invincible up to that point, he could scarcely believe in its reality. According to one account, Frederic stood his ground till nearly left alone:—

'In his rear, man after man fell away, till Lieutenant-Colonel Grant (not "Le Grand," as some call him, and indeed there is an accent of Scotch in him still audible to us here) had to remark, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery ourselves!" Upon which Friedrich turned round, and, seeing nobody, looked at the enemy through his glass, and slowly rode away—on a different errand.'

Happily for the hero, Daun, completely victorious, 'would not let the sun go down upon his wrath,' stood all night under arms, and next day 'returned to his camp again, as if he had been afraid the king would come back!' Except the raising of the siege of 'Prag,' things remained as before.

The battle of Kolin is well described; and not quite at such tedious length as is the case—to our own apprehension—with too many of the feats of arms recorded in these pages. It is a point on which we distrust our own judgment, having no vocation for battle-descriptions: which are, on the contrary, evidently labours of love to our author, who has devoted much toil and travel to the patient inspection of field after field of the great war. But our own general criticism would be this: his accounts are, we presume, careful: they are certainly, if not clear from perspicuity of style on the first glance, reducible at least to clearness with the aid of thought and of maps: they are vigorous in parts: but they do not amount to battle-painting: they do not bring the scene either before the eyes of the fancy or within the grasp of the intellect, as compositions by really great masters in that line, and especially professional masters, sometimes do. But we readily leave the question to be solved for themselves by readers (of whom there are very many) who will take greater interest in this special branch than we do.

For the first time—a thing so often afterwards repeated—the beaten Frederic, hemmed in by Austria, France, the Empire, was spared

spared simply by the inconceivable hesitation of his antagonists, whom it is difficult to suspect of having been in earnest. He remains posted the rest of the summer, as if in defiance, at Leitmeritz—halfway between Prag and Dresden—until the gaps in his legions are filled again, and the momentary shock to his invincibility repaired. Undoubtedly this was one of the most depressing periods of his life: for although even more pressing evils beset him later in his career, he had by that time trained himself to meet them with a sterner cynicism. While at Leitmeritz, too, he lost his mother, to whom he was attached with an affection cemented by the years of common misery they had undergone under the sway of her husband:—

‘At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet a good deal; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman! This is strange to some readers; but it is true: and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evil doers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumour reports? Reader, no; far the reverse: and public Rumour, as you may have remarked, is apt to be an extreme blockhead, full of fury and stupidity on such points, and had much better hold its tongue till it know in some measure. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit; though it is sure to be reckoned one by the greedy dim fellows looking idly on; but, in any case, the degree of it that dwelt, privately for the most part, in Friedrich was great: and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact’ (v. 110).

That an observer of human nature at once so acute and profound as Mr. Carlyle should put up with such commonplace as this, when the defence of a favourite is concerned, only adds one more proof of the lowering effect of hero-worship on the intellect. Because Frederic was (as almost all men of genius are) of a very refined, excitable temper of mind, and easily moved even to tears, therefore the supposition that he could be ‘cruel and unfeeling’ can be the result only of ‘furious stupidity’! We beg Mr. Carlyle’s pardon. Of the blackest monsters whom the annals of criminal justice have made immortal, rather a large proportion have been very sentimental persons, whose tears have been ready on the slightest provocation. We will not enter into controversy with him on the inner depths of his favourite’s moral character, as to which we entertain very different notions from himself. We will say but this—that if those who have judged of him the worst—who have esteemed him unfeeling, selfish, cold, false, bad-hearted, to an extent rarely equalled among distinguished men—if these are to be esteemed as refuted merely by showing

showing that Frederic shut himself up and cried on losing the battle of Kolin and his mother, a great many characters at present labouring under general disapproval will have to be rehabilitated on the same principle.

After this melancholy halt at Leitmeritz, finding himself still unmolested from the Austrian side, Frederic moves westward into Thuringia against the French and the 'Reich's Armée.' 'This forlorn march of Friedrich's—one of the forlornest a son of Adam ever had' Mr. Carlyle calls it: somewhat to our surprise. We should deem of it rather as an adventure entered on in the rapture of consummate daring and consummate skill. Frederic had fully 'discounted' the worst that could happen; and we imagine that his assumed airs of intended suicide, and the poetical moans addressed at this period to his sister and others,

'Ainsi mon seul asile et mon unique sort,
Se trouve, chère sœur, dans les bras de la Mort,'

(Macaulay, it will be remembered, represents him as 'going about with a bottle of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in another') were, in 1757 (whatever his feelings in later and darker periods of his career) no more than half ironical fanfaronades, carelessly thrown out by the strong swimmer exulting in the immediate prospect of his conflict with the waves. However this may be, he came up at last with his new enemies (October, 1757) in that valley of the Saale which, even more than the plains round Brussels, seems to have been chosen by Fate for the scene of the great and decisive battles of modern nations; and then and there administered to them, at Rossbach—22,000 against 60,000—one of the most complete, decisive, ignominious thrashings ever bestowed in fair field by men on men: loss of the vanquished 8000, of the victors hardly 500. It was Shakspeare's Agincourt over again, with the additional interest of the victor repelling, instead of conducting, an overbearing invasion. And all the circumstances were so combined by Fate as if to enhance the triumph and point the humiliation; the utter and inevitable destruction from which it rescued the King—his eagle swoop, with Seidlitz's invincible cavalry, just on the weak point of the enemy—the inconceivable fatuity, presumption, stupidity of the unlucky allies—the very 'insouciance' of the French themselves, who seemed rather to enjoy their own defeat as a remarkable joke, and alleviated the smart of their mortification by lampoons on their officers, of a vastly superior class to the coarse and pointless epigrams with which the victorious king himself pursued their flight. 'Almost never, not even at Cressy
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or Poitiers, was an army better beaten ; and truly, never did any one better deserve it, so far as the chief parties went.' And the universal German shout of exultation thereupon arose, not from the Prussian side only, but from every circle of the ancient empire, rejoicing in its own nominal defeat.

'The joy of poor Teutschland at large ; and how all Germans, Prussian and Anti-Prussian alike, flung up their caps with unanimous *lebe hoch* at the news of Rossbach, has been often remarked, and is indeed still almost touching to see. The perhaps bravest nation in the world, though the least braggart, so long insulted, snubbed, and trampled on, by a luckier, not a braver !' (v. 209).

After the battle of Rossbach the French disappear, to be brought into contact with Frederic no more, and only to wage war against him collaterally on the Rhine ; the 'Reich's armée,' army of the Circles, vanishes ; 'Armée des Cercles et des Tonneliers,' of hoops and coopers, Frederic had called it, in a joke which he considered so good that he now and then repeated it ; but surely his very shade must be weary by this time of the biographer's endless iteration of it ! But the great result of the day was what is above indicated. German Unity, still in infancy, had died at Lützen. It revived at Rossbach ; and struggles slowly towards substantial existence ever since. To us the battle is typified by a favourite old print, representing a story which is in all the anecdote books—we are sorry, by the way, to see Mr. Carlyle treat this source of intelligence so contemptuously as he does. A Prussian hussar is chasing a Frenchman ; an Austrian turns to defend his ally, 'Bruder Deutscher,' says the Prussian, 'lass mir diesen Franzosen !' 'Nimm ihn !'

Frederic's only use for a triumph over one enemy is to take breath for a moment, and push against another. He now has to march into Silesia, where his officer of highest repute, Prince Bevern, has lost Breslau and 8000 men, to the Austrians under 'Prince Karl' and Daun. Bevern, captured by the Austrians, being a cousin of the Imperial House, was sent back by the Empress-queen, without ransom.

'"To Stettin!" beckoned Friedrich, sternly, from the distance, and would not see him at all. "To Stettin, I say! your official post in time of peace. Command me the invalid garrison there—you are fit for nothing better." I will add one other thing, which unhappily will seem strange to readers ; that there came no whisper of complaint from Bevern : mere silence, and loyal industry with his poor means, from Bevern : and that he proved heroically useful in Stettin two years hence against the Swedes, against the Russians in the siege of Colberg time ; and gained Friedrich's favour again, with other good results, which I observe was a common method with Prussian generals and

and soldiers when, unjustly or justly, they fell into trouble of this kind ; and a much better one than that of complaining in the newspapers, and demanding Commissions of Inquiry, presided over by Chaos and the Fourth Estate now is ' (v. 228).

The simple moral of Frederic's behaviour towards his subordinates (and that, we may add, of heroes in general, as understood by Mr. Carlyle) seems to be contained in the old lines :—

‘ Use men kindly, they rebel :
But be rough as nutmeg-grater,
And the rogues obey you well.’

His over-mastering severity towards those of his generals who had committed errors, or had merely been unsuccessful—one of his worst faults of heart and character in common opinion, whatever its success as matter of policy—we are told to view only as affording an illustration of the heroic.

‘ About Friedrich's severity (in the matter of Schmettan, who surrendered Dresden) : never again employed Schmettan : for sixteen years that they lived together never saw his face more ; there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for yes or no. . . . Friedrich expects of others what all soldiers profess, and what is in fact the soul of nobleness in their trade ; but what only Friedrich himself and a select few are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettan is clearly absolvable : a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a king of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say, would be ordered by his office, if nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high ; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of over-generosity to the unfortunate among his captains.’ (v. 326).

So in the more important case of Fink, the unfortunate leader at Maxen, who got a year's imprisonment at Spandau.

‘ No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the royal mind. . . . And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck ; had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his generals and delegates : which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did ’ (v. 573).

We will only contrast Macaulay's remarks on the conduct generally exhibited in like cases by Napoleon, though not so universally as Macaulay would imply.

‘ Bonaparte knew mankind well ; and as he acted towards his surgeon at the time of the birth of the King of Rome (according to a well-known anecdote), he acted towards his officers. No sovereign was ever so indulgent to mere errors of judgment ; and it is certain
that

that no sovereign ever had in his service so many military men fit for the highest commands.'

If both systems succeeded in practice—and it would certainly seem that they did—the reason is probably to be sought, not in the respective characters of the 'kings of men' themselves (to which Mr. Carlyle habitually attributes everything), but in those of the materials with which these leaders had to deal. Braver men than the soldiers of Frederic, or those of Napoleon, never 'flung themselves, rejoicingly, on death,' under the eye and at the command of an idolised leader. But agreeing in this essential feature, they differed in almost everything besides. The Germans had been made what they were under a training, for many generations past, of coarse and brutal severity—hardened in the very fire of adversity. The disgraced general took his censure and imprisonment, just as the soldier-culprit, fresh from confronting an odds of five against one before an Austrian battery, submitted to be thrashed by his corporal's cane, or torn to pieces by the rods of his comrades; as allotted portions of that heritage of misery which he and his fathers before him had endured from time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary. But the sufferings which he bore with simple, hard resignation—sometimes with a touching religious heroism—under one of the hateful drill-sovereigns of the ordinary German breed, became as it were glorified in his eyes, when inflicted as part of the discipline which created Frederic's unrivalled army. Unrivalled, assuredly, in all history; for these men, in their simple Platt-Deutsch valour, as Mr. Carlyle is fond of terming it, were in the habit of encountering, not now and then, but day after day, double, threefold, and fourfold odds as a mere matter of course, without hope of advancement in an army officered by nobles, or of personal glory where the work was too stern and overwhelming for decorations, honourable mentions, and the like, and where the highest honour a veteran could attain was some rough coarse notice from the royal soldier, who well knew the effect which he, and he alone, could thus produce.* Frenchmen are of a different mould. They used to put up very uneasily with the Prussian discipline even before the Revolution, after it not at all: and if Napoleon would have found it impossible to drive his troops into action by the corporal's cane or flat of the sabre, so, and for

* See among other and like instances the favourite old Prussian soldiers' military ballad:—

'Fridericus Rex, unser König und Herr,
Der rief seine Soldaten allesammt ins Gewehr, &c.
Ihr verfluchten Kerls, sprach seine Majestät.'
(You cursed rascals, said His Majesty, &c. &c.)

the same reason, he would have found it a very barren experiment habitually to scold, censure, degrade, or imprison French generals, guilty of ill success, in the manner which Frederic seems to have found both pleasant and profitable.

To resume, however, our rapid analysis of Mr. Carlyle's narrative : it now remains for Frederic, just returned from Rossbach, to repair the consequences of Bevern's defeat : which he does on the 6th of December, 1757, by the great victory of Leuthen over Prince Karl : 30,000 against 80,000 :—

'The most complete of Friedrich's victories : two hours more of daylight, and it would have been the most decisive of the century.'

Breslau was recovered, Silesia once more saved.

'Military judges of most various quality, down to this day, pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest battle of the century : and indeed one of the greatest feats ever done by man in his fighting capacity. Napoleon, for instance, who had run over these battles of Friedrich, apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word upon them which is worth gathering from such a source, speaks thus of Leuthen : "This battle is a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution ; enough to immortalise Friedrich, and rank him among the greatest generals. Manifests, in the highest degree, both his moral qualities and his military." Friedrich's own only note of exultation is, "Tis a plaster on my wounds, but far enough from healing them !"'

Thus closed the second of the seven bloody years, signalised by triumphs as yet unequalled. Nor to be afterwards equalled. No campaign, even of Napoleon, equals in grandeur Frederic's of 1757. His next, 1758, introduces us to an enemy who has been as yet only hanging like a cloud over the Prussian borders, now to burst on them in torrents of disaster. The king commences the campaign—much as he had done that of 1757—and as uselessly—repeating his manœuvre of an offensive dash against his leading enemy the Empress Queen in her own quarters, which he is not strong enough to maintain : one of the worst military faults, according to Napoleon, of his whole career. He besieges Olmütz, and for a moment threatens Vienna : but, his spring having failed, there is nothing for it but to retreat, as in 1757, and seize by the throat another of his beleaguering opponents. Last year he turned on the French in Thuringia : this year on the Russians on the Oder : but with very different results. The poor Russians—throughout these campaigns Mr. Carlyle's favourite aversion, and the recipients of his ordinary missiles of eloquence directed against the baser sort of the human species in general—have at all events one merit—they cannot be made to run, like

like the French, nor be outmanœuvred into retreat like the Austrians. They stand still, 'to be sabred like dead oxen,' and receive against their flanks the merciless impact of all Frederic's military science, as the earthworks of Sebastopol did the projectiles of the allies. At Zorndorf (25th August, 1758) Frederic defeats Fermor : but though more than 20,000 Russians fell, their army was not dispersed, and 11,000 Prussians hors de combat ('above the Prussian third man,' says Mr. Carlyle, adopting a very needless Teutonicism) constituted relatively a far heavier loss. Frederic now moves once more into Saxony, to confront Daun, whom he engages at Hochkirch (14th October, 1758) in one of the few doubtful battles of the war : for there was seldom any uncertainty as to the quality of the many beatings which Frederic inflicted, or the few which he received ; but which on the whole the Prussians were forced to reckon as a defeat.

As the disaster of Kolin had been accompanied to Frederic by the loss of his mother, so was that of Hochkirch by a still severer blow, the death of his sister Wilhelmina Princess of Baireuth : loved as well as Frederic could love any one ; his fellow-sufferer in early days under the yoke of that mild 'autocrat of the breakfast-table,' their father, Mr. Carlyle's hero the first. There is something in the love for a sister which seems to cling closer than almost any other in hard and selfish masculine natures : nor does the circumstance require much philosophy to explain it : of all domestic relations, this is the one which offers the greatest scope for tenderness with the least for jealousy. And the brave Princess (though we, for our own part, find great difficulty in believing chapter after chapter of her so-called memoirs) was worthy to partake in the fierce vicissitudes of her brother's destiny. We have sometimes fancied that Schiller had her well-known figure in his eye when he drew his Countess Terzky, Wallenstein's sister. 'I am in a frightful state,' writes Wilhelmina to Voltaire, after Kolin, 'and will not survive the destruction of my home and family.' So Schiller's heroine to Piccolomini :—

'Sie denken würdiger von mir, als das
Ich überlebte meines Hauses Fall.'

However this may be, her affectionate intercourse with Frederic forms almost the single point on which the mind dwells with pleasure in the personal record of his biography. The 'loss of his Wilhelmina,' says Mr. Carlyle, overtaking our sympathies as usual by his vehemence :—

'Had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of life we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable :

surable: the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. . . His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers; alas! this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich knows it right well.'

The winter of 1758-9 was spent in preparations, of which the financial were the most difficult. 'To me,' says Mr. Carlyle: or rather the personage, whoever he may be, whom he cites as 'an ingenious predecessor, whom I sometimes quote,'—

'To me nothing is so wonderful as Friedrich's budget during the war. One day it will be carefully investigated, elucidated, and made conceivable and certain to mankind: but that is far from being the case. We walk about in it with astonishment: almost, were it possible, with incredulity. Expenditure on this side, work done on that: human nature, especially British human nature, refuses to conceive it. Never in this world, before or since, was the like,' &c. &c. (v. 597).

Why does not Mr. Carlyle, in his five weighty volumes, assist poor human nature a little towards forming the necessary conception? Materials are not, we can assure him, deficient: but to use them requires a deal of patience and industry: things, at least in the matter of figures, extremely adverse to our author's nature: it is far easier to indulge in what he would himself call 'inarticulate shrieking' against the Dismal Science of political economy, and so forth. This part of Frederic's history—and it is perhaps the most really important of all—remains, for English readers, to be executed.

Throughout the whole campaign of 1759, Frederic had to wrestle against overwhelming odds with firm pertinacity, hardly relieved by a single stroke of success. The battle of Kunnersdorf, 6th August, 1759, in which his army was utterly crushed by the overwhelming force and obstinacy of the Russians under Soltikof—nearly 20,000 on each side *hors de combat*, the bloodiest affair of the century—marked the very lowest point of his fortunes. For four days he despaired—for once he certainly thought seriously of suicide;—that crisis over, he threw himself back into the struggle with that stern indomitable energy which in reality makes of him a character apart in the list of great warriors, and which even Mr. Carlyle cannot overpaint. Why his enemies once more failed to give him the *coup de grace*, when he lay without defence before them, Mr. Carlyle has made no clearer than his predecessors in general. 'The cause of failure,' he says, 'may be considered to have been, in great part, Daun and his cunctations:' but it is difficult even for the most superficial reader not to feel persuaded that some deeper cause than mere errors

errors of generalship lay behind : and Napoleon's concise judgment is in all probability the true one :—

'Tout prouve qu'il n'eût résisté une campagne à la France, à l'Autriche, et à la Russie, si ces puissances eussent agi de bonne foi : qu'il n'eût pas pu faire deux campagnes contre l'Autriche et la Russie, si le cabinet de St. Pétersbourg avait permis que ses armées hivernassent sur le champ d'opération.'

Of Frederic's lieutenants, his gallant brother Prince Henry alone seems to have supported him, in this his extreme distress, with loyalty and skill such as Frederic himself exacted. Schmettau, as we have seen, surrendered Dresden—not again to be occupied by Prussians until 1813—and Fink, as we have also seen, got beaten at Maxen : the last stroke of success in Daun's life, and which he showed himself as incapable of improving as on former occasions : until at last even the gentle Austrian public awaked to a consciousness of his deficiencies, and 'poor Madame Daun, going to the Imperial levée, had her state-carriage half filled with nightcaps, thrown into it by the Vienna people, in token of her husband's great talent for sleep.'

Winter came again, finding Frederic sorely reduced, but invulnerable as ever ; while France, and the alliance generally, were deeply discouraged through the defeat of Conflans by Hawke, and the consequent annihilation of all hope of the invasion of England. In the summer of 1760, Frederic resumes once more the offensive, besieges Dresden, beats Laudohn thoroughly at Lignitz (August 15), and clutches Daun, 'almost to strangulation,' in the Silesian mountains : but the Russians, on their part (under the Todtleben of that day), capture Berlin itself, and thereby compel Frederic to relax his grasp on Daun's throat. Frederic drives out the Russians ; Daun follows Frederic, and Frederic turns on Daun (3rd November, 1760) at Torgau, in despair of success, but as the last experiment left. 'I have told you,' he says to d'Argens, 'and I repeat it, never shall my hand sign an humiliating peace. Finish this campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and try the most desperate things either to succeed or find a glorious end.'

At Torgau the King had the rare fortune of going into action with almost equal forces to those of his adversary ; and although he contrived to beat Daun pretty thoroughly, yet his victory, in the eyes of his military critics, was not such a masterpiece as his former achievements in that line. 'Dans cette bataille,' says Napoleon, 'Frédéric a violé les principes ; soit dans la conception du plan, soit dans son exécution, c'est de toutes des batailles celle où il a fait plus de fautes, et la seule où il n'ait montré

montré aucun talent.' Whether the criticism be just or otherwise, no notice is taken of it by Mr. Carlyle.

'Torgau was Daun's last battle: Daun's last battle, and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Frederic's last; so that the two remaining campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree, and a few chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element!' As we have two hundred more pages to dig through—we must fairly call them the most wearisome pages of this great work,—from the battle of Torgau to the peace of Hubertsburg in 1763, we cannot say the writer has fairly fulfilled the magnanimous promise of self-denial contained in these words. We shall not follow him farther through the dull detail of skirmishes and negotiations in which the Seven Years' War, having lost, through the exhaustion of all parties, its gigantic military interest, finally died out, and must dismiss it, only regretting that we have not room to extract the very admirable and statesman-like summary of what he terms its threefold results, with which he closes the narrative; namely, the establishment of Prussian power on its firm basis and with all its capacity for that further development which it has since acquired; the establishment of England as a preponderating power on the Continent (to last, may we add, for just a century, 1763-1863?); and the temporary breakdown of France.

The Seven Years' War had left Prussia apparently prostrated: her population, it is said, diminished by an eighth; her feeble commerce all but annihilated; not a province which had not been trampled under the feet of armed legions, extorting the very utmost of her substance by military requisition; scarcely a town which had not been reduced to buy itself off from the invader by incurring a load of debt; not to mention the unavoidable, but most severe, exactions by which the government itself contrived to maintain its all but desperate existence. That Prussia recovered herself from this collapse in three or four years at the utmost is well known: that the King, at the end of these exhausting campaigns, found himself in the possession of a full if not overflowing treasury: that he devoted its contents to a well-considered, most economical, but thoroughly well-apportioned series of contributions to the distresses of those parts of the country which had suffered the most, is well known also. But the details of this most singular and perhaps unexampled piece of Royal economy, which sets Frederic as absolutely at the head of administrators as his campaigns did at the head of captains, are almost unapproachable to ordinary readers. Not that they are wanting; but they are only to be collected with infinite pains

pains and labour from a mass of original and most intractable materials. A worthier task for one whose purpose, like Mr. Carlyle's, was the apotheosis of Frederic, cannot assuredly be imagined. Unfortunately, as we have already observed, the bent of Mr. Carlyle's genius does not tend that way. He lets the great occasion pass by him with no attempt whatever to improve it, except by a few of the wildest possible sparrings at the ancient object of his antipathy, the 'Dismal Science,' which assuredly is very innocent of all concern in the matter.

'Friedrich begins, we may say, on the first morrow morning. Labours at his problem, as he did in the march to Leuthen; finds it to become more possible, day after day, month after month, the farther he strives with it. "Why not leave it to Nature?" think many, with the Dismal Science at their elbow. Well: that was the easiest plan: but it was not Friedrich's. His remaining moneys, twenty-five million thalers ready for a campaign which has not come, he distributes to the most necessitous; all his artillery horses are parted into plough-teams, and given to those who can otherwise get none; think what a fine figure of rye and barley, instead of mere windle-straws, beggary and desolation, was realised by that act alone. Nature is ready to do much: will of herself cover, with some veil of grass and lichen, the nakedness of ruin; but her victorious art, when she can accomplish it, is that of getting *you* to go with her handsomely, and change disaster itself into new wealth. Into new wisdom and valour, which are wealth in all kinds: California a mere zero to them—zero, or even a frightful minus quantity! Friedrich's procedures in this matter I believe to be little less didactic than those other which are so celebrated in war: but no Dryasdust, not even a Dryasdust of the Dismal Science, has gone into them, rendered men familiar with them in their details and results. His Silesian Land-Bank (joint-stock moneys, lent on security of land) was of itself, *had I room to explain* it, an immense furtherance. Friedrich, many tell us, was as great in peace as in war: and truly, in economic and material provinces, my own impression, gathered painfully in darkness, and contradiction of the Dismal-Science Doctors, is much to that effect. A first-rate husbandman (as his father had been), who not only defended his nation, but made it rich beyond what seemed possible; and diligently sowed annuals into it, and perennials which flourish aloft at this day' (vi. 350).

The Dismal Science, according to ordinary popular views of it, consists of two parts: first, a body of scientific deductions, which it is given to nobody to understand who will not take the trouble to master them, but on the mind of him who has once so mastered them, neither Carlylesque nor Ruskinesque eloquence can make the slightest impression; and, secondly, the application of certain principles in matters of finance to the art of government, as to which opinions may vary and do vary, although those of the

the Carlyle and Ruskin order (if to be termed opinions at all) are likely to prove very misleading. It seems that Frederic—though by what miracles of economy and self-denial he effected it remains, as we say, unexplained—contrived, at the beginning of every year of war, to have funds in hand to meet the estimate for that year. At the Peace of Hubertsburg, accordingly, he had, we are told, twenty-five million of thalers in his treasury, or enough for the consumption of three or four years of peace. The course which sound financial principle, special reasons apart, would have indicated, would have been to remit his subjects' taxation to that amount, and allow the twenty-five millions to 'fructify' in their pockets. Nature would then, to use Mr. Carlyle's simile, which is certainly more in the vein of Ruskin than Ricardo, have 'clothed the ruins with lichen' in her own good time: in plainer English, capital would have found its way to render productive the districts which had suffered most by the war, because, in those districts there would probably have been found (with returning security) the most effective demand for it. Frederic, therefore, by spending this money according to his own notion of what was most required, may have been only interfering with, and retarding, the wholesome sanative process of nature. So apparently thought Mirabeau (the father, in his '*Monarchie Prussienne*'), and so have thought many others. Nevertheless, it is certain that there are considerations on the other side fairly to be taken into the account. One of these is the propensity to hoard money, universal in times of insecurity and terror, such as were likely, in a backward country like Prussia, long to outlast the immediate pressure of an exhausting war. Much of the twenty-five millions, had Frederic left it to the taxpayers, would probably have found its way into mere dead accumulations of treasure, to the evident damage of the body politic. Other reasons might be given in his favour without any disloyalty to the '*Dismal Science*,' for which we have not space here; and, on the whole, there is no heresy in believing that Frederic, with his stern economy and genius for stewardship, may have done more good in these exceptional circumstances with his subjects' money than his subjects would themselves have done with it.

The topic, however, is one which opens a much wider field of thought, and one to which economical writers, so far as we have remarked, have not yet devoted the attention which it deserves. How far is the principle of mutual insurance between members of the same body politic likely to extend itself with advancing civilisation? There is no reason, in theory, why it should not do so, until every loss sustained by an individual were made to

fall on the general fund. But, stopping short of such far-reaching speculations, it is certain that the measure and manner in which national relief, in case of local catastrophes, or supposed local wants, may be afforded with advantage by contributions from the State at large, has never been made, as it ought to have been, the subject of definite political investigation. This is one of the directions in which absolute sovereigns, especially Oriental sovereigns, have loved to exercise their capricious benevolence, if that can be called so which is exercised at the expense of others. Remissions of taxation and conscription to provinces thought deserving of relief—which, of course, only means supporting them at the expense of other provinces—these are among the commonest features of Eastern sovereignty in its milder moods, and have constantly called forth the praises of the ignorant, as if they were real acts of generosity. So, when the rulers of Russia and of Prussia spent large sums in reclaiming wastes and planting colonies, they were only carrying into execution the old-fashioned Oriental pattern of paternal government, sometimes, it may well be, with advantage, more often, probably, to the general loss. This principle, or rather occasional usage, of compulsory insurance, if it may be so termed, has always been less practised in the Western States of Europe, a circumstance which may arise from their early Roman education in some of the more important elements of self-government. In our own country, it has been chiefly confined to occasional Parliamentary grants in aid of local distress, generally (and rightly) bestowed with grudging, often degenerating into mere jobs in the administration. But on some great occasions—the Irish distress of 1847, the Lancashire distress of 1863—the principle of insurance has been carried out in a still more irregular, though perhaps more efficacious, way, through voluntary contributions on a scale befitting national efforts. The problem, which may possibly be one day elaborated by the best heads devoted to the Dismal Science, is that of satisfying the social need of mutual assurance against local calamity by some approach to general arrangement, and not leaving it either to the caprices of a monarch, even though accidentally a ‘hero,’ or to those of an impulsive public.

The next crisis of importance in the reign of Frederic is that of the first partition of Poland in 1772. As to Mr. Carlyle’s singular views on this subject, much might be said. Though history is the most irrefragable of moral teachers, it by no means follows, in our opinion, that it is the duty of every historian to improve her texts by getting up into the pulpit on all occasions and preaching for himself. It is too common a belief among this class of writers, that they are bound to let no great
action

action or event pass by them without calling the attention of their public to its various moral phases, and apportioning praise and blame in their own scales. This we hold to be a misapprehension, and we know full well that its consequences are too often exceedingly wearisome, and very useless. We should, for our own parts, be perfectly well pleased to dispense with any fresh repetition of what Mr. Carlyle calls the 'shrieks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind' over such events as the partition of Poland, in the pages of modern historians, and content ourselves with the calm verdict of one who should simply say, without mouthing or emphasis, 'Thus did Frederic, and Catherine, and Joseph, and thus suffered the Poles.' But, it is quite unnecessary to say, such passionless exposition must not be sought for from Mr. Carlyle. It would be to require of him a self-discipline absolutely contradictory to the laws of his nature. And, more than this, it would take 'half his worth away.' His peculiar charm lies in that hearty resolution not only to lead, but to drive if needful, the reader along with him—to cram him with doctrine without stint or reticence—to compel him to enter, and not leave go of him until the very last rinsings of Mr. Carlyle's own judgment and feelings have been thoroughly infused into him. Our author's vocation is to 'teach the nations how to live,' not by merely laying examples before them, still less by gentle persuasion, but by laying down the only true faith on pain, as we have said, of intellectual damnation. He must preach, or hold his tongue altogether. Such being the conditions of his literary existence, nothing could be more unfortunate than that he should be forced by his position to handle such a subject as the partition of Poland; and to make his views on it fit in, by every conceivable Procrustean process, with those which impel him to canonise one of the arch-robbers, his hero. The result is to our mind a strangely disjointed, and very inconsistent, series of half vaunts and half apologies.

'August 5, 1772. These are our respective shares. We take possession on the 1st of September instant; and actual possession, for Friedrich's share, did on the 13th of that month ensue. A right glad Friedrich, as everybody, friend or enemy, may imagine him! Glad to have done with such a business; had there been no other profit in it: which was far from being the case. One's clear belief, on studying these books, is of two things: first, that, as everybody admits, Friedrich had no real hand in starting the notion of partitioning Poland: but that he grasped at it with eagerness, as the one way of saving Europe from war: second, what has been much less noticed, that under any other hand, it would have led Europe to war; and that to Friedrich is due the fact that it got effected without such accompaniment'

paniment' (why, if Friedrich had held aloof and left Russia and Austria to execute the measure, an European war must have followed, is what we cannot divine). 'Friedrich's share of territory is counted to be, in all, 9465 English square miles : Austria's, 62,500 : Russia's, 87,500 ; between nine and ten times the amount of Friedrich's' (vi. 479).

Surely the figures are incorrect as to the partition of 1772. But the passage seems to be inserted to diminish Frederic's guilt, by making out that his share 'was such a little one.' But independently of the moral fallacy of this argument, it is very misleading in fact. Russia got a large slice indeed, but of the very worst and most unpeopled country in Europe—a region almost wholly of morass and forest. The share of Prussia was, besides its peculiar adaptation to Prussia's wants, of high commercial value. But Austria was the real gainer by the *first* partition—acquiring a slice only less than that of Russia, and comprising the most fertile and available parts of the whole Polish territory.

A little farther on, the question is taken up in rather a higher strain, and Mr. Carlyle's favourite notions of Providence come into play.

'Considerable obloquy still rests on Friedrich in many liberal circles (why confined to "liberal"?) for the partition of Poland. Two things, however, seem by this time tolerably clear, though not known in liberal circles : first, that the partition of Poland was an event inevitable in Polish history : an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature, as well as of the poor earthly sovereigns concerned there : and secondly, that Friedrich had nothing special to do with it, and in the way of originating or causing it, nothing whatever. It is certain the demands of Eternal Justice must be fulfilled : in earthly instruments, concerned with fulfilling them, there may be all degrees of demerit, and also of merit : from that of a world-ruffian Attila the Scourge of God to that of a heroic Cromwell. If the laws and judgments are verily those of God, there can be no clearer merit than that of pushing them forward, regardless of the barkings of gazetteers and wayside dogs, and getting them, at the earliest time possible, made valid among recalcitrant mortals ! Friedrich, in regard to Poland, I cannot find to have had anything considerable either of merit or of demerit, in the moral point of view ; but simply to have accepted, and put in his pocket without criticism, which Providence sent ! *He himself evidently views it in that light*, and is at no pains to conceal his great sense of the value of West-Prussen to him !' (vi. 482).

If we were ourselves to mount the pulpit, and distribute blame in the matter, regardless of 'inarticulate shriekings' on the one side, and of new developments of 'eternal justice' on the other, we should be inclined to arrive at a conclusion, which, we fear,
is

is not the common one: namely, that of the three allies in the partition of 1772, Russia had by far the best apology, if not justification. The provinces on the Dwina and Dnieper, which she then wrested from Poland, had been for ages debatable land between two fierce and barbarous monarchies; a half waste region, almost without towns or fortresses, or natural limits. Sometimes they had been Russian, sometimes Polish: as late as 1660, Polish 'annexations' had reached almost to the gates of Moscow; and these repeated invasions from the West had left a strong vindictive feeling rankling in the spirit of Russia. But the balance of victories and defeats had left one mischievous and anarchical result—these provinces were peopled almost entirely by a Polish Catholic aristocracy domineering over some millions of Greek, and chiefly Russian, serfs. And the so-called commonwealth of Poland, so far from doing anything to redress the inequalities of their condition, had aggravated it to the utmost extent. The claims of the 'Dissidents' to equality of rights, grounded on old constitutional principle, were over and over again contemptuously rejected. And while pressed down by the sense of religious inferiority, the unhappy Boors were handed over to the uncontrolled dominion of a serf-holding aristocracy, in which all the ordinary faults to which that order is prone were aggravated by fanaticism. The reader must descend far below the level of such histories as Mr. Carlyle's, or any others which we have read—must dive deep in the stratum of obscure books of travel and biography—if he would form the slightest conception of the state of oppression in which the serfs of the Polish Ukraine and neighbouring provinces existed immediately before 1772. All these injured millions were the daily clients of the great Czarina—supplicating her, the mistress of their race and of their religion, to come to their deliverance from that chaos of bondage. She did so: and in the only way in which she could effectually have done it; and had it not been that her conduct in this instance has been judged, and naturally judged, by the light of that subsequent course of fraud and violence towards Poland into which she was carried away, we believe that posterity would have taken her part. Thinking thus, we to a certain extent—though not unreservedly—adopt the very characteristic view which Mr. Carlyle takes of Catherine and her doings.

'So far as can be guessed and assiduously deduced from Rulhière, with your best attention, Russian Catherine's interference seems first to have been grounded on the grandiose philanthropic principle. Astonishing to the liberal mind; yet to appearance true. Rulhière
nowhere

nowhere says so; but that is gradually one's own perception of the matter; no other refuge for you out of flat inconceivability. Philanthropic principle, we say, which the Voltaires and Sages of that epoch are prescribing as one's duty and one's glory: "O ye kings, why won't you do good to mankind, then?" Catherine, a sort of she Louis Quatorze, was equal to such a thing. To put one's cast lover into a throne—poor soul, console him in that manner—and reduce the long dissentient country to blessed composure under him: what a thing! Foolish Poniatowski, an empty, windy creature, redolent of macassar and the finer susceptibilities of the heart; him she did make king of Poland; but to restore the long dissentient country to blessed composure under him—that was what she could not do. Countries in that predicament are sometimes very difficult to compose. The Czarina took, for above five years, a great deal of trouble, without losing patience. The Czarina, after every new effort, perceived with astonishment that she was farther from success than ever. With astonishment, and gradually with irritation, thickening and mounting towards indignation.

'There is no reason to believe that the grandiose Woman handled, or designed to handle, a doomed Poland in the merciless feline-diabolic way set forth with wearisome loud reiteration in those distracted books: playing with the poor country as cat does with mouse; now lifting her full paw, letting the poor mouse go loose in floods of celestial joy and hope without limit: and always clutching the helpless creature back into the blackness of death, before eating and ending it. Reason first is, that the Czarina, as we see her elsewhere, never was in the least a cat or a devil, but a mere woman: already virtual proprietress of Poland, and needing little contrivance to keep it virtually hers. Reason second is, that she had not the gift of prophecy, and could not foreknow the Polish events of the next ten years, much less shape them out beforehand, and preside over them, like a devil, or otherwise, in the way supposed.

'My own private conjecture, I confess, has rather grown to be, on much reading of these Rulhières and distracted books, that the Czarina—who was a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired; with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect, a kind of she Louis Quatorze (if the reader will reflect on the royal gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males)—that the Czarina, very clearly resolute to keep Poland hers, had determined with herself to do something very handsome in regard to Poland; and to gain glory, both with the enlightened philosophic classes and with her own proud heart, by her treatment of that intricate matter. "On the one hand," thinks she (or let us fancy she thinks), "here is Poland; a country fallen bedrid amidst anarchies, curable or incurable; much tormented with religious intolerance at this time, hateful to the philosophic mind: a hateful fanaticism growing upon it for forty years past (though it is quite against Polish law), and the cries of oppressed

Dissidents

Dissidents (Dissenters, chiefly of the Protestant and of the Greek persuasion) becoming more and more distressing to hear. And, on the other hand, here is Poniatowski, who. . .

'Let us make him King of Poland, with furnishings, and set him up handsomely in the world! We will close the Dissident business for him, cure many a curable anarchy of Poland, to the satisfaction of Voltaire and all leading spirits of mankind. He shall have outfit of Russian troops, poor creature; and be able to put down anarchies, and show himself a useful and grateful viceroy for us there. Outfit of 10,000 troops, a wise Russian manager, and the question of the Dissidents to be settled as the first glory of his reign.' Ingenuous readers are invited to try, in their diffuse, vague Rulhières, and unintelligible shrieky Polish histories, whether this notion does not rise on them as a possible human explanation, more credible than the feline-diabolic one, which needs withal such a foreknowledge, unattainable by cat or devil? . . . What we shall have to say with perfect certainty, and what alone concerns us in our own affair, is, first, That Catherine did proceed by this method of crowning, fitting out and otherwise setting up Stanislas; did attempt settlement (and at one time thought she had settled) the Dissident question and some curable anarchies; but stirred up such legions of incurable, waxing on her hands, day after day, year after year, as were abundantly provoking and astonishing: and that within the next eight years she had arrived, with Poland and her cargo of anarchies, at revolt, which struck the world dumb. Dumb with astonishment for some time; and then into tempests of vituperation more or less furious, which have never yet quite ended, though sinking gradually to lower and lower stages of human vocality' (vi. 411-415).

So much for Catherine; but as to Frederic and Joseph, omitting such empyrean arguments as may be derived from the 'eternal Laws and Judgments,' and using simply the ordinary standard of morality, we cannot imagine what defence or apology is to be tendered for them. And we should say the same of the great Empress-Queen Maria Theresa, were it not that history seems to have consented to grant her absolution on easy terms, on the score of a few sentimental expressions of remorse. They had no quarrel with Poland. Their provinces, safe by their position and by national antipathies, had nothing to dread from the contagion of Polish anarchy. They had no oppressed races to protect or avenge; the case of the few German settlers in West Prussen can hardly be considered as furnishing such an excuse. They had nothing in the world to advance for themselves but the stereotyped arguments—the balance of power must be preserved against Russia—and the annexations were so very convenient—and the 'interests of civilization' so pressing! 'I have destroyed a man noxious to the world,' says Eugene Aram: 'with the wealth by which he afflicted society, I have been the means of blessing

blessing many.' And the same style of argument, it is scarcely necessary to add, has been equally made to serve the turn of the high-handed annexations made by France in Europe at the beginning of this century, and by the United States of America in Mexico; for, however ingeniously political sophistry may spin its distinctions, no difference worth noting can really be established between one of these cases and another.

Curious as is the mixture of defiance and apology with which Mr. Carlyle discusses the partition itself, still more remarkable, we must say, is the manner in which he interprets Frederic's own explanations, or rather his studious omission of explanations, on the whole subject:—

'Yes, truly! our interests are very visible; and the interests and claims and wishes of Poland—are they nowhere worthy of one word from you, O king? Nowhere that I have noticed: nor any mention of them, or allusion to them: though the world is still so convinced that, perhaps, they were something, and not nothing! Which is very curious. In the whole course of my reading, I have met with no autobiographer more careless to defend himself upon points in dispute among his audience, and marked as criminal against him by many of them. Shadow of apology on such points you search for in vain. In rapid bare summary he sets down the sequel of facts, as if assured beforehand of your favourable judgment, or with the profoundest indifference to how you shall judge them: drops his actions, as an ostrich does its young, to shift for themselves in the wilderness, and hurries on his way. This style of his, noticeable of old in regard to Silesia also, has considerably hurt him with the common kind of readers: who, in their preconceived suspicions of the man, are all the more disgusted at tracing in him not the least anxiety to stand well with any reader, more than to stand ill—as ill as any reader likes!' (vi. 484).

It is with unfeigned hesitation that we venture to differ from Mr. Carlyle on a question so peculiarly involving an intimate knowledge of the subject: but we should have been inclined to form an entirely different estimate of Frederic's character, as regards this especial point, namely, his desire to stand well with the world as to his political conduct. We imagine him to have valued 'public opinion' at least as highly as Napoleon did himself: and we believe the reason to have been the same: the great superiority of judgment and insight into the real causes of things which characterised them both, above mere ordinary conquerors, not any sentimental or 'soft' motives whatever. We imagine Frederic to have estimated the force of general approval, on his side of a quarrel, simply by a rough equation with so many bayonets and artillery: and Napoleon much the same. Frederic indeed never descended to overshoot his mark so grossly

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as Napoleon did, in endeavouring to obtain this advantage for the moment by the indulgence of unbounded mendacity, though certain to be found out immediately afterwards. But he seems to us to have taken no ordinary amount of trouble to throw dust in the public eyes by an assumption of honourable motives, so long as any chance remained of securing an advantage thereby. He piqued himself—whenever he had anything like a tolerable case—in appealing to the circle of spectators for justification:—

'J'ai eu en vue dans cet ouvrage deux objets principaux' (so he introduces his history of the Seven Years' War), 'l'un de prouver à la postérité et de mettre en évidence qu'il n'a pas dépendu de moi d'éviter cette guerre, que l'honneur et le bien de l'état m'ont empêché de consentir à la paix à d'autres conditions qu'à celles où elle a été conclue: mon second objet a été de détailler toutes les opérations militaires,' &c.

So in July, 1757, after the battle of Kolin and before Rossbach, and at one of the most unfavourable and apparently hopeless moments of that struggle, he fires off from Leitmeritz an 'Apologie de ma Conduite Politique,' evidently as a last appeal to European opinion, declaring with studied humility that 'Un bon prince, sans déroger de sa dignité, peut et doit instruire le peuple, dont il n'est que le chef ou le premier ministre, des raisons qui l'ont obligé de prendre un parti plutôt que l'autre.*' Why, then, did he not follow this ordinary system of appeal to public opinion in the case of the Partition? For two reasons, probably: he had nothing in reality to say for himself: and it was not worth while to pay virtue the homage of hypocrisy. There was nothing to gain by it: no national opinion with which he cared at that moment to stand well. Austria and Russia were sharers in the dismemberment. France he had learned (at that particular period of her history) to regard as without European influence. It was certain that no state would interfere to redress the wrong: why give himself the trouble of palliating it? With a heart as hard as the nether millstone to all but considerations of expediency, he might safely proceed to reclaim his heaths, to dyke off his luxuriant marshes, to plant his German colonies, and to starve Danzig into rectifying the stinginess of the Czarina, in not allowing him to occupy it, by unconditional surrender of its

* It is true, and not inconsistent with this, that Frederic cannot conclude this Apologie, clearly drawn and well reasoned, without being tempted by the mocking devil who sat continually at his elbow to spoil it by a conclusion of cynical smartness. 'Pauvres humains que nous sommes! Le public ne juge point de notre conduite par nos motifs, mais par l'événement. Que faut-il donc faire? Il faut être heureux.'

freedom.

freedom.* From a Prussia, thus aggrandised, he had nothing to expect but armed and enthusiastic support, and the opinions of foreigners were, in this particular case, unimportant. 'In the matter for which he suffered,' says Mr. Thackeray, in his inimitable 'George de Barnwell,' 'George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. "It may be an error of judgment," he said, "but it is no crime. Were it crime, I should feel remorse. Where there is no remorse, crime cannot exist. I am not sorry: therefore I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?"'

Frederic reigned thirteen years longer, after the first partition of Poland. It was a period of comparatively small interest as regards foreign affairs: or rather the interests which then came to the surface, very important at the time, have not proved of permanent consequence. The Prussian War of 1778, popularly termed the Kartoffel-Krieg or Potato-War, from a general feeling of impatience at the series of small manœuvres and skirmishes about convoys of which it was chiefly made up: the 'Fürsten-Bund,' or league of sovereign princes of the German Empire against the ambitious tendencies of Joseph the Second towards 'unification:' soon became historically obsolete, when in a very few years more the Empire itself had become a thing of the past. 'To the present class of readers,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'Fürstenbund has become nothing:' and he says it somewhat regretfully: for he has been pointing out, and with admirable force and perspicacity, how great a feat of statesmanship 'Fürstenbund' really was. The whole course of German politics in the year 1777-1785 contains a fine though forgotten lesson of kingly contrivance. If the headstrong encroachments of Joseph had not been met by so profound a combination of sagacity with courage as none but Frederic could show, the Kaiser would most assuredly then and there have restored the Empire to something like a reality, a body of vassals under one Imperial head. Not less admirable was the skill which, with so far inferior means, could enter on war with Austria on terms of equality and almost superiority: and the singular self-abnegation, which could make the first soldier of his, if not of any day, deliberately decline to risk the chances of that war, brave the somewhat contemptuous judgment of the world and the impatience of his own troops and subjects, and

* Even Geography, under Mr. Carlyle's hand, must bend a little here and there to make out an excuse for Frederic. 'Danzig and the harbour-dues, what a case! Danzig harbour, that is to say, Netze river, belongs mainly to Frederic, Danzig city not.' The river Netze, on the strength of which Frederic is also elsewhere called 'Proprietor of Danzig harbour,' runs into the Warta, and so into the Oder, and has no connexion whatever with Danzig except through a canal, made, unless we are mistaken, by Frederic himself!

hold in his hand 200,000 men and a thousand cannon, motionless, a whole summer through, until the object for which seas of blood might perhaps have been shed in vain, was effected at no cost at all, and Germany built firmly up into a solid confederacy, defying, for the time and for the rest of Frederic's life, all that Austrian ambition and perseverance might effect. These seem to us triumphs almost as great as those of the Seven Years' War itself; and their true import and bearing cannot be more ably pointed out than they are by Mr. Carlyle, though always in his cynical way:—

'The Prussian army was full of ardour, never abler "for fight" (insists Schmettau), which indeed seems to have been the fact on every small occasion: "but fatally forbidden to try!" Not so fatally, perhaps, had Schmettau looked beyond his epaulettes: was not the thing, by that slow method, got done? By the swifter method, awakening a new Seven Years business, how infinitely costlier might it have been!' (vi. 603).

But, independently of Kartoffel-Krieg and Fürstenbund, and looking to domestic history only, for an admirer of the character and abilities of Frederic as a sovereign these are years of scarcely less value than those of his most brilliant activity. One longs to get behind the veil which writers of unrivalled superficiality and stupidity (those to whom we have generally to turn for the political outlines of his life) have contrived to throw over everything really worth knowing about him and his subjects: one longs to know the details of his mode of government, administration, finance. And, for our own parts, we have a particular anxiety to attain something like a satisfactory notion of the progress of society under his reign: in what way those two master movements—the erection of a new first-rate Prussian power in politics, the erection of a new literature and a new world of thought in Germany—absolutely contemporaneous, and yet seeming to touch each other at so few points—really proceeded in unison, and what they had in common. We should have had some satisfaction, even in the less ambitious occupation of tracing the growth of Berlin from insignificance to splendour on its Sahara-like site—of Silesia from a dismal region of feudal decay and obstruction to one of the wealthiest provinces, both in agricultural and commercial prosperity, which Europe has to show. Unfortunately, we must say it, Mr. Carlyle leaves us entirely without help on these and similar questions. Whether he is really so gluttonous an amateur of military details as to think that every forgotten skirmish in the Bohemian mountains requires to be embalmed in long pages, while the various stages of

of social progress and civil administration are below the notice of the historian of a hero : or whether, as we are rather inclined to conjecture, he has become in this sixth volume thoroughly tired of his work : the fact is at all events so : and it is precisely our admiration of Mr. Carlyle, our sense of his singular originality of judgment on human affairs, and of the power which he possesses beyond almost all men of projecting himself into the past as he describes it, which causes us to regret it the more deeply.

Mr. Carlyle, however, as himself would say, can only do his work in his own appointed fashion ; and, in this fashion, he beckons his disciples onward to partake in the last scene of all—the exit of his hero. ‘His death,’ we are told, ‘seems very stern and lonely ; a man of such affectionate feelings, too ; a man with more sensibility than other men ! But so had his whole life been, stern and lonely.’ Who made it so ? He had indeed outlived his companions of early life—we cannot call them his friends—but to most men, of even ordinary ‘sensibility,’ there arises a second crop in old age of younger lives, in which they take an interest often far exceeding that with which they watched the fortunes of their contemporaries. To Frederic this most interesting chapter of human existence was all but absolutely sealed. He had cared little for those who had grown by his side ; he cared less (*pace* Mr. Carlyle and his one or two stories about great nephews) for those who were to come after him. His affectionate relations with one or two female members of his family, of which Mr. Carlyle makes the most, were almost entirely confined to correspondence—for their society he never seems to have wished. With his brothers, especially the generous Prince Henry, he appears to have been, particularly towards the end of his life, on terms of systematic coldness. Of his relations with his wife, in the latter part of his reign, Mr. Carlyle, his admirer, shall himself speak :—

‘When the King, after the Seven Years’ War, now and then, in Carnival season, dined with the Queen in her apartments, he usually said not a word to her. He merely, on entering, on sitting down at table and leaving it, made the customary bows, and sat opposite to her. Once (in the Seventies) the Queen was ill of gout : table was in her apartments . . . On this occasion the King-stepped up to the Queen, and inquired about her health ! The circumstance occasioned among the company present, and all over the town as the news spread, great wonder and sympathy ! This is probably the last time he ever spoke to her.’

In this frame of mind, more and more solitary and saturnine,
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he made himself ready, in his stern way, to confront the last enemy :—

‘He well knew that he was dying : but, some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him : coming as if by nature, or by long second nature : finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide ; to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into us by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world : ultimately, yes : but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it ? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not particularly any : that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him. A sad creed this of the king’s : he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader, and, what is well worthy your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any creed, a king or man who stood more faithfully to his duty ; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that.’ (vi. 686).

Thus far, at all events, we agree with Mr. Carlyle : that there is something of the awful in the contemplation of the last years of this strange great man’s life and activity. Without love in this world, without hope in the next ; inexpressibly weary of life, and having long outlived its illusions : without interests, without objects, without companions ; we find him still living and working on, still straining every nerve in the performance, even to the uttermost farthing, of his rigid, self-imposed debt of duty, labouring like the journeyman whose task-work has to be done ere the night approaches, though others, for whom he cares not an atom, are to reap whatever of benefit may result from it : a spectacle perhaps without example in the history of sovereigns, and one which disposes us to part with Frederic on terms of more heartfelt, though still distant, reverence, than all Mr. Carlyle’s vehement demands on our admiration could possibly extort from us.

Differing, as we must do, widely from him in our estimate of his hero’s character, and in our estimate, also, of the historical interest and importance of a vast proportion of the heavy details which he has dragged so painfully to light, we cannot nevertheless lay down his book without regret at parting with an animated and interesting companion, or without increased respect for the extraordinary power which he has lavished on what seems
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to us so intractable a subject. As a writer, Mr. Carlyle's fame is established: criticism has done its worst on him: imitation and flattery have done their worst also: in this character 'nothing can touch him farther,' and we certainly shall not profane the great work before us by the slight handling of an ordinary review. Enough to say, that, after forming the literary taste of England and America to an extent which no contemporary (unless, possibly, one of a very different class, Macaulay) has approached, he has become, while yet alive and at work among us, something of a classic. His peculiar style and mannerism seem already things of the past to this generation. Imitators of Carlyle abounded not many years ago, and a serious infliction they became. They are already comparatively rare. It is something strange to see the great Master himself stepping forward, after years of silence, and occupying again the same field which his very followers had deserted; to trace, in his own pages, the very same strange but impressive diction, the same *tours de force* of style, and the same settled eccentricities of thought, not softened in the least degree by age or disuse, which we had already begun to regard as antiquated in those who took them up at second hand. It is like the return of the magician, in Goethe's ballad, to the house which he had abandoned to the experiments of his foolish and conceited apprentices, and his calm resumption of authority over the spirits which others might call, but he alone could control when called:—

‘Denn, als Geister,
Ruft euch nur, zu seinem Zwecke,
Ernst hervor der alte Meister.’

- ART. IX.—1. *Reports of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council*, 1858-1864.
2. *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*.
3. *A Manual of Practical Hygiene, Prepared especially for Use in the Medical Service of the Army*. By E. A. Parkes, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1864.
4. *The Laws relating to Public Health—Sanitary, Medical, Protective; also Notes, Forms, and Practical Instructions*. By Thomas Baker, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, &c. &c. London, 1865.
5. *The Metropolis Local Management Acts, with Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix, &c.* By E. H. Woolrych, of the Middle Temple, Esq., one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates. London, 1863.

6. *London*

6. *London Shadows; or, the Homes of the Thousands.* By George Godwin, F.R.S., Editor of the 'Builder.' London, 1854.
7. *Town Swamps and Social Bridges, the Sequel of a Glance at the Homes of the Thousands.* By George Godwin, F.R.S. London, 1859.
8. *Another Blow for Life.* By George Godwin, F.R.S. London, 1864.
9. *Publications of the Ladies' Sanitary Association.* London.

IT has often been said that one-half of the inhabitants of London know not how the other half live. With equal truth it may be said that they know not how they die. Not only the struggle for food, the battle against want (in reference to which the words were no doubt originally used) in the East, is unknown to the well-fed dweller in the West; but the long slow fight—too often the losing fight—with debility and disease in the ill-drained, overcrowded, tenements of the poorer districts, sounds like a gloomy fable to the ears of those who inhabit Belgravia and Tyburnia. True, much has been done of late years to mitigate the unwholesome conditions under which the poorer classes live, but much remains to be done.

The appearance of the cholera in this country in 1831 gave probably the first impetus of any consequence to sanitary researches. Scared by the appearance of the pestilence, persons of ordinary education began to think that after all there might be some worse effect from an overflowing cesspool than an undesirable odour. It began to strike people that if the water of a town was supplied from sources contaminated by animal matter, there might possibly be more serious consequences than a flatness of taste. They had yet, indeed, to learn what we now know, that the most cool and agreeable water may be impregnated with the elements of mischief. But happily, in a large number of cases, both of bad water supply and bad drainage, there is a felt inconvenience to the senses, and these cases suggested general inquiries, which eventually traced lurking sources of malaria even where the senses gave no alarm. It was long, however, before sanitary science made sufficient progress to announce certain and definite discoveries. In the mean time the cholera had departed, and the bulk of the nation ceased to feel any very keen interest in the matter. But by slow degrees men of science made themselves heard, and men of action began to take up the subject as one of practical value.

In the year 1839 appeared the first Report of the Registrar-General, and about the same time the fourth Report of the Poor-law Commission was given to the world. These were noticed
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in 1840 in the sixty-sixth volume of this Review, and attention was called to the important light which they threw on public health and mortality. A further Report from the Poor-law Board in 1842, dealt expressly with the question of the sanitary condition of the labouring population; and, in 1844, the first Report of the Health of Towns Commission was presented and published. All these had their use; the last named, more especially, proved for years the great magazine from which sanitary reformers drew their weapons.

Parliament now began to take up the subject in earnest. In the year 1846, was passed the first of a series of 'Nuisances Removal Acts,' which have been altered and amended from time to time down to the year 1862. In their latest form they constitute one of the most valuable portions of our present sanitary code. By the common law there was a remedy for nearly every nuisance of importance by action or indictment; by the former at the suit of a private person complaining of a private injury, by the latter when the comfort of the public was concerned. But, though this sounded well enough in theory, the delay, the expense, and the cumbrous character of these proceedings, prevented their adoption unless in extreme cases. True, in many instances, the Court of Chancery had jurisdiction to interpose in a more effective manner by injunction against the perpetrators of the grievance; but then its aid was never sought except where the complainants possessed both money and determination, and when the evil was one of great magnitude.* The new feature introduced in 1846 was the giving a summary jurisdiction in such matters to Justices of the Peace, and the consequences of the alteration have proved its wisdom. By a very small expenditure of time and money a nuisance proved to be injurious to health, can now generally be got rid of; so that there is little excuse for inaction.

Under the Acts now in question any premises in such a state as to be a nuisance, or injurious to health (including foul ditches, cesspools, &c., animals filthily kept, and hurtful accumulations or deposits), may form the subject of magisterial interference. Powers of entry and inspection are given to the sanitary authorities of the district wherever there is reason to believe that a nuisance exists, and, at the hearing of the complaint, the magistrates have power to make a really effective order;† and, by

* Strictly speaking our enumeration of remedies is not complete without the mention of Courts Leet. These had originally a prompt and salutary jurisdiction in cases of nuisance, but it had become nearly obsolete, and its inefficiency is pointed out in the 1st 'Report of the Health of Towns Commission,' p. 77.

† The case of offensive trades and manufactures is to a certain extent exempted from

by an invaluable clause, this power is expressly extended, so as to authorise them to interpose where 'any house is so overcrowded * as to be dangerous or prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants.' Upon proper medical testimony they can act in a decisive manner, and put a stop to such overcrowding.

We shall not dwell on the Baths and Washhouses Acts of 1846 and 1847, nor on the 'Labouring Classes Lodging-houses' Act, passed a few years later. These Acts are enabling only, and not compulsory. Parishes may, if they please, adopt them, and raise money to carry them into execution.

The year 1848 witnessed the introduction of a comprehensive measure, known as the Public Health Act. This Act created a Central Board of Health, and contained a variety of special provisions of a sanitary nature. For our present object, however, it is not material to dwell upon them, because the metropolis was excepted from their operation.† Various Acts of a like nature followed, the general scope of which has been to establish Local Boards in most places of importance throughout the country, and, finally, to transfer the central authority to the Privy Council (21 and 22 Vict. c. 97, since made perpetual). We are now concerned with this latter point alone, and only so far as to observe that though, speaking generally,‡ no direct *authority* is thereby vested in the Privy Council to interfere within the limits of the metropolis, yet an unlimited power of *inquiry* is given to that body, the effects of which, in stirring up the dormant energies of the parochial functionaries of this great city, may manifestly be of much use. Moreover, the medical officer attached to the Council is directed to report annually on matters affecting the public health, and the series of Blue-books now before us, containing the fruits of such labours, throws light on many questions relating to London. As a sample we need only allude to the Report for 1863, on 'Hurtful and Hurtfully-conducted Occupations,' from which we shall make some citations presently. We have now reached in our historical

from this summary jurisdiction. Yet even the restricted power which exists in such instances has been frequently set in motion and exercised with excellent effect.

* There appears to be a very general relation between overcrowding and typhus, just as there is between bad drains and typhoid fevers and cholera.

† It would be wrong to omit to mention the valuable Reports published during its somewhat brief existence by the Central Board of Health, created by the Act of 1848, but now merged in the Privy Council. Their investigations into cholera are especially valuable.

‡ We say speaking generally, because, whenever *any part* of England appears to be threatened with any formidable epidemic, very important and wide-reaching powers may be exercised by the Council. But such exceptional cases hardly fall within the limits of our present subject.

survey the year 1849, memorable for the second great visitation of cholera.

In the few weeks extending from September 10th to October 13th the metropolis alone lost upwards of 4000 of its inhabitants from this disease, which also raged with greater or less violence in many other localities. We cite from the 'Annual Register' for that year an able summary of the results obtained by careful observation of the course taken by the pestilence:—

'Wherever neglect, wherever depression, or vice or poverty, pressed down the population, there the pestilence raged with its retributive and warning arm—the sins of omission and commission were revisited on the lives of those who perpetrated or permitted them. In the great cities, the abodes of intermingled wealth and squalor, the pestilence had its chief seats; the foul drains, the surcharged cesspools, the fetid waters, were the fruitful reservoirs of death. From the filthy alleys and crowded lodging-houses, the abodes of want and vice, the pestilence encircled the neighbouring mansions and struck down their well-conditioned tenants. . . . Large towns, especially those which are badly placed or drained; in these towns, the poorest and most crowded portions, the worst drained and ventilated alleys, the neighbourhoods in which noisome trades are carried on, are the spots in which nature and art combined to give full effect to the deadly visitation. Elevated and dry situations were as usual comparatively exempt, some even presented less than the usual average of mortality; but even in these favoured spots, man's neglect received its punishment, and some vile cesspool or filthy ditch attracted the pestilence to a village or small town in districts which were otherwise free from the scourge.'

About the same period an interesting discovery in Chemistry gave a new impulse to the outcry against filth and neglect as predisposing causes to the attacks of Cholera. In the year 1840 Schönbein of Basle discovered the existence of a body which he termed Ozone, from its pungent smell; and ten years later he described its characteristic properties and announced that it was produced in the atmosphere, especially during winter, as the result of electrical changes. It was from the first observed that this body had a great similarity to oxygen, so long known as a necessary constituent of the atmosphere for the support of animal life. Further research seemed to establish that the two were in fact the same element under different modifications, or, to speak technically, that ozone was allotropic oxygen. The newly-discovered form, however, was clearly endowed with far more activity, and was found to exhibit much stronger affinities than common oxygen. Experiments indicated that ozone combined with and changed, in a rapid manner, organic matters; and it therefore came to be considered as a great natural agent employed to neutralise the deleterious

terious exhalations of decaying substances. Hence a solution was deduced for the perplexing problem, Why, when the predisposing causes of dirt, bad drainage, &c., were in no worse state than usual, one year rather than another should have been marked by an outbreak of Cholera? The solution suggested of course was, that the predisposing causes remaining the same, there might in certain seasons be some deficiency of the disinfecting agent in the atmosphere. We have seen that ozone was stated by its discoverer to be especially produced during electrical changes; and, in fact, the chemist can himself obtain it by passing the electric spark silently through pure dry oxygen. Now, it has been confidently stated, as the result of investigation, that during a period of Cholera the manifestation of electrical tension in the atmosphere has been found to be diminished in a remarkable manner, and recourse has been had to direct experiment to ascertain the amount of ozone present at a given time in the air of any place. One of its properties is to decompose iodide of potassium. Hence, if slips of paper be soaked in a solution of this substance mixed with starch, and when dry exposed to the air, they may be used as a test. If ozone be present, it will oxidise the potassium, and the iodine, being set free, will impart a brownish colour to the paper. When wetted, the paper exhibits varying shades of colour, from a pinkish white and iron-grey to a blue, according to the amount of ozone. Such experiments, when made during a Cholera season, have often failed to detect more than an insignificant quantity of ozone in the air around London.*

Now, mankind are doubtless unable by any power of their own to affect the supply of ozone in the air above them; but it is manifest that this theory goes to enforce with tenfold power a duty quite within their reach, viz., that of keeping the surface of the earth on which they live as free as may be from those injurious exhalations which, in the absence of the great neutralising agent, riot unchecked as the producers of disease and death.

We have given the above theory as a matter of history, not as universally received at the present day. Unquestionably it prevailed at the time, and gave a stimulus to sanitary efforts. But, on the one hand, many chemists now speak hesitatingly as to the precise influence of ozone; while on the other hand, it seems that its great discoverer has recently announced a somewhat modified view of its nature. Oxygen, in fact, is reported to be

* It ought, however, in fairness, to be stated that the quantity obtainable at any time in the heart of a populous town is infinitesimal.

in danger of being degraded from the rank of an element. It is now suggested that it is a combination of ozone and antozone, —two elements of opposite properties, which are, under certain circumstances, set free in a pure form.* On the whole, however, there is little doubt that ozone stands in some definite relation to the purity and healthfulness of the air in which it is present; but we must, perhaps, wait somewhat longer for decisive experiments as to the exact nature of such relation.

In the passage above cited from the 'Annual Register' the reader will notice that 'crowded lodging-houses' are enumerated as hotbeds of disease. In 1851 the Legislature took up this branch of the question, and by an Act which recited (most truthfully) that 'it would tend greatly to the comfort and welfare of many of Her Majesty's poorer subjects if provision were made for the well-ordering of Common Lodging-houses,' proceeded to require that all such houses should be registered and placed under the control of the local authorities for the city or place where they might be situated. In London the powers of the Act are executed by the heads of the police. The Act was amended and extended in 1853. No doubt this legislation had a moral and social, quite as much as a purely sanitary, intention; but some of the sections had a most useful bearing on public health: as, for example, the clause which compels the owner or keeper of such a lodging-house to obtain an adequate water-supply and to do all works necessary for that purpose, and the provision that any lodger seized with an infectious disease may be removed to an hospital by the authorities, and, if necessary, his clothes and bedding destroyed. Moreover, the general result of police inspection, in limiting the number of lodgers and effecting some improvement in their accommodation, cannot be too highly commended.

The years 1852 and 1853 were marked by more than one measure of great utility. Conspicuous amongst them stands the Metropolis Water Act. The growth of a vast city had by degrees rendered its great river more and more impure, and it was high time that those who for commercial profit undertook to supply water to the public of London should be placed under effectual control. Accordingly, it was now provided that no water supplied for domestic use should be taken from any part of the Thames below Teddington Lock; that the reservoirs should be covered, or else that the water should be filtered before distribution; that a general power of supervision should be exercised by the Board of Trade; and that sufficient water should be

* See the 'Quarterly Journal of Science,' April, 1865, p. 278.

supplied at an adequate pressure to reach the top story of the highest house, provided it was required by the owners or occupiers, and paid for accordingly. Lastly, the parochial authorities were empowered to compel owners and occupiers of houses without water to have it laid on at their own expense.

The very next Act in the Statute-book is one by which Parliament for the first time attempted to deal on a great scale with the difficult subject of intramural interment by the 'Act to amend the Laws concerning the Burial of the Dead in the Metropolis.' The main features of that Act, notwithstanding minor additions and alterations, have from that time been uniformly adhered to and maintained. The Secretary of State has authority to order, 'for the protection of the public health,' that any particular burial-ground shall be closed, and any parish has power to take certain simple steps for procuring a new cemetery.

Embarrassments have, no doubt, arisen in various places in the working of the Burial Acts, but they are due to the inherent difficulty of preserving vested rights when wide reforms are in operation, and have never been such as to throw a doubt on the wisdom of the general system. In fact, few great alterations were ever adopted with a more general or more intelligent assent.

The same year, 1853, saw the passing of an Act 'to make compulsory the practice of Vaccination,' which has been extended and amended in several recent sessions and the general superintendence of the subject vested in the Privy Council; but, as these enactments relate to a specific disease only, we shall not further discuss them. But we have not yet done with the legislation of this fertile period. It comprehended an Act to abate the Smoke Nuisance. Here it may, perhaps, be asked whether this be entitled to rank as a sanitary measure. Some persons are, we believe, inclined to contend that the bad effect of smoke on the respiratory organs is counterbalanced by the tendency of the particles of carbon to arrest noxious matters in the atmosphere and prevent the spread of infection. We are not disposed wholly to repudiate this view, but we think that any great excess of smoke in the air of a town has prejudicial effects both of a direct and indirect kind. Its direct result is to weaken the power of the solar ray, to which modern science is daily coming to attach a greater and greater importance as a vivifying agent; and the indirect result cannot be better exemplified than by a short anecdote, for the truth of which we can vouch. A lady, visiting a poor but most respectable couple, whose apartment was an underground kitchen in London, ventured to suggest that the ventilation would be much improved by the homely process of opening

opening the window. 'Well, ma'am,' was the reply, 'we *did* open it *last summer*, but the blacks came in so, we have kept it fastened ever since.' And so they had!—nailed up, and with list carefully placed round every crevice. There is hardly a close and unsavoury room in this metropolis (and they are legion) which does not owe some of its unhealthiness to the tenant's dread of 'the blacks.'

We have now reached the period of the last great visitation of cholera—a visitation which, though less destructive on the whole than that of 1849, was full of useful lessons in regard to scientific precaution. The virulence with which it raged in certain limited areas induced the most casual observer to acquiesce in the theory of predisposing causes. At the same time it rendered the inquiry after such causes more easy and manageable. The Golden-square district was specially notorious as one in which the cholera prevailed to an alarming extent, though neighbouring districts were comparatively free. While public attention was directed to the subject, elaborate investigations were made on the spot, both under the directions of the Board of Health and by other competent authorities.

Dr. Lankester, in a paper read before the Social Science Association, in 1860, does not scruple to say, 'The fatal outbreak of cholera in the Golden-square district was traced to a pump in Broad-street, which communicated with a cesspool.'* And, no doubt, enough appeared both in this and other cases as to the effects of polluted water, to justify the strictest vigilance of local authorities for the future, as well as to enhance the value of the Act respecting the water supply from the Thames.

'The Registrar-General has shown (says Professor Parkes) that the districts supplied in 1853 by the Lambeth Company with a pure water, and part by the Southwark Company with an impure water, suffered much less than the districts supplied by the latter Company alone (the proportion was 61 and 94 cases respectively to 100,000 of population); and Dr. Snow has shown, by a most elaborate inquiry, that in the districts partly supplied with pure water by the Lambeth Company, and partly with impure water by the Southwark,† the attacks of cholera were chiefly in the houses supplied by the latter water.'‡

* Prof. Parkes says, 'In 1854 occurred the celebrated instance of the Broad-street Pump in London, which was investigated by a Committee, whose Report, drawn up by Mr. John Marshall, of University College, with great logical power, contains the most convincing evidence that, in that instance at any rate, the poison of cholera found its way into the body through the drinking-water.'

† Our readers should bear in mind that the Metropolis Water Act of 1852 had not yet come into full operation. See 'Dr. Sutherland's Report to the Board of Health, 1855,' p. 40.

‡ 'Practical Hygiene,' p. 58.

But the Report of the Board of Health takes broader ground. It asserts that the results of the inquiry show that most of the evils against which sanitary reformers had been fulminating for years, were more or less operative. It says, in fact, This new outbreak is after all only a fresh version of the old story. If you ask what is to be done in future, we reply, just what we have been insisting upon all along—let cesspools be filled up; let there be a compulsory and more perfect system of house drainage, with proper water supply; let dustbins be frequently emptied, and never constructed within an inhabited house; let the gullies be trapped; and slaughter-houses and noxious trades removed as far as may be from human dwellings.*

Under the full influence of the fresh interest thus given to the subject, Parliament came to the consideration of the sanitary clauses intended to form part of the Bill which has since passed into law as 'The Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855.' By this measure the constitution of the vestries was remodelled, and the Metropolis Board of Works created.† To the latter body was assigned the charge of the arterial sewers, and the responsibility for the drainage of London considered as a whole. To the former belongs the construction and repair of all sewers of less magnitude situate within their respective parishes, together with the supervision of house drainage. The old Commissions of Sewers were from henceforth abolished. Miscellaneous clauses of a most useful character were inserted in this Act, partly derived from local acts previously in force in other parts of the country, partly framed *de novo*, and as an experiment. These were augmented and improved by the Amendment Act of 1862, and constitute altogether no mean contribution to sanitary legislation. They confer upon the vestries power to withhold permission to a builder to commence a house until he has provided for adequate drainage; power to require the prompt and effectual repair of drains in existing houses when in bad order (including sufficient water supply and apparatus); and power to object before the magistrates against the licensing of slaughterhouses and cowhouses (which are to be illegal, unless so licensed). Moreover underground rooms are forbidden to be used as dwellings, unless they comply with certain requirements as to ventilation, and other matters essential to health.‡ At the same time

* See the 'Cholera Report of the Board of Health,' 1855 *passim*.

† The Metropolis Board of Works (as most of our readers no doubt know) is composed of representatives chosen by the several Vestries, these latter consisting of vestrymen elected on a uniform system by the ratepayers.

‡ Legislation on this point at first took a course which would seem to show that the draftsman must have been from the sister isle. The definition of a 'dwelling'

time the vestries were made the 'local authorities' in their respective parishes for the purpose of carrying out the Nuisances' Removal Acts, which of itself gave them large and general powers.* But amongst the most important changes now introduced, must be reckoned the provision that every vestry should forthwith appoint a 'Medical Officer of Health' and an 'Inspector of Nuisances.' The former officer (who must be a legally qualified medical practitioner of skill and experience) is directed

'To inspect and report periodically upon the sanitary condition of the parish or district, to ascertain the existence of diseases, more especially epidemics increasing the rate of mortality, and to point out the existence of any nuisance or other local causes which are likely to originate and maintain such diseases, and injuriously affect the health of the inhabitants, and to take cognisance of the fact of the existence of any contagious or epidemic diseases, and to point out the most efficacious mode of checking or preventing the spread of such diseases, and also to point out the most efficient modes for the ventilation of churches, chapels, schools, lodging-houses, and other public edifices within the parish or district, and to perform any other duties of a like nature which may be required of him.'

The mere fact that, since the passing of this Act, a gentleman of skill and intelligence is to be found in every London parish, charged with such duties, is of itself an incalculable benefit. The particular method in which his duties are discharged, varies somewhat in different places. In some instances, he makes his report directly to the vestry † from time to time, who thereupon give their sanction to such of his recommendations as they may deem expedient. In other parishes, a standing committee is appointed for the management of sanitary questions, which advises with the medical officer as to the details of the necessary measures, and co-operates with him both in their preparation and execution.

'dwelling' by the Act was 'a room or cellar where any person *passes the night*;' and for the purpose of ascertaining this fact, power of entry was given to the authorities between 'nine in the morning and six in the evening!'

Of course it was out of the question to get by this means such direct legal evidence as would justify a conviction. The mistake, which bordered on the ludicrous, was remedied by the Act of 1862. That Act provides that 'such evidence as may give rise to a *probable presumption* that some person passes the night in such room or cellar shall be evidence, until the contrary be made to appear, that such has been the case.'

It still remains as a desideratum that the Inspectors of Nuisances should be directly charged with the administration of this clause. At present the only officers whose express duty it is to look to it, are the District Surveyors, whose ordinary occupations are not of a sanitary nature.

* The most useful of these Acts was passed in this same year.

† Throughout this paper we have used the term *Vestry* for the sake of simplicity. But where two parishes are united, as is sometimes the case, the governing body is styled a District Board. The powers are the same.

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But the best account of the working of the system will be found in a paper read before the Social Science Association, in 1862, by Dr. Ballard, the Medical Officer of Health for the parish of Islington.

After stating that the schedules of the district registrars of births and deaths, and the books of the various hospitals and dispensaries and workhouses are habitually consulted by the officers of health, in order that they may learn the existence of disease or mortality exceeding the average in the districts under their charge, he continues:—

‘The mode in which all this information is utilised may be illustrated by my own method of proceeding in Islington, which I believe does not differ greatly from that of other health officers in other parishes. On receiving the mortuary schedules, I take out from them a list of houses where deaths from zymotic diseases of an epidemic character have occurred, and these houses are visited either by the Inspector of Nuisances, or by myself, and the conditions of drainage, ventilation, water-supply, crowding, &c., are noted down upon a form provided for the purpose: corresponding to this is another form on which I enter the recommendation for improvements that it is necessary should be carried out. The same thing is done in respect of houses where cases of epidemic sickness are ascertained to be existent. And as these deaths and cases of illness could not possibly be all attended to, those houses are preferred for immediate inquiry which are situated in the poorest localities, or where the diseases referred to are manifesting a disposition to spread. These recommendations are laid before a Committee of the vestry, which sanctions the issue of the requisite orders. Thus much for immediate action. But, in addition, I keep a list of all the streets, courts, and alleys in my parish, on which every week I enter the particular house in which a death has occurred, specifying the character of the disease, whether it is of a child or adult, and also record the occurrence of a death from certain specific diseases. Where two deaths are thus found to occur in any house within the year, that house is put upon the list for inspection; and, at the close of the year, a list of streets is made out in which the mortality has been the highest, and especially in which the infant deaths have been most numerous, and these streets are inspected house by house in the course of the next year. Dividing my parish also into minor districts, I am enabled by the aid of my street list to ascertain what neighbourhoods have especially suffered during the year, and to these again my own attention and that of the Inspector is particularly directed in the succeeding year.’*

If we ask, what are the actual results of all this machinery, Dr. Ballard will again come to our aid. From the annual

* ‘Proceedings of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1862,’ p. 658.

reports of the health officers, and from special returns obtained by him for the purpose, he thus summarises the results for the first five years of this work :—

‘ We have in sixteen districts only (not half of the metropolis) 25,410 cesspools abolished, and 65,826 houses newly drained or their drainage amended. In fifteen districts only, out of the whole metropolis, 34,179 privies amended, mostly by their conversion into water-closets, and 5395 houses supplied with water for domestic purposes, which, for the most part, never had any previously. In fourteen districts only, out of the whole metropolis, 14,490 yards improved by paving, drainage, or lime-whiting, and 13,926 residences of the poor, at least, cleansed and lime-washed. Let me pass over for the moment every other improvement, and estimate merely the cesspools abolished throughout the metropolitan area at twice the number stated above (an estimate which less perfect returns in my possession lead me to believe to be far below the truth), there has been cleared away from the midst of us a mass of putrescent filth which would cover an area of more than ten acres, of several feet in depth, calculating the 50,920 cesspools at only a square yard in superficial extent; and this filth has been for years lying at our very doors, and its emanations have been entering our houses, and instilling poison into the atmosphere we have been working in by day, and sleeping in by night. But when they consider the other house amendments effected, the strict watch which the health officers have endeavoured to keep over the crowding of tenements, and the occupation of cellars and kitchens as sleeping-rooms, the Association will be able to form some imperfect idea of the work accomplished in purifying the habitations of the people, especially of the labouring classes, in London.’ *

No part of the medical officer’s duty has proved of more delicacy than his dealing with offensive trades and manufactures. Parliament has hesitated to arm him with the same powers as in the case of private individuals, and magistrates have hesitated to use even the powers which exist. Yet Dr. Ballard says :—

‘ In many instances it was clear that manufacturers were throwing away valuable trade products, which it would have been to their advantage to collect, in others this was less apparent, in all it was evident that public comfort demanded that something should be done. And much has been done; first, by vindicating the authority of the law; and then by pointing out quietly to the manufacturers the loss they

* With this statement of work done, the reader should compare the evidence of the actual effect on human life furnished by the ‘Bills of Mortality.’ ‘The mean death-rate of London’ (says Dr. Sanderson, the able and scientific Officer of Health of the parish of Paddington) ‘is nearly 6 per cent. less than before the advent of cholera in 1849; so that even if further progress were to be arrested, an annual saving of 4000 lives could be effected in the metropolis. The vitality of the population falls far short indeed of that which prevails in rural districts, but better results may be hoped for, for many salutary changes are in progress, and some are on the eve of accomplishment.’—*Report to Vestry, Michaelmas, 1862.*

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were incurring, and by suggesting to them and contriving with them methods of abating the annoyance they created. Let me allude to a single instance in my own experience out of very many I could adduce. There is in my parish, at Belle Isle, a congregation of varnish factories, the fumes from which annoyed the inhabitants at a distance of a mile or more from the works. As I write, there is at King's Cross daily in full work one of these very manufactories, the nature of whose trade could not even be guessed at, except by the inscription over the gateway, although the workshops are closely hemmed in by densely-populated houses.*

Such a statement shows that a great though noiseless alteration must have been effected in the condition of many parts of the metropolis. And could the summary be extended up to the present moment, we believe it would be shown that improvement has been going on steadily in the interval.

And first as regards cowhouses. In the year 1859 Mr. Godwin, the able and philanthropic editor of the 'Builder' newspaper, published a little work called 'Town Swamps and Social Bridges,' in which he drew attention to many glaring defects in the sanitary state of London. At p. 13, he says:—

'London cows are, in many cases, kept in many places where the poor brutes are not only destroyed themselves, but are made the cause of destruction to those living around. All who dwell near a cow-keeper know the abominable smells which proceed from his sheds and pollute the atmosphere during both summer and winter: there can be no doubt of the unwholesomeness of such places. . . . In parts of the metropolis that we could mention, cows are kept standing closely side by side in sheds placed in narrow lanes amidst a crowded population. The pen is not so effective in conveying an impression of such places as the pencil, as we give a view† of a "dairy" sketched on the spot in the heart of the metropolis, where, as will be seen, families reside in the rooms above. The alley in which it is situated is so narrow, that Scott's description of another sort of locality in 'Rokeby' will apply:—

"For though the sun was on the hill,
In that dark dell 'twas twilight still."

Besides the unnatural gloom, confined space, and in some instances want of drainage, the food of the London cows which consists mainly of grains and other refuse from the breweries, is not good; and although it may increase the quantity, cannot improve the quality of the milk. When we consider what an important part milk is of the food of young children, it will be seen to be a matter of great importance.'

Readers of Madame de Genlis will remember that, in accord-

* Sanderson, 'Report to Vestry, Michaelmas, 1862,' p. 662.

† We heartily wish we could transfer Mr. Godwin's sketch to our pages.

ance with an old but questionable theory, she represents her heroine Delphine as sent to live with cows at a dairy farm for the benefit of her health. But not even Madame de Genlis could imagine that the health either of men and women or cows could be improved by such juxtaposition in the heart of a great city, as here depicted. In 1862 came the Metropolis Management Amendment Act, and it was thereby enacted that no cowhouse should be used without a licence from the magistrates, and that all parties applying for such licences should give notice to the vestries of their respective parishes, who should thereupon be at liberty to show cause against the granting of the licences. The effect of this enactment has virtually been to make cowkeepers comply with very stringent regulations as to position, cleanliness, and general management, and to close such cow-stables as were so situated as to make it impossible for them to be other than nuisances under any circumstances. Dr. Lankester, the medical officer of St. James's, Westminster, has gone a step further. Convinced that there is no valid reason why London should not be adequately supplied with milk from dairies in the suburbs, brought to town by railway, he has persuaded his vestry to object *in toto* to all licences for the keeping of cows, and in his Report for 1863 he tells us 'there is no longer a cowhouse in the parish.'

We might extract similar passages from Mr. Godwin as to slaughterhouses: these likewise are now licensed and controlled in the same manner as cowhouses.

Now then a word as to cesspools. What they were under the old system let us again hear from Mr. Godwin:—

'The cesspool system is fraught with danger, and must on no account be permitted. In some of the old neighbourhoods it is not possible to discover whether there are cesspools or not, the disguise being artfully managed; though the arrangement is such as to throw deadly emanations into the house. A few months ago (1859) the cesspool of a house in Islington was disguised; and it is worth while to record the following circumstances connected with it. The cesspool, serving for three houses, had been covered over and trapped; of course it was speedily filled with liquid, which became daily more impure, and passed to the imperfect drain, and to the untrapped sinks. Moreover, the whole basement of the house was impregnated with impure matter. The upper part of this house (three rooms) was occupied by a family of eight persons (six children—the wife was soon after arrival confined). At the time of removal to this place a more healthy-looking group of children could not be found; soon after moving hither from a more northern part of Islington, where the drainage was complete, the complexion of the children became more pallid. It was difficult, notwithstanding all endeavours, to get ventilation at night, or to rise in the morning, in consequence of a drowsi-

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ness. In a few days the children were more or less troubled with eruptions of the skin.*

Low fever, typhus fever, and rheumatic fever supervened (he tells us) in the case of various of the inhabitants, and 'after the confinement of the wife she was placed in great danger, and exhibited symptoms not likely to occur in a well-drained and properly-ventilated dwelling.' On the other hand, 'only six or seven weeks elapsed, after the removal of this family to a healthy locality, before the improvement in their condition was as remarkable as its change for the worse was on the other occasion.'*

In his visits to Spitalfields Mr. Godwin finds a house of like kind, and a scene taking place in it, which he says 'had been described by anticipation:—

'A poor worn weaver there works for his bread
Working on, working on, far in the night; ;
His daughter breathes hollowly, lying abed,
And the wasting clay
Lets the spirit play
Over her face with a flickering light!
But the loom is stopped; and down by the bed
The father kneels by his dying child;
But vainly he speaks—her time is sped;
No answer there comes to his outcry wild,
For the child stares out with her glazed eyes,
Till the eyes turn back, and she silently dies!
And they call it a fever
Putrid or low;
But I and the weaver
Both of us know
That the fetid well-water and steaming styes,
And the choked drain's gases that unseen rise,
Subtle and still,
Sure and slow,
Certain to kill
With an unheard blow,
Are the fiends who poisoned that maiden's breath,
And cling to her still as she sleeps in death!' †

We will only add the following from Dr. Tripe concerning three streets in Hackney:—

'In 1858, when the drainage was fair (*i. e.* by a small private sewer), there were thirteen deaths; in 1859, when the drainage was bad, twenty-five deaths; in 1860, when the drainage was again good, there were fourteen deaths. In 1858 there was not any death from fever, in 1859 there were five deaths, and in 1860 only one death.' ‡

* 'Town Swamps,' p. 60. † 'London Shadows,' p. 31. ‡ Cited by Dr. Ballard.
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Can any one after this doubt as to the benefit of compelling effective house-drainage? As little surely can any one deny the advantage of supplying water for all domestic purposes to houses 'which for the most part never had any previously.'

Sceptics, if such there be, must surely be related to the Montegrin, of whom Lady Strangford tells us in her lively tour to 'The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic,' who seeing one of the party performing copious ablutions *more Anglorum*, cried out, 'Ah! I look on you now as an enemy to mankind! Water was given us by the good God to drink inside, not to waste on our skins!'^{*} True, by cleansing our houses we polluted our river, and have had to resort to an expensive system of main drainage to remove the evil. True, again, that it is a disputed question whether we have done the very best thing possible, and that other modes of dealing with sewage have been suggested. But such disputes (whatever they may eventually lead to) must not be allowed to throw a doubt over the substantial benefit effected by the abolition of the old cesspool in a town where human dwellings are so closely packed as in London. It has been well said that 'the danger arising from any atmospheric combination varies inversely as the rapidity of its diffusion. Malaria in a valley is more dangerous than on a plain, and so what is harmless in the open country may be perilous in a pent-up court in London. A slight pollution in the streets is worse than the foulest stink in the river, and an almost imperceptible taint in the home is far more to be feared than the most offensive open sewer grating outside. It is therefore more important to eliminate sewage and all the products of its decomposition from our houses than to get rid of it in the streets or in the river.'[†]

The question of the disposal and utilisation of sewage is one which can only be solved by cautious experiment. Evidence is in existence which goes far to show that it is likely to be solved by systems of drainage which will combine the purification of streams with the fertilisation of land.[‡] But the subject in its

^{*} An important secondary reason for a large water-supply, which might not strike every one, is thus given by Dr. Sanderson:—'It has been found by careful experiment on a large scale, that the deposit of solid matter cannot be prevented, even in sewers of the most approved form and construction, unless the material which is hourly discharged into them be diluted with at least 400 times its bulk of water, to ensure which it is necessary that a waste of water should enter the sewers amounting to 30 or 40 gallons daily for each person.'—*Report to Paddington Vestry, Michaelmas, 1862.*

[†] See an able article on the Hygiene of Habitations in the 'British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review' for October, 1861.

[‡] It is very necessary that in such experiments the sanitary side of the question should be kept in view. If sewage matter should be extensively used without some disinfectant or other safeguard being employed we should fear that injury to health might ensue.

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wider applications goes beyond the scope of our present subject, which regards London alone: we shall therefore content ourselves with a brief sketch of the main drainage of London. Under the powers of the Metropolis Local Management Act and subsequent Acts of a like nature, the Metropolis Board of Works planned, and have now nearly completed, a system of drainage, consisting of three great arterial lines of sewer on each side of the Thames. On the north of the river the high-level sewer commences at Hampstead, intercepts and carries off the sewage of that place, Highgate, Hackney, Clapton, Stoke Newington, and Holloway, and after running a course of seven miles forms a junction with the middle-level sewer at Bow. This latter comes from the Harrow-road by way of Oxford-street, Clerkenwell-green, Old-street-road, Shoreditch, Bethnal-Green-road, and Green-street, and brings with it the sewage of the districts adjoining its course. At the same point also arrives (or rather will arrive when completed) the low-level sewer. This comes from the south-west of London through Bessborough-street to Vauxhall Bridge, and thence along the river-side, where it is intended to take its course under the Thames embankment, and so to Tower-hill and by the Commercial-road. From Bow the great outfall sewer is carried across the marshes, raised high above the flats by embankments and arches, until it reaches Barking Creek. A similar threefold system of sewers is provided for the part of the metropolis south of the Thames, with an outfall into the river at Crossness. It will easily be seen that the low-level sewers would not meet the higher at the same elevation. Hence, in order to bring them to a common outfall into the river, pumping-stations have been constructed, where the sewage is lifted by steam power. In the end, the contents of the whole system on each side of the Thames are passed into huge reservoirs, so situated that their contents can be discharged into the river at high water. In this lies the virtue of the whole scheme. Under the old plan the sewage found its way into the bed of the river at or near low water, the mouths of the pipes having a flap which the rising tide closed, in order to prevent its flooding the sewers. The consequence was that the mass discharged during the previous ebb was churned up and brought back to London by the incoming tide. Under the new system it is calculated not only that the sewage will be diluted by the whole mass of water of the river, but that the ebb tide will sweep it away too far to be brought back again by the returning stream.

It would be interesting to go more at length into this great work (the cost of which will be somewhat over 4,000,000*l.*) as a triumph of engineering; but we must forbear, both because we have

have other matter before us, and also because it has occupied so large a share of public attention, that our readers are probably far better acquainted with it than with other subjects on which we must say something before we conclude.

We are approaching the end of the very imperfect enumeration which our space has allowed us to present of recent sanitary reforms.* But we must not wholly omit the powers for regulating bakehouses both as to cleanliness and as to the hours of labour therein (26 and 27 Vict., c. 40), and the powers of inspecting and seizing bad or diseased meat exposed for sale (26 and 27 Vict., c. 117, and previous Acts *in pari materie*), vested in the local authorities. The latter are very useful in those districts of the metropolis where large markets exist, and it is possible that they may require to be extended. The revelations recently made respecting trichinosis are sufficiently startling. It appears from the able pamphlet of Dr. Althaus on this disease, that the flesh of pigs is frequently infested by a very small worm, called the *trichina spiralis*, and that those who eat pork containing these animalcules become liable to indisposition, fever, and not unfrequently to death. The cysts in which the worms are at first enveloped are dissolved by the gastric juice, the creatures stretch themselves in the stomach, grow rapidly, increase in number, and migrate through (or between) the coats of the intestines into the muscles. Here they produce irritation, inflammation, and other distressing symptoms, with fainting fits and delirium. Finally, if the disease be not arrested by medical treatment, 'the pain is excessive, and twitches occur in the muscles; lockjaw is severe, and the tongue cannot be protruded. At last the pulse becomes innumerable and death ensues, with all the symptoms of complete exhaustion of the nervous centres.' (Althaus, 'On Poisoning by Diseased Pork,' p. 21.) How completely these parasites will penetrate the human subject is shown by the fact that 'the muscles of the eye are almost always full of them.' This disease, though principally prevalent on the continent, has probably occurred in this country oftener than has been suspected. It is stated that trichinæ have in many instances been detected on dissection in the hospitals of London and Edinburgh. Dr. Althaus suggests that, in consequence, both the keeping of pigs and the sale of pork should be placed under special regulations. Unhappily it seems to require the microscope in order to detect the diseased condition of the meat, and this renders it difficult to adopt precautions that shall be generally applicable. Yet there

* The Act against adulteration of food (23 and 24 Vict., c. 84) is unfortunately clogged with difficulties and has had little effect. The subject requires reconsideration.

is no point in which the poorer classes need more protection than in the matter of their food. Unscrupulous from ignorance, and with little power of choice from their limited means, they become an easy prey to those who would pass off upon them most unwholesome viands.

We have indicated more than once in the preceding pages that sanitary legislation has not yet completed its task. We proceed to note some special points, to which the attention of Parliament must sooner or later be given. A crying evil is the habit of keeping a corpse unburied for a long period, and that in the one room occupied by the living members of the family. Power ought to be given to a magistrate to interfere in such cases, for they are fruitful sources of disease; and seeing that an authority of this nature actually exists within the limits of the city,* there ought to be the less hesitation in extending it to London generally. Again, if health is to be preserved where buildings are crowded upon each other, some means ought to exist of securing that houses shall have proper facilities for ventilation, no less than proper drainage. A medical officer of a large district in the heart of London recently complained that under the existing system by which houses are packed almost as closely as they can stand, it is of small utility to tell the poorer class to open their windows, for little or no air enters when they do so. And there is much truth in such a complaint. The provision of the present Building Act (18 and 19 Vict., c. 122, § 29), that every 'dwelling-house (unless all the rooms can be lighted and ventilated from a street or alley adjoining) shall have in the rear or on the side thereof an open space exclusively belonging thereto of the extent, at least, of *one hundred square feet*,' is obviously insufficient. There seems no good reason why a builder should not be controlled by the sanitary authorities in respect of his proposed provision for the access of air as well as in respect of his intended scheme of drainage. The latter he is compelled to lay before them before he can commence building.

Another point relates to water supply. The history of this question is curious. Under the present acts, the vestries have power to order that proper water supply shall be laid on to any house, and to see that it is adequate to the number of inhabitants. Should it not be so, they can call upon the landlord either to *increase* his quantity of water, or to *decrease* the number of his lodgers; and should he refuse, a magistrate may interfere just as in an ordinary case of overcrowding. In other words, the law treats a house where the number of people is out of proportion

* In the 'City Sewers Act,' 11 and 12 Vict., cap. clxiii. § 90.
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to the supply of water, in just the same way as a tenement where there are too many people for the supply of air. In either case if the pure element cannot be increased, the number of those who are to share in it must be diminished. But all this, useful as it is, presumes cisterns and pipes, and a power to profit by them. But alas! in the lowest depth there is a lower still. There are courts and alleys where the inhabitants sympathise with Lady Strangford's 'Montenegrin'—despise or reject such conveniences, wilfully put them out of gear, or break up the pipes and sell them for what they will fetch, while the landlord's back is turned; or, if they do not go so far as this, at all events suffer the cisterns or butts to be dirty, foul, or rotten, and thus for purposes of health worse than useless. What is the remedy? Probably (though the question is not free from difficulty) some such method as is recommended by Mr. Liddle, the medical officer of Whitechapel, should be adopted. At present, in many courts, water is only to be obtained from a stand-tap in the centre, where the water flows for twenty minutes daily at most, and not at all on Sundays. 'At these stand-taps scenes of quarrelling often occur; and in most cases, where the supply is very short, the strongest only can get their vessels filled, the water being shut off before the weaker can get near to the stand-post.' How truly barbarous and disgraceful!

Mr. Liddle, therefore, urges* that there should be a *continuous* supply of water, but that it should be protected from waste by a mechanical contrivance called a 'Patent Absolute Water Waste Preventer' [could not the thing be expressed in English?] or in some other effectual manner. In this way, the denizens of our courts and alleys would have an abundant quantity of water opposite to their doors, if not within their houses, and the machinery would not be liable to become spoiled or out of order. Certainly, the point is one which deserves further attention; and in some shape or other, probably further legislation.

In any case there is one lesson which may and ought to be drawn from it. What we have just been saying surely shows how needful it is, not merely to provide the means of health, but to teach people to appreciate them. We want, then, almost above all things, that the masses should be educated to value health, and to understand the best methods of preserving it. And here we cannot but mention 'The Ladies' Sanitary Association,' which steps in to assist in this work. By tracts, by cottage almanacks, by oral lectures, this excellent society strives to convey useful information on such subjects to all who will

* 'Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Whitechapel District for the three Months ending 2nd July, 1864.'

either read or listen. Surely this is eminently a ladies' province, thus to contribute towards the comfort of the home and the health of the family. It is impossible not to wish so pure and useful an undertaking every success. Perhaps we might offer a suggestion to the clergy that they could materially aid these efforts, by distributing the tracts of the Association through the medium of whatever agency they employ for the visitation of the dwellings of the poor in their parishes.

We pass on to another point—the systematic visitation of factories, workshops, and workrooms. Speaking of trades which require the use of arsenical green, phosphorus, or other injurious matters, Mr. Simon, in his Report to the Privy Council for 1862, says, 'all industrial establishments which directly or indirectly endanger health, ought to be subject to official superintendence and regulation.' But this is not all. Branches of industry, not in themselves hurtful, become so from the careless arrangements under which they are carried on. To his account of 'hurtful occupations,' Mr. Simon has added a report on those which are 'hurtfully conducted,' and we extract, as a sample, a few words on tailors and dressmakers.

The following is an account of what Dr. Smith, to whom the inquiry was intrusted, found in sixteen of the most important tailors' shops at the West End :—

'The largest cubic space in these ill-ventilated rooms allowed to each operative and the gaslight is 270 feet, and the least 105 feet, and in the whole average only 156 feet per man.* In one room, with a gallery running round it, and lighted only from the roof, from 92 to upwards of 100 men are employed, where a large number of gaslights burn. . . The cubic space does not exceed 150 feet per man. In another room, which can only be called a kennel in a yard, lighted from the roof, and ventilated by a small skylight opening, five to six men work in a space of 112 cubic feet per man. Such a state is, as far as my inquiries have yet extended, without parallel in workshops in other trades.†

The condition of printers' workmen is also bad; but we must not dwell on it, and must pass on to that of dressmakers. Dr. Ord, who investigated this branch, says: 'In some of the large houses, ventilation by special apparatus is carefully attended to; but in the commoner workrooms ventilation is certainly disregarded, and it is not uncommonly found that ventilators, even

* To be able to judge of Dr. Smith's figures, such of our readers as are new to the subject should bear in mind that 300 feet is usually considered the minimum for an adult (at all events in a sleeping-apartment). The Queen's Regulations give 600 in military barracks. And the presence of a number of large gaslights adds vastly to the evil.

† 'Sixth Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, 1863,' p. 25.

when provided, are obstructed either wilfully or of neglect Sitting for many hours without exercise in warm rooms, the girls naturally become extremely sensitive to currents of air, and in consequence such obstructions of ventilators are not uncommon. In a low, confined room, containing upwards of thirty persons, where ventilating tubes were placed over the gas-burners to carry off the products of combustion, I found three tubes out of four purposely blocked up.' In another case, 'There were two moveable windows and a fireplace, but the latter was blocked up, and there was no special ventilation of any kind. This house, in which comfort and health were alike ignored, displayed most painfully the evils to which the servants of poor employers are subject.'

And all this, as might be expected, tells:—

The following is the result of 'questioning the young women when away from business, and from the influence of their employers,' and of 'inquiry into the real state of health of girls who called themselves "quite well," and might be regarded as fair representatives of their class:—

'The result was that in only one out of twenty girls examined could the state of health be pronounced good; the rest exhibiting in various degrees evidences of depressed physical power, nervous exhaustion, and numerous functional disorders thereupon dependent.'*

Mr. Simon further draws attention to the fact that it is 'practically impossible' for 'workpeople to insist upon that which, in theory, is their first sanitary right—the right that whatever work their employer assembles them to do, shall, so far as depends upon him, be, at his cost, divested of all needlessly unwholesome circumstances;' and he contends that the present law does not meet the case in a manner sufficiently specific to give a practical remedy.

On the whole, therefore, the facts tend to show that the sanitary authorities ought to have express power to inspect the workshops and workrooms of the metropolis, and that a summary method ought to be provided for enforcing, within reasonable limits, the improvements which they may suggest. Nor do we believe that such measures would meet with hostility from respectable employers. The gentlemen commissioned by the Privy Council do not appear to have encountered any serious opposition to their inquiries; and when the Vestry of St. James's parish determined to have the shops and workshops within their district inspected under the direction of their medical officer, Dr. Lankester, we judge from the report of that gentleman that no insuperable

* 'Report, 1863,' pp. 27, 28.

objections were made to his visits.* Not only would such a course directly remedy evils immediately affecting health, but it would throw the light of a wholesome publicity into many dark corners, and indirectly improve the condition of male and female operatives in a thousand ways. We need only make a passing allusion to the effect produced by Government inspection of mines and factories, to confirm this observation.

In conclusion, we must touch on a general and important question which underlies the whole subject. We have endeavoured to present an outline of the progress of sanitary legislation up to the present moment, and to indicate certain directions in which a further advance is to be desired. But the question arises, Is the administration of the existing law thoroughgoing and efficient? Because if not, to encumber the Statute-book with fresh provisions would be only to invite fresh failures. We answer that much has, in fact, been effected, but, we regret to say, less than might have been desired.† One cause of this, no doubt, is, that the execution of laws of this character must depend, to a certain extent, on expediency. Crowding is by far the most dangerous of all the enemies of health, yet it is scarcely reasonable to eject a large family from an overcrowded tenement unless they have the means of obtaining some other shelter of a less objectionable kind; and this, in some parts of London, is next to impossible. And so of other points. ‘*Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia*,’ as the lawyers say. Hence the value of those auxiliary movements of a voluntary kind which relate to the creation of better dwellings for the poor. Hence, also, the importance of the question whether cheap trains cannot be provided, which, by taking working men to and fro daily, may enable them to lodge with their families in the suburbs, where better accommodation can be had.

But, beside all this, there is reason to fear that in some parishes the laws relating to health are not executed even with that vigour which the case allows. Too much regard for the interest of small landlords, too little appreciation of the public welfare, too great reluctance to employ the parish funds for sanitary purposes—these are the causes why, in many districts, the Medical Officer of Health is hampered by the vestry under which he acts. The question thus raised is one which must not be hastily dismissed. The case stands thus—Parliament has year after

* In Dr. Lankester’s ‘Report to the Vestry of St. James’s, Westminster, for 1862.’

† Mr. Godwin’s telling little work, ‘Another Blow for Life,’ reveals a sad state of things in too many places. It deserves to be studied.

year gone on accumulating upon the vestries of the metropolis most extensive powers in regard to the public health. Yet, comparatively speaking, few of the class best qualified by habit and education to take large and enlightened views, are to be found among the members of those bodies. In some parishes, indeed, the vestries possess many men of sense, intelligence, and high character. In all, perhaps, a more efficient administration exists than might have been expected. But, with every disposition to give them credit for the good that has been done, it is impossible not to feel that in many places where sanitary reform is most wanted, there is no earnest desire for its accomplishment. To save the rates, and to stave off evil, rather than to remove its cause, even at the risk of some expense, is the great temptation, and, not seldom, the leading principle of action. What is the remedy for this state of things? We confess ourselves unprepared to suggest one that shall be complete and decisive, but we believe we do good service in directing the attention of public men to the subject, even if we do nothing more. We have, however, a few suggestions to offer. In the first place, we think that men of position and education might and ought, oftener than they do, to come forward to take their share in parish business.

It sounds very clever to make the parochial vestryman 'point a moral or adorn a tale,' as the type of prejudice and narrowness of mind. But after all, in many cases, perhaps, he is acting according to the light that is in him, and to the best of his power. Those who ridicule him would possibly be better employed in coming to his assistance, and sharing in his work. Certainly the administration of a district which has more inhabitants, and possesses more wealth, than some German principalities, cannot be so infinitely beneath the notice of those who desire to do good to their neighbours, as is sometimes represented. At all events, it is clear to our minds that either the Legislature must desist from heaping powers and duties of the most important kind on the vestries of London, or society must provide men of enlarged minds and extensive forethought to execute those powers. The health of the greatest city of the world is no bagatelle to be intrusted to those whom chance may select, or petty local parties may place in office.

But those who are unwilling or unable to serve personally on vestries, may contribute their assistance in another way. Most of the poorer parishes have within their bounds one or more large commercial or manufacturing establishments. The heads of these firms might well spare some time for the duty of looking into the
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state of the dwellings around them, where their own men probably live. In such inquiries they might usefully advise with the medical officer of the district; and, should the result be to show that nuisances exist, and that the parish is not doing its duty, they might complain to the vestry; and, if that were unheeded, go a step further, and memorialise the Privy Council. This would direct attention to the subject, and might lead to a Government inquiry, and thus a sluggish vestry might be quickened into activity.* At all events, men of position and influence would become interested in the question on public grounds, and this would of itself go far to abolish the reign of sloth and jobbery, which flourish only in the dark. Once more, in order to give the Medical Officers of Health in the metropolis that independent standing which is needful in order to enable them to make their voices heard with effect, we would urge that they should not be liable either to be dismissed, or to have their salary reduced, without the consent of the Privy Council. This would be in accordance with the present position of the medical officers of unions, who can only be dismissed by the authority of the Poor-law Board, and who are certainly in no sense more important or more responsible functionaries. At present we hear strange tales of vestries threatening to cut down the salary, or turn out the Medical Officer of Health, if he be what they consider 'too busy.' If such things are true, there is an urgent call for improvement. But if such improvement is not to embrace one point only, but to be general and adequate, it can, as far as we see, be effected in but one of two ways, either by developing and extending the jurisdiction of the Health Department of the Privy Council (at the risk of a centralisation hardly in unison with English tastes), or by men of enlightened views and business habits putting their shoulder to the wheel, each in his own locality, in the administration of the sanitary laws of the metropolis. And why should not this be done? The Greeks would have called it a Liturgy, the Romans would have dignified it as an *Ædileship*. To Christian men it appeals on yet higher ground as a work of true benevolence. Disease and death are, indeed, in the hands of Providence, nor have we any sympathy with those who call upon us to work, as if we could exercise sovereign power to regulate their visitations. General laws are but the expression of the will of the Lawgiver, but this fact adds a dignity to the task of those who seek to be fellow-

* In gross cases they might initiate proceedings before a magistrate; for by 23 and 24 Vict., c. 77, § 13, 'any inhabitant of any parish' may now make a complaint in respect of a nuisance injurious to health.

workers with the Creator, by availing themselves of His merciful provisions for the benefit of His creatures.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing pages were written, the Report of Mr. Simon to the Privy Council, for 1864, has appeared. It discusses more than one of the questions upon which we have touched, and, in some instances, with a fulness of detail which would have been out of place in this Journal. But we think we may claim the Report and its valuable appendices as entirely confirmatory of the general views which we have expressed, more especially as to the improvements of the law which we have suggested.

ART. X.—*The Six Year Old Parliament.* London, 1865.

BEFORE these pages reach our readers' hands they will be in the midst of the turmoil of the elections. It is said that the animosity and the excitement are more general and more intense than they have been at any previous time within the last twenty years. Cynics might perhaps be tempted to refer this phenomenon to the law of moral dynamics, laid down after Kepler by some great authority, according to which the intensity of hatred is inversely as the square of the difference of opinion. And if regard were simply paid to the addresses of the candidates, which have recently appeared in such profusion, few people would take exception to the cynical view. To judge by these documents, we are much nearer to the era of universal concord than any one had imagined. Difference of opinion is a thing of the past, an antiquated folly, a mediæval solecism. The people of England in these happier days are all of one mind; they are all for a "well-considered measure of reform," and are all "opposed to any revolutionary change." Every one is in favour of a policy of non-intervention, and most people are attached members of the Established Church. There is no difference of opinion either as to the expediency of retrenchment, or as to the necessity of extending it only "so far as not to interfere with the efficiency of the public service." If it were not for the malt-tax there would hardly be a single discord to disturb this all-pervading harmony.

Addresses, however, are a species of literature which, it is to be hoped both for the credit of the English language and of English statesmanship, will be buried in an oblivion as speedy and as complete as possible. The phrases in them are selected, like an American President, not for their positive, but for their negative merits. Their merit is not, like that of diplomatic conversation,
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to conceal thought, but to have no thought to conceal. If members of Parliament, like everybody else, were submitted to competitive examination, the sum total of marks would be given to the address which meant nothing at all. But as it may be supposed that some candidates at least have distinct opinions which they could put into language if they chose, the addresses cannot be taken as an indication of any genuine political fact. Their peculiar emptiness does not so much indicate that there are no differences of opinion in the political world as that those opinions have not yet taken the form of any distinct, well-understood proposal to which candidates can be forced to pledge themselves, whether they like it or not. In short, it indicates that we are in a period of interregnum, of which the term is not certainly known; but it gives no security whatever as to the future. That political differences are at present shapeless, and that controversy is seemingly indefinite, speaks to the comparative calmness of the Parliament that is dying; but when taken into conjunction with the earnestness with which the present contest is being fought, it rather betokens conflict than tranquillity for the future.

One result of the absence of definite subjects of controversy is a tendency in election speeches, and in newspaper articles, to prepare for the new Parliament by fighting over the battles of the old. The little work, the name of which we have prefixed to this article, is only a specimen of a tolerably copious controversial literature of this character. Under ordinary circumstances such discussions might be relevant to the issue that is being decided; but at a moment when we are admittedly passing from an old reign to a new one, they are singularly out of place. Whoever else may succeed to power, it is safe to predict that the Palmerston Administration will not long be the rulers of this country. We do not, therefore, on this occasion care to intrude upon the province of the historian by going deeply into their merits or their errors. They have had undoubtedly one great virtue—a virtue so momentous to the best interests of the country, that it almost casts all their errors into the shade. Willingly or unwillingly they have brought the Reform movement to a deadlock, and have made it almost impossible for any one who comes after them for a considerable number of years to call it into activity again. They have struck at Reform a blow which its honest enemies could never have inflicted upon it. By their insincerity they have destroyed the market of Reforming professions and cries. Those of the non-electors who wish for it will never again be beguiled into trusting bit-by-bit Reformers who offer instalments of democracy. They have sown the seeds
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of disorganisation in any future reforming movement. They have suggested to the mind of every suspicious or impatient demagogue to fancy that his aristocratic leaders are only making a profit out of his convictions; and they have put into his mouth the ready justification of his fears: 'You are using us as Lord John Russell, in 1859, used the Reformers of his day.' It is no small achievement to have earned so much discredit by the manœuvres of that year, that a portion of it will be reflected forward even upon an honest effort on the part of any future Whig leader to degrade the suffrage. For this incalculable service, rendered at the most reckless sacrifice of reputation, we cannot record our gratitude in terms sufficiently emphatic.

For the rest the policy of the Government has been to float easily upon the current of events. Their policy towards America has had the merit of being inexpensive. Whether it will seem so inexpensive to those who look back upon it over an experience of some five or ten years more, it is useless to speculate now. The policy towards Denmark was inexpensive also. But, then, there is no simpler mode of avoiding expense than that of disregarding all engagements which seem likely to be costly; and, if the person to whom they have been made is unable to enforce them, the success of the operation, in a financial point of view, is entirely without a drawback. It must not be supposed, however, that the present Administration have neglected the acquisition of military glory; but, like true economists, they have bought it in the cheapest market. Still, as in former times, it is a luxury of life to which the British lion is passionately attached; in fact, at certain intervals of time, it becomes almost a necessary of life to him. Happily, the progress of civilisation enables us to command at cheap rates many comforts which, to our fathers, were expensive luxuries; and military glory is among them. It can be obtained among the Chinese, or the Japanese, or the Ashantees, at about a tenth of the price it used to cost when we obtained it from the Russians, or the French, or the Americans; and we have fortunately concluded treaties with all these Africans and Asiatics, which enable us to get up a war without difficulty, whenever circumstances incline us so to do. But military success does not form a prominent feature of the topics upon which the panegyrists of the Government are disposed to dwell. Except in a very vague manner, they do not say much about foreign politics at all. The lapse of a year, though ample space for the ready oblivion of politicians, has not sufficed entirely to efface the recollection of Denmark from the minds of the people. The very quarrels of the despoilers over their booty, which do not seem likely to reach an early termination, are sufficient to keep us

us from forgetting the cruel wrongs which a diplomacy, at once meddlesome and faint-hearted, has been the means of perpetrating.

The advocates of the Government naturally dwell with greater satisfaction upon the state of our commerce than upon the state of our reputation. If the one is rather decayed, and has evidently seen better days, the other is unquestionably flourishing. The fact is, happily, beyond dispute; but there has been no little controversy as to its cause. A belief appears to prevail, or at all events is assumed in high official circles, that the people of this country cannot be prosperous without the leave of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that if their enterprise succeeds, and their trade widens, it must be due to some singular merit in that particular functionary. Mr. Gladstone's contribution to the general prosperity is that by sacrificing the revenue upon a certain number of articles of luxury—the most legitimate of all subjects for taxation,—he induced the Emperor of the French to lower the duties upon some articles of English manufacture, and thereby has considerably increased the amount of English exports into France, especially of woollen goods. So far, the operation has been of great benefit to the trade of the country. But he did not choose to wait till the natural increase of the revenue enabled him to make these changes, which in themselves were undoubtedly beneficial. He was too anxious to discount their political value to endure so patient a policy. As he would not wait, therefore, till he could get the money, he was obliged to take it out of the pockets of some class or other. Accordingly, in spite of the legislative settlement of 1853, in which he himself had induced Parliament to promise that the income-tax should be repealed, he reimposed it at the enormous rate of ten pence in the pound—a rate which has never before been borne by England in time of peace.

From the day of the French Treaty to the present, Parliament has been struggling slowly to escape from the unexampled burden that was then imposed. But up to the present year, Mr. Gladstone never succeeded in reducing the Income-tax to the level to which Mr. Disraeli had reduced it, and at which Mr. Gladstone found it on his accession to his present office. Of course the result of this policy was to give a great stimulus to the particular trades that he benefited by these measures. What he practically did was to take money out of the hands of the payers of Income-tax generally, and put it into the hands of the wool-weavers, and the other traders who received advantage from the French Treaty. That the wool-weavers should have flourished under this policy is only natural. Nothing stimulates

lates the operations of a merchant or a manufacturer like putting a large sum of money into his pocket. What became of the people out of whose pockets the money came—the large majority of Income-tax payers, who derived no benefit from the French Treaty, except the opportunity of purchasing weak claret and fragile gloves—is a point upon which every advocate of the Government is eloquently silent. They meekly paid their tea pence in the pound, and whether they flourished or were ruined is unknown to the Statistical officials. The Statistics of the Board of Trade only tell of that kind of wealth which passes through the Custom-House. A genuine stimulus was given to trade; but whether the holders of fixed incomes, at whose expense trade was so largely subsidized, were fairly treated or not, is a matter of less importance in Mr. Gladstone's eyes, as they are not very powerful at the hustings.

These are considerations which might be dwelt upon much more largely, if this were the time for a full discussion of Mr. Gladstone's financial policy. Its fault has always been the intensely political spirit that pervaded it. Its principles are not unsound, but their application has been dictated not by the scientific computations of the financier, but by the exigencies of the hard-pressed politician. Justice in taxation and security in calculation have been recklessly sacrificed to the necessity of conciliating serviceable supporters and producing showy budgets. His finance was made to gratify his predilections, to give effect to his antipathies, and to secure his political position; and thus even his most useful measures were deformed by the secondary purposes they were intended to serve, and scarcely ever produced the benefit that was projected to one set of taxpayers without inflicting a needless set-off of injury to another. But the true character of Mr. Gladstone's past finance is not the real question which stands for decision at the present juncture. We have to deal with the future, not with the past; and the circumstances of the probable future differ so widely from the past that the experience of the one will be of little use in helping us to forecast the other. The French treaty, the Paper-duties, and the heavy Income-tax are matters of history now. However precipitately they may have been adopted, and however much suffering they may have caused at the moment, time has healed it. Our business is with the political position as it stands, and the future that is immediately before us.

Contrary to modern maxims, men are just now of far more importance than measures. So far as the votes at the ensuing election are given from a political motive at all, the vast majority of

of them will be given in support, not of a policy, but of a statesman. It is the personal question that must, therefore, take precedence of any other in a discussion of political probabilities. Who are the rulers whom we may expect to have, if the present election should result in favour of the existing Government? All the Liberal papers are arguing upon the hypothesis that Lord Palmerston will continue to be Prime Minister. Most of the Liberal electors will probably go to the poll under the influence of the same idea. We sincerely hope that no further diminution of Lord Palmerston's health or strength will take place for a long time to come. His strong constitution holds out every hope that he will live for many years to enjoy the honour which men of all opinions will gladly pay to one who has devoted so large a portion of his life and such unwearied assiduity to the service of his country. But it is idle to expect that he can continue to hold the position of First Minister and leader of the House of Commons. He would probably have resigned it many months ago but for the importunate entreaties of his colleagues that he would not forsake them at this crisis of their fate. No man less courageous or less robust could have borne the exhausting burden of such an office at the age to which the Psalmist has ascribed nothing but weakness and sorrow. Not only is it a feat that is unexampled in English history, but no approach to it even can be found. Sir Robert Peel used to say that no man could perform the duties of the office with efficiency after sixty. All honour to the vigour of mind and freshness of feeling which have induced Lord Palmerston to sacrifice to what he believed to be his country's good, so large a portion of the repose which old age may justly claim. But it is obvious that such a marvellous strain upon human powers must at last reach the limit at which they would refuse to answer to the call: and it has been too evident, for many months past, that that limit has been reached. Ever since Easter Lord Palmerston's leadership of the House of Commons has been little more than nominal. He has appeared on a few occasions to answer important questions; and has remained in his place for a short time before dinner. Once or twice he has remained till late in the evening. But with these scanty exceptions the practical leadership of the House has devolved upon Sir George Grey. Yet the actual presence in the House of Commons—a duty which in former years Lord Palmerston used to perform with unremitting diligence—is the lightest of all the labours which the First Minister is called on to perform. If this is beyond his power to accomplish satisfactorily, all the other and more onerous portion of his task must of necessity be laid aside altogether.

The

The arduous study, by which alone a statesman can keep abreast even with the progress of the most important public question is a toil, compared to which attendance in Parliament is repose. Yet without this toil no Prime Minister can hold an unquestioned supremacy over his colleagues. No man can be master of those who act under him, if his knowledge of the subject-matter of their labours is palpably inferior to theirs. For two or three years past it has been painfully apparent that Lord Palmerston no longer possessed any effective control over his colleagues. The acts of the Government have borne upon them little trace either of the old spirit or the old sagacity. It is difficult to conceive that Mr. Gladstone would have been permitted to utter a manifesto in favour of manhood suffrage, if Lord Palmerston had been really master in his own Ministry. It is still more difficult to imagine that if the despatches of the Foreign Office had passed under Lord Palmerston's eye, those ambiguous and insincere intimations of support would have been made which betrayed the Danes to their ruin. But all this administrative neglect mattered little, so long as the Prime Minister was able to keep up his punctual attendance at the House of Commons. It was not difficult for a veteran debater to glose over even the most serious blunders, or, at all events, to conceal the fact that they were due, not to errors in his judgment, but to an inevitable laxity of supervision. But now that the Prime Minister is no longer able to take his regular place during the sittings of the House, even the pretence of efficiency is gone.

That Lord Palmerston, during the years of life which, we trust, are still in store for him, may by his counsel render great service to his country no one will deny. But it will be in some field of action less laborious than the office of Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons. In other words, it is not in any case a contingency to be accepted as lying within the limits of probability, that he should long retain even the nominal guidance of the policy of the country. Any political action, therefore, based upon the assumption that he will continue at the head of the Liberal party, and that any power entrusted to their hands would be exercised under his guidance, rests upon a mere delusion. Now, public opinion has always drawn a very broad distinction between Lord Palmerston and his colleagues. Rightly or wrongly, he has been a universal favourite. His long experience, his great services, his popular manners, have all combined to recommend him to his countrymen: and he has enjoyed in consequence a popularity which has scarcely ever been equalled in recent times, except in the case of men who have won it by military

military achievements. Not the least curious part of this feeling has been that it has been cherished perhaps more strongly among his professed opponents than among his friends. A belief that, in his heart, he was a sincere Conservative—or, as Sir James Graham used to phrase it, ‘the greatest Tory in the House’—and that his position as Liberal leader conferred upon him a power of giving effect to those opinions which, in any other position, he would not have enjoyed, naturally entitled him to the regard of the mass of the Conservative party. They forgave the laxity of the morality in the benefits of the results, especially at a time when Democracy seemed rather nearer at hand than it does now.

The disinclination to oppose Lord Palmerston, so long as he was in his vigour, was very strong both among members themselves and among their constituents. It is only since it has become evident that his name and popularity were being used to mask the designs of far less trustworthy politicians that any opposition in earnest to his Government has commenced. But this popularity is far from being extended to his colleagues: least of all among the political opponents of the Government. No one suspects either Lord Russell or Mr. Gladstone of being animated by a secret Conservatism. Whenever the whole power of the Government shall fall into their hands, the battle for the Constitution will be hard and serious work. Lord Palmerston, though he can do little to govern them, is still able to obstruct them. He may not be able to go very deeply into business, or watch over the development of a policy. He cannot do much to prevent his subordinates from giving an indirect assistance to the Radicals; but no important measure of Government can be introduced without his consent; and he still is able to put his veto upon them if they directly aim at any object which he has been accustomed to dislike. But when he has retired, as he inevitably must do in the course of a few months, this restraint will be wholly removed; and a Liberal Government under his successor will be something very different from what it has been during the last six years.

There can be no doubt that the general feeling of the country is strongly Conservative. People in England do not reason much upon abstract ideas: they are rather apt to treat political changes that may be offered by a theorist as a sensible person treats a horse that is offered him by a horse-dealer. They like to see them tried before they take them. The democratic organs have made many attempts to persuade them that democracy has been brilliantly successful in producing liberty wherever it has been tried, and especially in France and America. But they have

have not succeeded in inspiring a perfect satisfaction with the result of these two experiments. Liberty, as it exists at Paris and in Washington, may be a very admirable thing; but those who have been accustomed to the home-grown article cannot help liking it better. A Londoner accustomed to live under the oppression which, we are told, the aristocracy inflict upon the people in England, would feel himself ill at ease in the perfect liberty which is offered to him by the sovereign people in those two capitals. In consequence of these national prejudices, a strong reaction against democracy has been setting in for the last thirteen years. It was set in action by the result of the French attempt; and its course has been quickened and strengthened by the close to which the more vaunted experiment in America has come. Some organs of the Government have amused themselves with proving that there has been no Conservative reaction at all, because it has not had the effect of unseating the Government. Lord Palmerston has taken the most effectual precautions that no such melancholy catastrophe should happen. The stream has not submerged the vessel, because the vessel floated with the stream. The Ministry have not been overthrown by the Conservative reaction, because they have not been wholly strangers to its influence. That Mr. Gladstone has not forced his chief to bring in a Reform Bill is the best proof that can be had of the strength of the Conservative feeling that animates the country. It is this Conservative feeling which makes the advocates of the Administration so anxious to press the name of Lord Palmerston upon the attention of the electors, and to confine their attention rather to the past than to the future.

It is very little to the purpose to tell the electors of what Lord Palmerston has done during his tenure of office. Be it good or bad, he will not be there to do it again. The unanimous consent of all the constituencies in the three kingdoms could not make him Prime Minister for six years more. Votes given to a Liberal candidate, who professes to be a supporter of Lord Palmerston, will not operate to keep Lord Palmerston in office, or to secure the continuance of the policy he has pursued. He was a minister of a special type, whose mantle can descend to no successor. Certainly that successor will not be found in Mr. Gladstone or Lord Russell, who both helped to drive him from office the year before they took their places under him. Yet it will be for such a successor that electors who are deluded into going to the hustings to support Lord Palmerston will be really voting. If a majority is obtained for the Liberals, it is probable that the new Parliament will be as long-lived as the last. During the six years that it may last, the votes given for Lord Palmerston at this election will

will continue to be operative and cannot be recalled. It is scarcely possible that his tenure of office can survive the first year of the new Parliament's existence. In all probability he will not meet it at all. The members that were elected to support him will remain in Parliament bound to the Liberal party and to whatever leader fortune shall select as Lord Palmerston's successor. In counties, especially where his name is likely to be appealed to, it behoves the electors to consider what the real effect will be of votes given nominally to one who is no longer practically a candidate for power.

In the present state of the Liberal party, it is no easy task to forecast the name of the leader who will take Lord Palmerston's place. If talent alone were to decide the choice, no doubt could be entertained, for Mr. Gladstone is without a peer. But talent alone is not sufficient to secure to him the unquestioned authority wielded by Lord Palmerston. The Whigs have never taken kindly to their distinguished convert. He was not born in the purple, nor do any ties of blood or marriage draw him within the sacred caste from among whom their leaders are traditionally taken. There are other objections of a more substantial kind. He is in earnest about Reform, which is a very unwholesome and unnatural frame of mind for one who aspires in these days to lead the great Whig party. He is one of those awkward men who will take pledges upon such subjects literally, and argues that, because his party have loudly professed the desirability of Reform, therefore a Reform Bill ought to be brought in. No Whig following such a leader can feel safe for a single moment. He never knows, when he pledges himself to a 'safe and satisfactory measure of Reform' in the usual style, that he will not wake up some morning and find that he has been taken at his word. At the same time he is almost as dangerous to discard as to follow. He commands the undivided affections of the Radical section of the party. He has been the first statesman for many years past—perhaps the first they have ever had—who has been even a possible candidate for Prime Minister. They sympathise with him very closely upon questions of finance; and Church matters, which form the only point of difference between them now, are not likely to keep them very long apart. A time may come when his refined and subtle intellect may find their rough and ready dogmatism intolerable, and he may break away from that as he has from every other alliance he has ever formed. But for the present there is no sign of discord between them. Their affection for him has been steadily growing ever since 1860, and no indication of its abatement has yet become visible. With backers so powerful, and at present so staunch,

Mr. Gladstone is a candidate for power whom it would be dangerous, if not fatal, to offend. If he is slighted by the offer of a position inferior to that which he thinks himself entitled to hold, it is in his power to split up his party to the very base.

A Radical secession would give a palpable form to that irreconcilable antagonism of opinion which separates the Democrat from the Constitutional Whig, and which even now is a cause of inextricable embarrassment to the party at many a borough election. These serious consequences would almost certainly follow, if the Whigs refused to take Mr. Gladstone for their leader in the House of Commons; and there is no other man upon the Treasury bench sufficiently popular, or sufficiently qualified, for the post to induce them to incur any risk of breaking up their party on his account. It may be assumed that, whatever their feelings may be, the command, as soon as it drops from the hands of the present venerable leader, will pass without any open demur into the hands of Mr. Gladstone. Whether he will be Prime Minister or not, does not of course depend wholly upon the House of Commons; but there can be little doubt that, if the present Government obtain a majority, the leadership of the House of Commons, involving the substantial control of the policy of the country, will devolve upon him.

If that be so, the future policy of the Liberal party will not be difficult to forecast. The measures which Parliament will be called upon to pass, if the electors should be deluded, by the use of Lord Palmerston's name, into returning a Liberal majority, will be those to which Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself. They are by this time tolerably well-known. Upon his views in regard to the Church of England we have spoken elsewhere. They are at present in a state of transition, and cannot be described with perfect accuracy. Upon the rights of the Irish Church, they have arrived at more maturity. He has expressed his opinions upon this subject with a frankness that will preclude him from receding from them at any future period. He holds that the property of the Irish Church, held as it is by an undisturbed title of three hundred years, is yet unreservedly at the disposal of Parliament, to do with it what it thinks best, and that Parliament ought to exercise that power in favour of the religion of the majority of the people. We may look, therefore, upon a formal agitation for the spoliation of the Irish Church as one of the most certain results of Mr. Gladstone's leadership.

Upon finance, perhaps, there does not remain much alteration that he can make. In the middle of all his remissions he has uniformly refused to concede the only financial changes by which the agricultural interest can be benefited. He still appears to cherish

cherish in its full force that hostility against the land which has been the animating principle of his financial career. It is idle now to inquire into the origin of that feeling. It lies in the political history of the last twenty years, and, on the ancient principle of *'odisse quem læseris,'* the feeling gains a fresh impulse with every fresh expression of it, and so necessarily gathers force with time. The particular remission of the Malt-tax is one that the landed interest will never extort from a hostile Chancellor of the Exchequer. It can always be baffled by an appeal to the prejudices of Scotch and Irish members. County electors waste their strength in exacting from Liberal candidates pledges upon the Malt-tax. The mere fact that a candidate supports Mr. Gladstone, in effect designates him as one who supports the continuance of the Malt-tax. He may, when the motion is brought forward, register a perfunctory vote against the tax, but he gives his Parliamentary support to the only finance Minister who has both the power and the will to maintain it. It needs not only a successful agitation, but a friendly Government, before this burden on the land can be relieved. With apparently this exception, Mr. Gladstone expressed to his admirers of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, a general preference for direct over indirect taxation. It is not likely, however, that he will ever be permitted to bring this abstract preference into a concrete form. The Income-tax payers have suffered much at his hands, but their watchfulness has been aroused by the past, and they are strong enough to protect themselves.

The real and pressing danger of Mr. Gladstone's leadership will undoubtedly be his newly-formed views upon Reform. Or rather, to put it more generally, they will be the dangers arising from any Liberal majority when once the restraining influence of Lord Palmerston is taken away. It must not be forgotten that the Liberal party differs from the Conservative party in this, that it is not a homogeneous body. In the Conservative party there may be here and there individual eccentricities: but the whole is not divided into two strongly marked sections, differing diametrically upon points of the utmost moment, and viewing each other's movements with jealous suspicion. It is an old remark that the Whigs and the Radicals differ more from each other, in point of political opinion, than the Whigs and the Conservatives: but the remark received new illustration from the Reform debate of the present year. The Whig speakers who conducted the resistance to Mr. Baines's Bill, scarcely fell short in anything of the sentiments which the stoutest Conservative would desire to express on such an occasion. On the other hand, nothing could exceed the wrath expressed by the Radicals at the

desertion of their nominal allies. If the expressions that were used by them towards the Whigs and towards the Government, both in the House of Commons and the press, are to be looked upon as the utterances of political friends, political friendship must be a very stormy kind of passion. Mr. Bright's address, again, to his constituents at Birmingham, is a composition that can scarcely be called affectionate in its tone. 'Betrayal,' 'treachery,' 'violation of solemn pledges,' 'neglect of first duties,' are among the endearments with which its few sentences are filled. It is evident enough from many pregnant indications, that the Radicals are tired of the Whig alliance upon its present terms. If they are again to form part of a Liberal majority, they will require some other consideration for their services than a seat in the Cabinet for Mr. Milner Gibson. They will insist upon a hearty co-operation in some measure of Reform, which shall place Radicalism permanently in power, and supersede the necessity of begging for Whig patronage for the future.

Will the Whigs consent to the demand? If any considerable number of them refuse, the position of affairs will be much simplified: for a Liberal majority will be impossible. But will their virtue be equal to the trial when this result of it is fairly before their eyes? Till the moment for decision comes it will be impossible to predict whether wounded pride or genuine fear for the Constitution will gain the mastery. The struggle will be a severe one. That lowest form of partisanship which prefers rather to change opinions than to change companions is not extirpated from the House of Commons, and perhaps prevails more strongly among the Whigs than in any other part of it. It is impossible to forget that in 1852, and again in 1859, rather than sacrifice their majority, they yielded to pressure upon this very point, and consented to legislation to which they were notoriously averse. Their weakness of conviction and their intense tenacity of power are the great danger of the present crisis. Neither of these weaknesses can be imputed to the Radicals; and it is from their superiority in this respect that they derive their influence. But few of them have ever consented in recent years to sacrifice their opinions for the sake of office. The Whigs, first intent on place, and only giving an afterthought to the Constitution, have hitherto yielded easily to the bold, uncompromising convictions of their allies. And the probability unhappily is that under the same temptations they will pursue the same course again. It may at all events be taken for certain that the yielding will not come from the other side. If, in the coming Parliament, the Liberals form a strong and united party, it will be with Mr. Gladstone for their leader and a Radical policy for their programme.

gramme. And if, with a Parliamentary majority to back them, their leaders again occupy the Treasury Bench, it will be under a pledge,—which this time cannot be bought off by the sacrifice of the Paper-duties,—to effect the degradation of the suffrage

We need not dwell upon the evils of this change. We have done so very recently; and those who have read the admirable speeches of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman will find in them a perfect thesaurus of arguments against democratic reform. We believe that the convictions of the large majority of the electors throughout the country are in harmony with the doctrines laid down in these speeches. But the urgent need of the present moment is not to strengthen these convictions by arguments, but to give effect to them by acts. In the hands of the Conservatives the precious deposit of the Constitution may be safely trusted. During the last five years all the questions of permanent importance that are likely to occupy public attention have been discussed in the two Houses of Parliament, and the opinions of the Conservative leaders freely expressed in those discussions are consequently well known. They have expressed themselves in opposition to all bare degradation of the suffrage, to all alterations in it that can in any degree increase the democratic element in the Constitution, with a frankness which leaves no room for misconstruction. Upon every occasion they have stood firmly by the interests of the Established Church, from whatever quarter the attack against her may have proceeded; and to the energetic party action taken under their guidance her rescue from more than one enemy who seemed just on the point of triumphing is to be ascribed. It is of no use to attempt to divide the men from the parties they lead or the measures they support. It would be ridiculous for a Liberal to support a Conservative candidate, because he happened to have a personal admiration for Lord Derby or Mr. Disraeli; and it is equally absurd to wish well to Conservative measures, to desire the maintenance of the Church in her rights, or to look with apprehension at the insidious approaches of democracy, and from some personal preference or friendship to withhold political support from the statesmen who have devoted all their powers to carrying these objects into effect. It is evident from Mr. Bright's address that he has bated neither heart nor hope. 'I trust,' he says, 'the result of the coming election will show that, notwithstanding the treachery of official statesmen, and the indifference of the expiring Parliament, the cause of freedom, based on a true representation of the nation, is advancing with irresistible force to its final triumph.'

It is for us to show that 'the cause of true freedom,' as we understand

understand it, that is to say, the Government not of numbers, but of property and intelligence, is not missing its final triumph through the languor and carelessness of those who know its value. In this special juncture of affairs, the attitude assumed by England will do much to influence the course of opinion throughout the world. The delusion that the particular tyranny which consists of the despotism of the multitude could be a source of freedom is passing rapidly away. It has lain heavily upon the world for more than a century. It has blinded some of the acutest intellects, some of the most earnest lovers of their kind who have appeared on earth, while its power lasted. It has furnished an instrument for the intrigues of many an unworthy ambition, and has frequently served to disguise the greed of adventurers or the venom of disappointed pride. It has been the pretext of more than one bloody revolution; it has armed popular envy against those who had no crime, but that they had been born to inherit wealth or honour; by its help professional politicians and professional conspirators have in more than one country trampled free institutions into the dust. But its course is almost run. The logic of events has demonstrated what one might have thought that the logic of theory would have foretold; and has shown that despotism in no hands, least of all in the hands of the most ignorant and the hungriest, can be otherwise than deadly to human freedom. Instructed by France and America, men are awaking to the fact, which, under some strange delusion, philosophers have sought to ignore, that uncontrolled power is as fearful an instrument of oppression when it subverts the passions of a class, as when it executes the will of a Sultan or a Czar. But at such a juncture, the opinion of the civilised world naturally turns to England. Reflecting men instinctively ask how these events are interpreted, how these problems are solved, in the land where modern freedom was cradled, and has produced the most marvellous fruits of prosperity, and happiness, and peace. A great responsibility lies upon the governing classes of this country at a moment so critical in the history of political opinion.

If we, at such a moment, weakly yield to the theories, now worn out and antiquated, which would confer supreme power on the multitude, we may throw back the cause of true freedom for half a century. If on the other hand we can by our example persuade those who to preserve the mere blessings of social order have taken refuge in autocracy, or in Cæsarism, that regulated freedom does not mean the supremacy of ignorance and poverty, we may hope to see the shackles removed which in many a land lie upon thought, and speech, and industry. In questions of political right

right England exercises an enormous influence over the whole of the civilised world ; and the question which England is called upon to determine is whether those, who above all things desire that industry shall have its free course, and that trade shall not be disturbed by tumult, may trust to free institutions to give them a security which in some countries they are beginning to imagine can only be conferred by military rule. If England at such a moment is deluded enough so to alter her franchise as to yield the government of the country to the Trades' Unions, men will conclude that constitutional systems are only part and parcel of the delusion of the democratic theory, and that strong Governments are the only hope of those who desire to pursue their own industry in peace.

This is the issue which the constituencies of this country have to decide. They must judge between the Conservatives and the Radicals. The Whigs constitute only an accidental compromise due to the matrimonial arrangements of a few great families, with the peculiarity that many of them are willing to sacrifice the interests of their class, in order to promote the personal ambition of those who belong to their family connection. But their number diminishes with every election. It is obvious that in course of time those merely personal conditions of association must be overruled ; and the members of the party which tries to serve two masters must take their place upon one side or the other. The true battle is not with them. It is not between them and the Conservatives that the electors have to decide. The issue is a far broader one, and cannot be obscured by the paltry intrigues of parties, or the selfish trimming of personal ambition. The question is, whether England shall be governed by property and intelligence, or by numbers. Those who prefer the first alternative will vote for the Conservative candidate ; those who prefer the last will vote for the Liberal. There is no middle term between the two. It is the great controversy of modern society, the great issue upon which the hopes of freedom, and order, and civilisation depend. To the electors of Great Britain this issue is committed ; and may God defend the right !

NOTE to No. 232, p. 534, l. 29.

The Rev. S. Wilberforce was named as a contemporary member, though not a fellow, of Oriel College. The name of the Rev. R. D. Hampden was accidentally omitted.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Handbook to the Cathedrals of England*. Southern Division, 2 Parts; London, 1861. Eastern Division; London, 1862. Western Division; London, 1864.
2. *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*. By George Gilbert Scott, R.A., F.S.A. Oxford and London. Second edition, 1863.
3. *The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century*. By A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.A., D.C.L. London, 1861.

NEARLY forty years have passed since Britton's 'Cathedral Antiquities' was reviewed in this Journal, by Southey.* The article, which is very characteristic of the writer, is, as usual, rich in various extracts and in historical illustration. We are told that, when the 'Délices de la Grande Bretagne' were published at the beginning of the last century, York and Canterbury were the only Cathedrals which appeared among the engravings, although bird's-eye views of 'maisons de campagne' were plentiful; 'but the taste of the age is curiously exemplified when such edifices as Lincoln, and Wells, and Lichfield are overlooked, and a plan given of Marshal Tallard's garden at Nottingham, with its parterres of turf cut into squares, circles, semicircles, and ovals, "et ce qui fait dans son tout ce qu'on appelle gazon-coupé;" and variegated by divisions of red sand, yellow sand, pulverised shells, pulverised coal, dust from the lead-mines, and gravel walks of every procurable variety of colour.'

In truth, Britton was the first to describe, and to design with anything like accuracy, the architectural glories of our English Cathedrals. His designs still rank among the best we possess; and whatever contributions have since been made to a fuller understanding of their history and construction, Britton is at least entitled to the distinction of having led the way toward a thorough study of these great churches. How much has been done in this direction within the last forty years we need hardly say. A comparison of Britton's text—which, it must be remembered, displays a knowledge of Gothic architecture far in advance of his time—with Professor Willis's monographs, or with the Hand-

books which we have placed at the head of this article, will show at once how wide a gap remained to be filled, and with how far more accurate and more extended knowledge we may now walk through our Cathedral aisles and cloisters. If a new series of the 'Délices' were to appear at present, although space might possibly be found for a 'prospect' of another garden, in which divisions of red sand, yellow sand, and pulverised coal are not altogether unknown, Lincoln, Wells, and Lichfield would assuredly not be omitted. With the knowledge which we have gained about them has come an increased pride in these noble structures, and such a reverential care of them as has scarcely been known since the Reformation, and as we very much doubt to have been paralleled before it. The stir of repair and of restoration has been and is so great (and on the whole, whatever occasional errors may have been committed in the latter process, it has been so judiciously conducted) that, of late years, the scene in and about many an English minster has strongly recalled its earlier days, when its walls, now grey with age, were first rising in the midst of the hive of workmen. 'Ministri fervent in operibus suis; lapides colligunt, collectos afferunt, campos et plateas, domos et curias implent.'*

It is curious that twenty-four, the existing number of English sees—a number which has only been completed since the formation of the dioceses of Ripon and Manchester—should be precisely that fixed by Gregory the Great, in his instructions to Augustine. Britain was almost an unknown island to Gregory. 'Probably,' as Dean Stanley suggests, 'he thought it might be about the size of Sicily or Sardinia, the only large islands he had ever seen, and that twenty-four bishoprics would be sufficient.'† Gregory's instructions, however, issued while the island was still pagan, were followed but imperfectly. The formation of English sees has been very gradual, and has been influenced by causes which could hardly have been foreseen by either Gregory or Augustine. As each Saxon kingdom was converted, a bishopric was formed co-extensive with the kingdom; and the Christian bishop, the chief pastor of the tribe, 'succeeded in all probability to the post which the chaplain or high priest of the King had held in the days of Paganism.'‡ As the tribe increased, and as various ter-

* Herbert Losinga (circ. 1096) to the overseers of the cathedral he was then building at Norwich.

† 'Historical Memorials of Canterbury: the Landing of Augustine.' The great size of the English dioceses, in which respect they differ so remarkably from those of Continental Europe—where there is a bishop's see in almost every large town—may have been partly a result of Gregory's ignorance; but the main cause was the fact that the Saxon dioceses were at first conterminous with the several kingdoms.

‡ Stanley's 'Landing of Augustine.'

ritorial changes took place, the primitive dioceses were subdivided; Canterbury and York, which had been the two best known cities of Britain at the time of Augustine's arrival, and which represented the kingdoms of Kent and of Northumbria, always retaining their metropolitanical supremacy. The dioceses of Ely and Carlisle were not formed until after the Conquest; and it was not until after the dissolution of the monasteries that the five sees of Oxford, Peterborough, Gloucester, Bristol, and Chester, were erected by Henry VIII.—the scanty realisation of a scheme that had once been far wider. The same causes which influenced the formation of dioceses affected the positions of Cathedrals. In some cases—as at Canterbury, York, and Winchester—the place of the see was the chief town of the Saxon kingdom. But the palaces of Saxon kings were by no means confined to walled cities; and the earlier bishops, like the king, to whose household they were attached, 'adopted for the most part the old Teutonic habit of wandering from vill to vill, from manor to manor.*' Hence the Cathedral church was as often as not erected on the best and most convenient manor which the bishop had received from the King for his support and maintenance; and hence the position of the earlier sees at such places as Crediton, Sherborne, or Dorchester in Oxfordshire. But the insecurity, and probably the inconvenience of such situations had become felt long before the Conquest. The see of Crediton, as is expressly recorded in the Charter of the Confessor, was removed to Exeter on account of the devastations and plunder of the Northmen in the open country.† Other sees had suffered quite as severely; and in 1075 a synod held in London, under Archbishop Lanfranc, decreed the removal of certain sees 'in villulis'—small and unwalled towns, which had grown up round the Cathedral—to the security of walled cities. Sherborne was then removed to Old Sarum, and Selsea to Chichester. Somewhat later, Dorchester was removed to Lincoln. Later still (A.D. 1109), Ely, strongly fortified by nature, and possessing one of the wealthiest Benedictine houses in England, was erected into a bishopric, having assigned to it a portion of the vast diocese of Lincoln; and Carlisle, representing the Roman Lugubalia, did not receive her first bishop until 1133. The position of the sees erected by Henry VIII. was determined in every case by that of

* Kemble, 'Saxons in England,' i. 300.

† The see of Cornwall was at this time (1050) united with that of Exeter. 'Una sit sedes episcopalis, unumque pontificium, et una ecclesiastica regula, propter paucitatem atque devastationem bonorum et populorum, quoniam pyratice Cornubiensem ac Criditonensem ecclesias devastare poterant; ac per hoc in civitate Exoniæ tutiorem munitionem adversus hostes habere visum est; et ideo ibi sedem esse volo.' Charter of King Edward; Kemble's 'Cod. Diplom.,' No. 791.

the suppressed monastery, the church of which became the Cathedral of the new diocese.

With this glance at the causes which led to the fixing of English sees at the places where we now find them, we pass to the Cathedrals themselves, taking for our text-book the series of 'Handbooks to the Cathedrals of England,' which we have placed at the head of this article. We shall use their text freely; but it may be as well to mention here that they are illustrated by some hundred engravings on wood, of the highest beauty and interest; many, indeed most of them, representing subjects or points of view which do not occur in Britton. To say that these engravings are executed for the most part by Mr. Orlando Jewitt is to warrant their accuracy of detail and extreme delicacy of finish. Such specimens of xylography as the 'Bay of Ely Choir' (Ely Cathedral, plate iv.), or as the exquisite reredos in the same Cathedral (plate v.) have scarcely been exceeded by any modern artist.* With the Handbooks we join Mr. Gilbert Scott's 'Gleanings from Westminster Abbey,' the one great English church, which, like Nôtre Dame at Antwerp, or St. Gudule at Brussels, takes the position of a Cathedral without being the actual place of an episcopal see, although it had a bishop for a short time in the sixteenth century.

An English Cathedral is the most perfect 'sermon in stones' that anywhere remains to us. Other monuments, the mysterious cromlechs and circles of the primæval period, or the castles of later centuries, are not, of course, without tongues of their own; but the language of the first has become too strange and antique to be readily interpreted; and the castles, for the most part shattered and imperfect, tell their story at best but obscurely. It is only a great Cathedral, which the Church has watched and cared for ever since its foundations were laid, that resembles in its clearness and completeness some stately discourse by Jeremy Taylor, with all its elaborate divisions and its illustrations of the highest poetry. And each Cathedral is in itself a microcosm; leading its students through the long series of ages that have built up this present England, and bringing them, by the aid of its architecture and of the monuments which it protects, into as close a contact as is now possible with the great men of the past.

* Each cathedral has been described by the compiler of the Handbooks after careful personal examination, and with the assistance of the most recent labours of other inquirers. Professor Willis's admirable monographs have been largely drawn upon. No one has done so much toward setting forth the true history of English cathedrals. His papers, however (to be found for the most part in the volumes of the Archæological Institute), are addressed mainly to architectural or archæological students. The Handbooks take a wider range, and describe the monuments and other remains in each cathedral, as well as the church itself.

To stand by the tomb of a great man, it has been said, is the next thing to seeing him. There is no English Cathedral that will not afford in this way such a series of historical lessons as we should seek for elsewhere in vain; and not one a careful study of which would not give a far clearer insight into the various changes and events of our history than is to be obtained from books alone. Instead, however, of examining each Cathedral singly and throughout, we propose at present to take the entire series, and, regarding them in chronological order, to see how admirably they exhibit and illustrate the history of architecture in England. The smallest parish church may, of course, contribute its share to this history; but as a whole, it is best read in the Cathedrals, including, as they now do, some of the greater and more important monastic churches. It is a fact, also, as we shall by-and-by see, that at least two of the changes of style—the so-called Early English and the Perpendicular—seem to have begun in churches which belong to our series: the first at Lincoln; the second at Gloucester, afterwards one of Henry VIII.'s Cathedrals.

Of the period before the Conquest, there are few actual remains. In many instances, of course, the site of the existing cathedral is the same that was occupied by the Saxon structure; and it is possible that some fragments of walls or of piers, though we suspect not many, may date from the early part of the eleventh century. The most important relics exist in the North. For although Canterbury impresses the imagination strongly, as the first great resting-place of the faith in England—embracing within her walls the actual ground covered by the lowly church first given by Ethelbert to Augustine—she can point to no such tangible witness of antiquity as the rude wall in the crypt of York Minster, which, if it is not, as it very well may be, a portion of the church erected by Edwin of Northumbria at the place of his baptism by Paulinus (A.D. 627), is at least not later than the time of Archbishop Albert, who came to the see in the year 767, and who is recorded by Alcuin as the builder of a 'most magnificent basilica' in his metropolitan city. On this relic, therefore, we gaze with veneration; but if we desire to be fairly carried back to those remote centuries, we must pass from York to the sister cathedral of Ripon, erected, not on the site of the famous monastery built by St. Wilfrid, but on that of a second church which there can be no doubt was also founded by him. Under the central tower of Ripon Minster, the construction of which it must have greatly influenced, is the remarkable crypt known as 'St. Wilfrid's Needle,' a small subterranean chamber, the strong Roman character of which at once impresses the antiquary.

antiquary. It is, in truth, a surviving example (and not a solitary one, since there is another crypt closely resembling this below the church of St. Andrew, at Hexham, also a recorded foundation of Wilfrid's) of that mode of building which Wilfrid is expressly stated to have brought from Rome; and as we pass through the dark, narrow passages that lead to it, and find ourselves at last within its rude walls, pierced by small niches, bearing the marks of more than a thousand years, we feel—so completely are we removed from all modern associations—almost brought face to face with that most memorable and energetic 'apostle' of the English church, by whose care the crypt was constructed in the latter half of the seventh century. Its original purpose seems little understood; but, more than any of the later and lighter crypts, it recalls the martyr's 'confessio,' the type of which is to be sought in the Roman catacombs. It may have been used as a place of prayer and of penance; as the sepulchre, from which the host, the 'risen Lord,' was brought up to the choir on Easter Day; or it may have served for the occasional exhibition of relics. But, in truth, it belongs to a period so remote, and suggests a condition so different from that even of the later middle age, that we can do little more than guess at its uses and meaning.*

The change which advancing years brought with them is at once evident in passing from this mysterious chamber to the crypt below the ancient choir of Worcester Cathedral, a work begun after the Conquest, in 1084, and completed in ten years, but which is associated with an earlier period, as having been constructed by Bishop Wulfstan, one of the few prelates of English race who retained their sees, to any effectual purpose, after the 'alien King' had fairly grasped his new dominion. St. Wulfstan pulled down the Saxon Cathedral, and began to rebuild it on a much larger scale; but to whatever extent the building may have advanced at his death, in 1095, the only portion of it which now exists is the crypt, in which a synod, gathering all the 'wisest men' of the diocese, was held in 1092. Unlike the dark chamber of St. Wilfrid, Wulfstan's crypt, which is apsidal, occupying originally the whole space under the ancient choir, is in effect a subterranean church—a 'complex and beautiful temple,' the aisles of which are marked off by rows of slender pillars, carrying semicircular arches. The intricacy and variety produced by these numerous pillars, with their plain, cushioned capitals, and by the intersecting arches, have reminded

* Two papers on this remarkable crypt, by Mr. J. R. Walbran, of Ripon, who was the first to point out its certain date, will be found in the *Journal of the Archaeological Institute*.

more

more than one visitor of the great Moorish mosque at Cordova—a comparison which (although the mosque is now the cathedral) would, we suspect, have been little to the taste of good Bishop Wulfstan, or of the ‘wise’ abbots and priests who once assembled here in solemn synod.

Such a crypt as this at Worcester is characteristic of the increased stateliness of architecture which had passed across the channel before the Conquest, and had been patronised by the Confessor for his new church at Westminster. Besides Worcester, Norman crypts exist at Canterbury, Winchester, Gloucester, and Rochester; all, as Professor Willis has pointed out, founded before 1085, although in their present state they show marks of later work and additions. After the Norman period they were discontinued, the solitary exception being at Hereford Cathedral, where there is an Early English crypt under the beautiful Lady Chapel of the same date. The crypts had their separate chapels and altars like the churches above them; and in that of Canterbury was the famous shrine of ‘Our Lady Undercroft,’ described by Erasmus as so laden with treasure that it was ‘a sight more than regal.’ In the crypts also were places of concealment, where the great treasures of the church might be hidden in troubled times. Few large churches were without such hiding-places; often necessary when the building stood near the shore, within sight and reach of pirates, or in such of the Northern counties as were exposed to a foray of Scottish Borderers.

The troubles before and after the Conquest—ravages of Northmen, civil strife, and the plunder and havoc of the Conqueror’s troops wherever they penetrated the country—laid more or less in ruin, not only the smaller churches on the manors of ‘thegn’ and ‘eorl,’ but the cathedral churches themselves, which, as being the richest, were the most exposed to plunder. When Lanfranc came to his cathedral in the year 1070, he found it a desolate ruin. It had been completely burnt three years before; and the bulls and privileges of many a king and pope had perished with it. York Minster, with the great library collected by the incessant labour of Alcuin and Egbert, was destroyed by fire in 1069, during the attack on the city by the sons of Sweyn; and scarcely one of the English cathedrals was more fortunate. Although some years passed after the Conquest before the country was sufficiently settled to allow of much building, the first great work undertaken by the newly-appointed Norman prelates was the reconstruction, in most instances the entire rebuilding, of their cathedrals. Some of these, as we have before mentioned, were removed to entirely new sites, in obedience to a decree of the synod of London, in 1075. Others were rebuilt either on the old
site,

site, or on ground closely adjoining. Lanfranc had set the example; and the love of building, which was one of the marked characteristics of the Normans, together with a certain religious zeal which is hardly less conspicuous, led the new lords of England not only to follow in his lead in so far as the rebuilding of the cathedrals was concerned, but to cover the land with small churches. Many of these, rich with elaborate ornamentation, still remain; whilst of others the former existence is only indicated by a font or a fragment of carving: the building of them, however, in spite of trouble and turmoil, must have gone on almost uninterruptedly at least until the middle of the twelfth century. We can but guess at the Norman 'overlord' who raised the walls of such churches as Barfreston or Ilfley. Of the rebuilders of our cathedrals, we can speak with more certainty; and in them we find ourselves confronted by some of the most able and powerful men of that stormy age, many of whom were as skilled in the use of sword and lance as in that of the mass-book.

Lanfranc's choir at Canterbury seems to have been intended as a temporary work, and was perhaps hastily completed. At any rate it was entirely pulled down by his successor, Anselm, who, with the aid of his Prior, Ernulph, reconstructed it with far greater magnificence. Ernulph was a great builder and a most skilful architect; and on his elevation to the see of Rochester, in 1115, he continued the rebuilding of that cathedral, which had been commenced by the more celebrated Gundulph. All whom we have so far named—Lanfranc, Anselm, Ernulph, and Gundulph—had been monks of Bec in Normandy, then not only one of the most remarkable seats of learning in Europe, but, as it would seem, an excellent school of architecture. Before he became bishop of Rochester, Ernulph had been Abbot of 'Peterborough the Proud,' as the great monastery was called, the church of which is the existing cathedral; and there, as elsewhere, he set himself to 'build up the waste places.' Peterborough and its neighbour, Ely, the stronghold of the fens, had suffered greatly after the Norman Conquest. Both monasteries had favoured Hereward, the half-mythical English hero; and both had felt the vengeance of the Conqueror when he at last (1071) scattered the company of dispossessed and broken Englishmen, who for many years had held their own at Ely, under the protection of the marshes. At Peterborough, Ernulph's work was followed up by the abbots, John of Seez, who began the choir of the existing church after a fire in 1116; Martin, again a monk of Bec; William; and Benedict, the last of whom was Cœur de Lion's Keeper of the Great Seal. It is their work on which we still look as we pass up the nave and into the choir of Peterborough

Peterborough Cathedral. At Ely, the resting-place of St. Etheldreda, the first Norman abbot who succeeded to the real wealth of the Saxon convent was Simeon, a near relative of the Conqueror, who was eighty-eight at the time of his appointment, but who retained enough energy to set at once about the rebuilding of his monastic church on a different but not far distant site. How far the work was advanced at his death, in 1093, at the age of a hundred, we are not told. It was continued by his successor, Abbot Richard, a son of the powerful Earl of Clare; and the great nave, which we still admire, was not probably finished until at least the middle of the twelfth century. Long before that time (in 1109) the church had become the cathedral of a new diocese, taken from that of Lincoln.

Simeon, founder of the existing church of Ely, was the brother of Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester (1070-1097), who, during his episcopate, rebuilt his cathedral from the foundations. Of the manner in which he procured timber for his church the following story is told. The Conqueror had granted him as much wood from the forest of Hanepinges (Hempage Wood, on the old Alresford road) as his carpenters could take in four days and nights. 'But the Bishop,' says the old annalist, 'collected an innumerable troop of carpenters, and within the assigned time cut down the whole wood, and carried it off to Winchester. Presently after, the King, passing by Hanepinges, was struck with amazement, and cried out, "Am I bewitched, or have I taken leave of my senses? Had I not once a most delectable wood in this spot?" But when he understood the truth, he was violently enraged. Then the Bishop put on a shabby vestment, and made his way to the King's feet, humbly begging to resign the episcopate, and merely requesting that he might retain his royal friendship and chaplaincy. And the King was appeased, only observing, "I was as much too liberal in my grant, as you were too greedy in availing yourself of it."'* The transept roofs of Winchester show to this day what Bishop Walkelin did with Hempage Wood. The transepts themselves and the crypt are of his time, and there are some points of resemblance between the work of Walkelin here and of Simeon at Ely, to which we shall by-and-by recur.

The Norman cathedral of Old Sarum was the work of Bishops Herman and Osmund; the latter, who died in 1099, having been a powerful secular noble, created Earl of Dorset by the Conqueror, before he took on him the orders of the Church, and arranged that famous 'Use of Sarum' which prevailed through-

* 'Annales Eccles.' Winton. Ap. Wharton, 'Anglia Sacra,' tom. i.

out the South and West of England until the middle of the sixteenth century, and which is in effect the foundation of our Book of Common Prayer. Of Osmund's cathedral only the foundations can be traced, after a long drought. The rebuilding of Exeter was not commenced until the twelfth century was somewhat advanced. Bishop Warlewast (1107-1136) began it; and it was not completed until the end of the century. The transept towers are the sole relics of this building. Wells was repaired and partly rebuilt by Bishop Robert (1135-1166), who had been a monk in the Cluniac Priory of Lewes; but it is very doubtful whether any part of the existing church is of his time. The great church of the Benedictines at Gloucester, now the cathedral, was rebuilt by Abbot Serlo between the years 1088 and 1100. It afterwards suffered much from fire at four distinct periods: but the mass of the existing building is Norman. Hereford was found in ruins by its first Norman bishop, Robert de Losinga (1079-1096), who began to rebuild it, taking for his model the church of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), the work of Charlemagne, with which he had become acquainted during his studies in Lorraine, the ecclesiastical schools of which were then very famous, and had contributed many bishops to English sees. The church was dedicated in 1110; and much of the existing building is the work of the Lotharingian student—a learned astrologer, who no doubt laid his foundations under the most favourable planetary aspects. At Lichfield a Norman church was duly raised, as elsewhere; but its builder has not been recorded, and no fragment (at least above ground) remains.

The East Anglian see, the position of which had been more than once changed before the Conquest, was removed from Thetford to Norwich by Bishop Herbert Losinga in 1094. Two years afterwards he laid the first stone of the existing cathedral, the building of which seems to have gone on simultaneously with that of the strong castle raised by Rufus on the highest ground of the ancient 'Venta.' Herbert's successor, Everard—'vir crudelissimus,' according to Henry of Huntingdon—who had probably been concerned in the wars of Stephen, completed the nave about 1135. Much of the work of both bishops remains, and is among the most interesting and important of this period in England. In obedience to the decree of 1072, Remigius, then Bishop of Dorchester in Oxfordshire, removed the place of his see to Lincoln. From the Conquest to the middle of the sixteenth century this diocese was by far the most extensive in England, stretching from the Thames to the Humber. Remigius, 'staturâ parvus, sed corde magnus,' began his new church about 1074, 'on a spot presignified by certain visions,' and completed

pleted it 'after the manner of the church of Rouen.' He had been a Benedictine of Fécamp, and had led to Hastings the contingent sent by the abbot of that great monastery. The house of Tennyson Deincourt claims Bishop Remigius as one of its offshoots, and he was therefore nearly related to the Conqueror. Of his cathedral at Lincoln only a portion of the west front remains.

Thomas of Bayeux, the first Norman Archbishop of York (1070-1100), rebuilt from the ground his cathedral, which had been destroyed by fire in 1069. Not a fragment of his work is now in existence. The Norman rebuilders of Durham have fared better. Of the magnificent church raised by Bishop William 'de Sancto Carilefo'—of 'St. Calais,' in Normandy (1081-1096), after a plan which he brought from Normandy, and his successor Ralph Flambard (1099-1128), the very able and very unscrupulous minister of the Red King, the greater part remains, and still excites the wonder and reverence of the pilgrim to the 'holy land of St. Cuthbert'—

'Where his cathedral huge and vast
Looks down upon the Wear.'

Carlisle was not erected into a see until 1133, when Archbishop Thurstan of York procured the appointment of its first bishop. The existing cathedral had been the church of a College of Canons, founded not long before by a certain Walter, who had been left by William Rufus in command of his new town and castle. The transept and the remaining fragment of nave are Walter's work: the rest of the nave, which was of the same character, was destroyed by the Scots under Lesley in 1645. The Cathedral of Chester—one of the new sees of 1537—was the Church of St. Werburgh's Abbey, founded in 1093 by Hugh Lupus, the great Earl of Chester, for Benedictine monks. The north transept is here the most important piece of early Norman work.

The Norman churches, of which we have been tracing the builders, were thus in all cases the foundation of our existing cathedrals. Much of them, as we shall see, remains for our instruction and admiration; and wherever we find the more graceful work of later centuries—the Decorated choir or the Perpendicular nave—we may be sure that it replaces the massive construction of Norman builders. This is, in effect, the history of nearly every cathedral. First, the Norman choir proved too small or too dark, and was removed to make way for one which should be more convenient, and should better represent the architectural skill of the age. Then—sometimes not for centuries afterwards

afterwards—the nave and transepts followed, until, little by little, a new and far more stately minster was built up, on the ground which had been first occupied by the Norman architect. It is not easy to picture a time when the Pointed arch was altogether unknown, and when the land was covered with churches, the architecture of which offered no very startling contrast to that of Imperial Rome, from which it had been directly developed. But of the remains which best enable us to return to that distant age, by far the most important are the Norman portions of our cathedrals.

The two cathedrals which most completely retain the ground-plan of their Norman builders are Norwich and Peterborough. Both have received alterations and additions, but the great mass of both is still Norman. Both have long and stately naves, and choirs with apsidal terminations toward the east. The work of Norwich, however (1096-1135), is considerably earlier than that of Peterborough (1118-1190), and is of proportionately higher interest. Alone among English cathedrals Norwich can still show its primitive basilican arrangement,—the stone seat or throne of the Norman bishop remaining (although concealed by modern work in front) in the centre of the eastern apse, at the back of the position formerly occupied by the high altar, which stood at the chord of the semicircle. In the very interesting volume which we have placed at the head of this article, Mr. Beresford Hope has pointed out that this disposition—where the bishop occupied the central seat behind the altar, with his presbyters ranged on either side of him, and of which a most striking example still remains at Torcello, in the Lagoon of Venice—was general throughout Christendom until the Benedictines (as he inclines to think), finding a different arrangement more convenient, introduced that which is now universal. Here and there, however, the older plan was still retained. It was so (somewhat remarkably, recollecting it was the church of a great Benedictine monastery) in Lanfranc's cathedral at Canterbury, where (and probably long after Lanfranc's and Anselm's work had been destroyed) the patriarchal chair in which the Archbishops are still enthroned was placed at the back of the high altar,—a position to which it might be restored with great propriety. It was, perhaps, Canterbury that Bishop Herbert imitated at Norwich; for although most great Norman churches terminated eastward in an apse, no trace of a similar episcopal throne has, so far as we know, been elsewhere discovered; so that the plan does not seem to have been general.

Passing into the great Norman naves of Norwich or Peterborough—or, we may add, of Ely—for although the work there

(1081

(1081-1170) is of later date, the general character is the same—we are at once impressed with their stern and solemn dignity—a ‘weight of awe’ very different from that which falls upon us in the later naves of York, Winchester, or Canterbury. Theirs are in truth ‘antique pillars massy proof,’ filling the mind with the strongest sense of power and duration :—

‘ They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build ’

The triple division of these naves—pier-arches, triforium, and clerestory—is generally of equal height in each of its members. The triforium is scarcely so prominent a feature at any later period. Its massive arches are singularly grand and impressive, and the darkened gallery at their back adds something of mystery to the effect of the antique architecture. This triforial gallery, extending back over the nave aisles, to which in effect it forms a second story, is almost peculiar to Norman work, and to that of the succeeding period. Later it became more and more of a wall passage, until, in Perpendicular times, it is almost entirely merged in the clerestory, as is well seen at York in both nave and choir. In the nave of Norwich the great triforium arches are undivided by any central pier, and are scarcely less in size than those of the main arcade below them. At Ely and Peterborough the great arch is subdivided by a central shaft. The Norwich arrangement is by far the more peculiar, and bears the mark of its earlier date; but the general design of the others is on the whole more effective, and was that followed throughout all the later changes of style. The use of these triforia is very uncertain. That of Norwich (and perhaps all the Norman ones) contained many altars, as did the remarkable triforium of Gloucester, which opens into apsidal chapels corresponding to those in the transepts and choir below.

If Norwich can point to her venerable episcopal throne, Peterborough can show a Norman relic of at least equal interest—the painted wooden roof which spans her nave. Norman builders (at least Norman builders in England) were either afraid or were unable to throw a vault over so wide a space as the nave or choir of a great church, and accordingly, in almost every case, they appear to have ceiled them with a flat wooden covering, which was always, no doubt, richly painted. A small ceiling of this kind remains at St. Albans; but the grandest example is the nave ceiling of Peterborough. Its original position has been slightly altered; since, when the tower arches were changed from round to pointed, the ceiling was raised from a flat form to its present shape, which is half octagonal; but we may still regard

regard it as displaying not only the work, but also the coloured designs of its constructors in the twelfth century. It is painted in lozenge-shaped divisions, some of which contain figures of royal and ecclesiastical personages; others, very curious grotesques. The effect of such a ceiling as this, although far from equalling the 'high embowed roof' of later construction, is nevertheless well in harmony with the massive Norman work which it surmounts, and is undoubtedly more 'cathedral-like' than any more open roof of timber. It was with a strong sense of its fitness that the ceiling of the Norman nave at Ely, which had been left a rude and bare mass of timber apparently from the time of the construction of the lantern, was (after 1845) coated with boards and prepared to receive the long and elaborate series of paintings commenced by the late Mr. le Strange, and just completed by Mr. Gambier Parry.

That the Normans were no very skilful builders, and that they endeavoured to compensate for want of science by vast and unnecessary expenditure of material is evident, if from no other portions of their work, from the history of their central towers, hardly one of which survives. Where the piers do exist they are in almost all cases bent and crippled, or are cased with later masonry. But the tower has almost always fallen. Abbot Simeon's, at Ely, fell in 1321 'with such a shock and with so great tumult that it was thought an earthquake had taken place.' The brethren, who were returning to their dormitory after matins, fortunately escaped unhurt; and the shrines of the sainted abbesses stood uninjured, says the chronicler, in the midst of the ruin. To this fall we are indebted for one of the most admirable conceptions of mediæval architecture, the famous octagon of Ely. The central tower of Bishop Walkelin's Cathedral at Winchester—he was, it should be remembered, the brother of Abbot Simeon, and the same architect and workmen may have been employed on both)—fell in 1107. Seven years before, the body of the Red King, brought from the New Forest in the charcoal-burner's cart, had been buried beneath it; and many thought, according to the chroniclers, 'that the fall of the tower was a judgment for his sins, since it was a grievous wrong to bury in that sacred place one who all his life had been profane and sensual, and who died without the Christian viaticum.' Malmesbury, however, suggests that 'imperfect construction' may have had something to do with the fall of the tower, which was soon rebuilt, the unwieldy piers which narrow the transept arches showing how great had been the panic.

The transepts of Winchester still display the work of Walkelin (1079-1093). Earlier than Norwich, they exhibit all the characteristics

characteristics of the first Norman period—wide joints between the ashlar, plain square-edged arches, and shafts with simply-cushioned capitals. All is rude, plain, and massive, carrying us back at once to the days of the Conqueror and of William the Red. At the end of each transept is a kind of gallery or terminal aisle, which finds a counterpart, though on a much smaller scale, in the transepts of Ely, the work of Walkelin's brother. There is indeed a strong general resemblance throughout the Norman work of the South and East of England. Passing northward, we find William of St. Carileph's great church at Durham (designed in Normandy) displaying the same general character, but marked by more of that 'barbaric splendour' (the expression is Mr. Parker's) which became the most distinguishing feature of later Norman. A more decidedly foreign influence, from whatever source it may have originated, is evident in the Norman work of Gloucester and Hereford. The circular piers of Hereford have their capitals enriched with very elaborate knot-work and foliage, of somewhat the same character (though not so far developed) as that in the neighbouring church of Shobdon, which the founder, Oliver de Merlimond, is thought to have copied from St. Victor's Abbey at Paris. On entering the nave of Gloucester Cathedral (1088-1100) we are at once struck by the great height of the piers. They measure 30 feet to the top of their capitals, whilst those of Norwich only reach 15—a difference which hardly seems compatible with the same style. Of course at Gloucester the main arches are so far raised as to be entirely altered in character, whilst triforium and clerestory are deprived of all dignity and importance. It may well be doubted whether the unquestionably fine effect of the lofty piers is not dearly purchased by the loss of the equal divisions of Norwich and Peterborough, and especially of the grave and massive triforium, which at Gloucester is only 10 feet high, at Norwich 24. Similar piers occur at Pershore, at Tewkesbury, and at Malvern—all probably designed by the same architect. So far as we know, they are found in no other part of England.

The transition from the round to the pointed arch—from Norman to Early English—was no doubt very gradual, and the complete change was preceded by many lesser alterations. Among English cathedrals, Canterbury not only affords us the best example of this transitional period, but one which is of especial value from the certainty we possess as to its date. The 'glorious choir of Conrad,' in which Becket's body was watched by the monks throughout the night which followed his murder, was four years later (1174) destroyed by fire. The rebuilding was entrusted to William of Sens, who continued the work until 1178, when, says Gervase,

Gervase, 'through the vengeance of God or spite of the devil,' he fell from the clerestory and was so much injured that he was compelled to return to France. His successor was a certain 'English William,' who completed the choir and the eastern buildings beyond it in 1184. The monks, it is said, were greatly astonished and delighted at the many novelties introduced by the two Williams. The mixture of round and pointed arches; the richly-foliated and varied capitals of the pillars—evident imitations of Corinthian, but showing in their leafage the more than beginning of that ribbed form which characterises developed Early English; the great vault, with its ribs of stone; and especially the slender shafts of Purbeck gracing the triforia, were among the greatest changes. The whole work remains for our study and instruction—not only grand and striking in itself, but supplying one of the most important chapters in the history of English architecture.

We have said that the new style was slowly developed; but we can, we believe, point to the first great example of it in England in its completed form. This was Lincoln Cathedral, unrivalled among English cathedrals (we can hardly except Durham, spite of its romantic cliff) in grandeur of situation, rising as it does on its 'sovereign hill'

'Above the smoke and stir of this dull earth,'

and scarcely less entitled to a foremost place from the beauty and interest of its architecture. If the vast space and dignity of York aptly proclaim the church of St. Peter, the church of St. Mary is not less fitly indicated by the delicacy and graceful proportion of Lincoln.

The Norman Church of Remigius was shattered by an earthquake in 1185. In the following year one of the most remarkable men then living in Europe—Hugh of Burgundy, better known afterwards as St. Hugh of Lincoln—was consecrated to the see. He had been a monk in the Great Chartreuse, near Grenoble, then very famous for its austere rule, and for the piety of its members. There his reputation was considerable; and it was not without much difficulty that Henry II. succeeded in bringing him to England as the head of a Carthusian house at Witham, in Somersetshire, the first of the order in this country. After spending about ten years as Prior of Witham, he was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1186. The character of St. Hugh—his incessant labour throughout his vast diocese, his 'cool judgment and exquisite tact,' thanks to which he obtained and exercised an extraordinary influence over the fierce Plantagenet kings—are
duly

duly set forth in a very interesting metrical *Life*, as well as in a larger prose biography, both of which have been admirably edited by Mr. Dimock.* Here we have only to do with his work at Lincoln. The rebuilding of his cathedral was at once commenced; and St. Hugh (like King Richard at Ascalon†) laboured at the walls with his own hands:—

Non solum concedit opes, operamque suorum
Sed proprii sudoris opem; lapidesque frequenter
Excisos fert in calathò, calecmque tonacem.†

St. Hugh, however, was not his own architect. The metrical *Life* tells us that the plans were prepared by a certain Geoffry de Noiers, concerning whose native country there has been much discussion. But the name was hereditary in England at that time; and it would certainly be pleasant to believe that the architect of Lincoln was a born and thoroughbred Englishman.

St. Hugh died in the year 1200; and the Kings of England and Scotland—John and William the Lion—were present at his funeral, and assisted in carrying his bier into his unfinished cathedral. We do not know how far the building had advanced at the time of his death; but the original plans were probably carried out (with some slight variation, it may be, in detail) during the long episcopate of Hugh of Wells (1209-1235). In the existing choir, with its aisles and eastern transept, however, we have, there can be little doubt, the work of St. Hugh himself. It is entirely Early English (pointed) in design and detail; and nothing suggests the earlier style unless it be a certain antique stiffness in leafage and ornamentation. But there are some remarkable peculiarities—a double (and very graceful) arcade in the aisles and transepts, and some piers with detached shafts, from which project crocket-like tiers of leafage—which have more than once led to the suggestion that the whole design is of foreign origin, and that St. Hugh's architect must have brought his plans from Burgundy or Northern France. M. Viollet-le-Duc, however, whose authority on such a matter is conclusive, declares that, after the most careful examination, he cannot find here the slightest trace of the French school of the twelfth cen-

* The 'Metrical History' was published by Messrs. Brooke of Lincoln in 1860. The prose *Life* ('*Magna Vita S. Hugonis*') forms one of the 'Master of the Rolls' series. Mr. Dimock's introductions to both are of the highest value and interest.

† 'Rex ibidem operando etiam insignis enituit . . . ipse manibus edificando, ipse sermone persuadendo . . . efficacius proficiebat.' *Itinerarium Regis Ricardi*, L. V. cap. 6. This rebuilding of the walls of Ascalon took place in 1192. St. Hugh's work at Lincoln was going on at the same time.

‡ 'Metrical Life,' p. 32.

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ture. We are therefore fairly entitled to claim Lincoln as the first great example of Early English, which, it may well be, was first fully developed here by Geoffrey of Noiers. The pointed style had been adopted some years earlier in France; but England borrowed little from her neighbours. How widely different were 'Early French' and 'Early English' is at once evident in comparing Chartres or Auxerre with Salisbury or Lincoln.

The rest of the cathedral—the great transept, with one at least of its exquisite rose-windows—the nave with its capitals of most graceful leafage and its wall-arcades—and the upper portion of the west front—is all Early English (1209-1235); and in passing westward from the choir we may trace the progress of the style, and especially the gradual advance of its leafage toward direct imitation of nature. The retrochoir, generally known as the 'angel choir,' from the figures of angels which fill the spandrels above the main arches (1270-1282), belongs rather to the Early Decorated period; but, says Mr. Fergusson, 'it follows so immediately after the rest as not to produce any want of harmony, but merely a degree of enrichment suitable to the increased sanctity of the altar, and the localities surrounding it.*' This 'angel choir' was in fact built for the reception of St. Hugh's shrine, to which pilgrims were flocking from every part of Northern England, and which was removed into it in 1282. The grace and beauty of its details are beyond praise; and in the sculptured angels Mr. Cockerell finds 'all the freedom and naturalness attributed subsequently to Giotto, who was but an infant when these works were executed.' It is not easy to interpret their symbolism, if, indeed, they represent more than the various orders of the celestial hierarchy: but of the symbolism which the church of St. Hugh was either intended, or was interpreted, to set forth in its various parts, we have a very curious account in the metrical Life. The white, squared stones, we are told, represented pure and wise churchmen—the square typifying 'dogma.' The dark Purbeck marble was the church, the spouse—'simplex, morosa, laborans'—the polish setting forth her simplicity, the brightness her morality, and the darkness her ceaseless toil and labour. The long ranges of windows above and below, were the different ranks of clergy, the circular windows of the transepts being the 'two eyes of the church,' the bishop and the dean. The bishop looked towards the south, the quarter of the Holy Spirit, as though inviting His influence; the dean towards the north, the region of the devil, in order to watch his advances.

* 'Handbook of Architecture.'

In this manner the whole fabric and material of the church are symbolised—

‘Sic insensibiles lapides mysteria claudunt]
Vivorum lapidum’

The entire passage is well worth notice, as an unanswerable proof that such mystic interpretations were in the minds, if not of the builders of our churches, at least of those who were contemporary with them.

Lincoln, it is thus probable, set an example of the new style, which was rapidly followed in other cathedrals. Of these the most perfect and admirable are Wells (1206-1242), Salisbury (1220-1258), Worcester (choir and lady chapel, begun 1224), and Westminster Abbey, which we must be allowed to include (1245-1269). The nave, transepts, and west front of Wells are all Early English, and are generally assigned to Bishop Jocelyn, the period of whose episcopate has been given above. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the date of the work; and to whatever time it is given, it would seem that the architect and masons of Wells must have worked with but little imitation of any distant example. The western portion of the cathedral is distinguished by so much peculiarity as to render it more than probable that this district, affording, as it does, good stone in profusion, retained a local school of masons who, adopting certain forms of the new style, retained with it many of their older devices. Wells accordingly must be compared with other Early English churches only to mark the difference. Its noble west front, ‘a masterpiece of art, indeed,’ in old Fuller’s words, ‘made of imagery in just proportion, so that we may call them “vera et spirantia signa,”’ is of a different character; and in it we recognise the true Early pointed of Salisbury and Westminster. We must not delay here to notice at the length they deserve its tiers of sculpture—not even that which represents the general Resurrection—‘worthy,’ says Mr. Cockerell, ‘of John of Pisa, or of a greater man, John Flaxman.’ If we cannot accept Mr. Cockerell’s interpretation of these admirable sculptures, we may at all events regard the entire west front, with him, as in effect illustrating the great Ambrosian Hymn.—The ‘glorious company of the apostles,’ the ‘goodly fellowship of the prophets,’ and the ‘noble army of martyrs,’ keep their solemn watch at the entrance of the sanctuary. The figures of the celestial host proclaim, ‘To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.’ The crowned kings, the churchmen, and the warriors represent the ‘holy church throughout all the world;’ whilst the spirit of the entire work asserts that Church’s ceaseless

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adoration,

adoration, 'Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy name ever, world without end.'*

The Cathedral of Wells is the centre of an assemblage of buildings which, as all archæologists know, form one of the most striking architectural groups in England. The great church, with its stately chapter-house; the bishop's moated and castellated palace, the vicar's college and close, the deanery, and the picturesque gate-houses, combine to produce such a whole as is not easily to be paralleled. Palace, cathedral, chapter-house, and close, formed part of Bishop Jocelyn's original design, which he did not live to complete, although, in Fuller's words, 'God, to square his great undertakings, gave him a long life to his large heart.'

From Wells we pass to Salisbury (1220-1258), which is throughout Early English, with the exception of its famous spire, an addition of the fourteenth century. The Cathedral of Old Sarum was in many respects inconvenient. There was a scarcity of water, and the site was so high and exposed that, according to an old tradition, 'When the wind did blow they could not hear the priest say mass.' Accordingly, Bishop Richard le Poer, in 1220, laid the foundations of a new cathedral in 'the meadow of Merryfield,' which was his own land. In 1228 this bishop was translated to Durham; but the work was steadily continued until its completion, in 1258. The Cathedral of Amiens was commenced in the same year as Salisbury (1220), and completed, nearly as at present, in 1272. It covers nearly twice as much ground as Salisbury, and its internal height, as in all French cathedrals, is far greater; yet in variety of outline, and play of light and shade, the English church (and we may say the same thing, still more decidedly, of Westminster) is beyond all doubt finer, although in comparing them we must constantly bear in mind the vast difference in their dimensions. Unhappily, toward the end of the last century, the famous 'destructive' Wyatt was let loose upon Salisbury; and his operations, which at the time were pronounced 'tasteful, effective, and judicious,' have detracted much from the due effect of the interior. He swept away from the foundations a campanile on the south side of the cathedral, which must have grouped most picturesquely with the rest of the church, and was of the same age; but the scene within the close of Salisbury is still of exquisite beauty; 'nor can the most curious, not to say cavilling eye,' says Fuller, to whose quaintly discriminative sayings we are always glad to return, 'desire anything which is wanting in this edifice, except possibly an ascent,

* 'Handbook for Wells' (Southern Cathedrals), i. p. 227.

seeing

seeing such who address themselves hither for their devotions can hardly say with David, "I will go up into the house of the Lord." The slender columns of Purbeck marble, one of the great distinctions of Early English,—here absolutely reed-like where they assist in carrying the vault of the lady chapel, and the plate tracery of windows and triforia, clearly marking that the style was not far advanced, are strongly characteristic of Salisbury. The chapter-house, so admirably restored by Mr. Burges, and the cloisters, beautiful with their central space of greensward and their solemn cedars, are of later date, perhaps of the time of Edward I., and assist in showing us the gradual change from Early English to Decorated.

How far Henry III. may have been induced by what he saw at Salisbury (which he frequently visited during the rise of its cathedral) to undertake the rebuilding of the great abbey church at Westminster, it is not easy to determine. It is more certain that, as Mr. Scott points out, the English king, during his sojourns in France, had become enamoured of the 'chevet' or apse with its radiating coronal of chapels, which he may have seen in course of being carried out at Amiens, Beauvais, Rheims, and elsewhere; and that he caused this form to be adopted at Westminster, the building of which was commenced in 1245. The work of Henry III. terminated west of the crossing, and was completed in 1269. Five bays of the nave west of this were the work of Edward I. Beyond a doubt Westminster Abbey is the most beautiful church of this period perhaps in Europe.

'It has claims upon us architects . . . on the ground of its intrinsic and superlative merits, as a work of art of the highest and noblest order; for though it is by no means pre-eminent in general scale, in height, or in richness of sculpture, there are few churches in this or any other country having the same exquisite charms of proportion and artistic beauty which this church possesses,—a beauty which never tires, and which impresses itself afresh upon the eye and the mind however frequently you view it, and however glorious the edifices which, during the intervals, you may have seen.' *

For all the details of Westminster, our readers may safely be referred to the admirable volume from which we have just quoted. In it Mr. Scott, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Burges, besides other contributors, have thrown an immense amount of light on the history and peculiarities of the church; on the tombs of the kings and princes which it guards; on the shrine and coronation-chair; and on the noble chapter-house, which Mr. Scott has restored on paper, and which, we most earnestly hope, will ere

* 'Gleanings from Westminster Abbey,' p. 16.

long be placed in his hands for a more substantial 'restoration.' Here we may refer to it as having been (for although Mr. Scott has succeeded in discovering nearly every part of the design, it is reduced to a complete wreck), in truth, the 'incomparable chapter-house' which it was pronounced by Matthew Paris. It was part of Henry III.'s work, completed before that of Salisbury was commenced, and infinitely finer. If, in the interior of the church, there are strong indications of foreign influence, none are to be found here. The chapter-house of Westminster was one of the most beautiful creations of true Early English, a complete development of the national style.

The third great church of this period is Worcester Cathedral, the existing choir and lady chapel of which were begun in 1224. The Norman church had been greatly injured by fire in 1202. It was afterwards restored; but during a great storm of wind in 1221, its 'lesser towers' fell, and probably ruined the choir. Rich offerings, however, had been pouring in at the shrine of St. Wulfstan, before which King John had been buried in 1216; and the wealth thus acquired was sufficient, at any rate, to commence the rebuilding. There are some peculiarities at Worcester, especially the ornamentation of the tympana in the triforium arches, their double arcade, and the sculpture in the spandrels of the wall arcades, which strongly recall Lincoln; and render it highly probable that its architects had sought inspiration from the work of that cathedral, then nearly approaching completion. Worcester is hardly entitled to take rank among English cathedrals of the first class; but it contains many portions of extreme interest, and its Early English work especially has never, we think, received all the attention it deserves.

Thus, through all the tumult and distractions of the thirteenth century—that great century which saw the gaining of so many steps toward the constitutional liberties of England, and which was so fruitful of results throughout Europe—Pointed or, as it seems better to call it, 'Gothic' architecture won its even way, gradually developing itself from the plate tracery and stiff leafage of Salisbury and Lincoln, to the elaborate mouldings and natural foliage which characterise the change from Early English to the first period of Decorated—a change which first becomes distinctly evident after the accession of Edward I. 'With all its grace,' says Mr. Beresford Hope, 'Early English has about it an indescribable primness. It may remind the poet of Pallas Athene; but Pallas Athene never suffered herself to be wooed.'* This is no doubt true of Early English in its first development,

* 'Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century,' p. 44.

and especially true of Salisbury. The grace may occasionally predominate over the 'primness,' as it certainly does in Bishop Eustace's most beautiful Galilee porch at Ely, built probably in the latter years of his episcopate, which extended from 1198 to 1215; and perhaps in Bishop Godfrey de Lucy's (1189-1204) work in the retrochoir of Winchester, which at any rate calls for notice as one of the earliest examples of the style. We must refer our readers to the admirable woodcuts of both Galilee and Retrochoir, which Mr. Jewitt has furnished to the 'Handbooks,' and leave them to form their own conclusions; but he would be a daring critic who should venture to assert the superiority of Early English to the style of the following period, into which it slowly developed. Still, we would by no means seek to undervalue the vigour of thought and of imagination which produced the Gothic of the thirteenth century. The fresh, exuberant life—the daring and the devotion of the age—found one means of expression, among many others, in its architecture; and it may well be doubted whether the invention of an entirely new style does not suggest higher qualities than the carrying onward of that style to new development and to more entire perfection.

The transition from Early English to Decorated was so gradual that it is not possible to mark any distinct period of change. The north transept of Hereford Cathedral (1282-1287) is one of the many examples which we scarcely know whether to assign to the close of the first division, or to the commencement of the second. The unusual (nearly triangular) form of its arches, and its pure, lofty windows, give an especial interest to this transept, in which once stood the shrine of St. Thomas Cantilupe (Bishop of Hereford, 1275-1282), the last Englishman canonized before the Reformation.

The two cathedrals which most entirely belong to the Decorated period are Exeter (choir and nave, 1308-1369) and Lichfield (nave, lady chapel, and presbytery, 1250-1325). Much of York Minster (nave and chapter-house, 1285-1345) is of this period, as are the choir, lady chapel, and chapter-house of Wells (1293-1326); and Ely, besides its famous octagon (1322-1328), has one portion (the western bays of the choir, the building of which was begun in 1338, of which Mr. Jewitt gives us an admirable woodcut showing the minutest details) so wonderfully rich and graceful as to make us doubtful whether it be not the most exquisite piece of Decorated work to be found in England. But all these cathedrals have other portions which either overshadow the Decorated work by their importance, or are far more extensive. The Early English transepts and the stately Perpendicular choir of York, dwell on the recollection far more than its nave. Ely
has

has its colossal Norman piers and triforium; and Wells the remarkable Early English work we have already noticed. Exeter and Lichfield alone are mainly, almost entirely, Decorated. Bishop Walter Bronescombe, a native of Devonshire, began, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, a series of new works which led to the gradual removal of the Norman cathedral of Exeter, and to the erection of the present church. Bishop Bronescombe built part of the existing lady chapel, which was completed by his successor, Bishop Quivil or Wyville (1280-1291). The Norman choir and nave disappeared as the works of Bishop Walter Stapledon (1308-1326, the founder of 'Stapledon's Inn,' now Exeter College, in Oxford, and the murdered treasurer of Edward II.) and of Bishop Grandisson (1327-1369, the most magnificent prelate who ever filled the see) advanced and were completed. The west front of Exeter, with its ranges of apostles, saints, and kings, must probably be assigned to Grandisson's successor, Thomas Brantyngham (1370-1394). The work was thus in progress throughout nearly the whole of the fourteenth century, during which the Decorated style not only underwent great changes, but the Perpendicular was fully developed; yet it is not a little remarkable that the work of both Stapledon and Grandisson (we must except Brantyngham's west front) represents only the first or geometrical period of the style. This agrees best with the date of Bishop Quivil's episcopate; and although he is only recorded as the builder of part of the lady chapel, we believe that he furnished plans for the entire cathedral, which were scrupulously adhered to by his successors. The 'minute sumptuousness' (by which expression Mr. Beresford Hope characterises the cathedral) of Exeter must at once strike every observer. The exquisite windows of the nave, said to exhibit a greater variety of (geometrical) tracery than can be found in any other building in the kingdom; the minstrel's gallery, nowhere so perfect or so rich, although other examples do occur, at Wells and at Winchester; the carved bosses of the roof, which extends unbroken from the western door to the east end of the choir; and, above all, the matchless corbels of leafage which support the vaulting shafts, contribute to produce such an impression of graceful beauty as we shall look for in vain in many a church of far more important dimensions; and Bishop Grandisson was scarcely wrong in declaring to the Pope (John XXII.), that the 'Church of Exeter, when completed, would exceed in beauty every other of its kind (*in genere suo*) in France or England.'

Exeter is, perhaps, a unique example of the retention of geometrical forms so long after the style had completely changed.

This

This is sufficiently remarkable in its window tracery ; but it is even more striking to find that the sculptured foliage, for which this cathedral is especially distinguished, the greater part of which must have been worked during the episcopate of Bishop Grandisson in the middle of the fourteenth century, retains that exact imitation of nature which is characteristic of sculpture executed during the last years of the thirteenth and the earliest of the fourteenth. The use of really natural foliage, Mr. Scott tells us, is very seldom found after this period ; and it marks, he continues, 'if I may so say, the resting-place between the conventionalism of *approach* to, and the conventionalism of *departure* from, nature ; the conventionalism of strength and of weakness, of vigour and of lassitude.'* In Exeter Cathedral, however, nothing can be more exquisite than the imitation of nature in the long corbels which carry the vaulting shafts of both nave and choir. The oak with its acorns, the filbert with its nuts, the vine with her clusters and tendrils, are copied so exactly and arranged with such perfect grace (witness once more Mr. Jewitt's woodcuts), that the modern sculptor may well be referred to them as examples, not indeed to be directly copied—he must seek his objects of study, like the workmen of that best age, in forest and in field—but of the admirable results which follow such careful imitation of nature in the hands of a true artist. We will add to Mr. Scott's remark,—that the sculpture of leafage was by no means the only class to which the mediæval 'naturalists' gave their attention. Animals and birds, executed with wonderful spirit and fidelity, twine and perch among the delicate sprays and branches ; and the human face and form were never, during the whole lifetime of Gothic architecture, produced with so much accuracy and variety of expression as at this period. We may instance the Chapter-house of York—(the date is uncertain, but it may probably be fixed between 1290 and 1320)—the '*domus domorum*,' which, as its well-known inscription implies, is, indeed, the queen rose of its order. Besides the beautiful foliage which chiefly forms the superb mass of enrichment encrusting canopies and cornices, small figures of men fighting with monsters and with each other, and heads, in which various classes and professions are sharply indicated, fill every available space, and sufficiently prove that the sculptors did not confine their study to branches of oak or of maple. A like spirit of truth is evident in the oaken stalls (now as black as ebony) of Winchester Cathedral, which date about 1296, and in purity and grace of design are altogether unrivalled.

* 'Gleanings from Westminster Abbey,' p. 63.

In this work, and in all the sculpture of this period, we find the same intense love of nature—of the ‘yonge freshe grene’ of the forest, and of the flowers of the meadow or the cloister-garden—which delights us in the pages of Chaucer. These early fourteenth-century sculptors are to English art what Chaucer is to English poetry. Both ‘sparkle in the dew of morning.’ Chaucer, indeed (born 1328, died 1400), belongs to a somewhat later period; but the carver’s handicraft, nurtured by Benedictines in their cells and by Cistercians in their lonely monasteries, may very well have preceded by a few years the expression of the poet; and, at all events, Chaucer synchronises with the late ‘naturalistic’ sculpture in Exeter Cathedral.

The ‘Decorated’ rival of Exeter is Lichfield, which suffered more, perhaps, than any other English cathedral during the civil war:—

‘ when fanatic Brooke
The fair Cathedral spoiled and took;
Though, thanks to heaven and good Saint Chad,
A gerdon meet the spoiler had.’

In spite of the destruction which then came upon it, and in spite of the mischief wrought by the hands of Wyatt at a later period, the ancient Cathedral of Mercia is a church of extreme beauty and interest. The west front (circa 1275) is now, indeed, a mass of Roman cement; but the general design remains unaltered; and it may still be studied as perhaps the most graceful and harmonious composition of its class in England. The nave—all the details and tracery of which are early Decorated—is of singular beauty, perhaps exceeding that of Exeter in general effect, and the view from its western end has become, since the late restoration, such as Exeter at present—(let us hope the spirit of emulation may shortly visit that cathedral)*—cannot possibly rival.

* But let us also hope that the spirit of destruction may first be thoroughly exorcised. In the nave of Exeter Cathedral *was* (until quite recently) the high tomb, with effigies, of Hugh, second Earl of Devon, of the house of Courtenay, and of his Countess, Margaret, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, and granddaughter of Edward I. On the pavement beside *was* the brass of their son, Sir Peter Courtenay, standard-bearer to Edward III. These tombs were formerly enclosed within a chantry, which has long disappeared. The brass is now removed to the adjoining aisle. The high tomb has been placed in the transept; and the effigies (which, it is quite true, were much mutilated and shattered), *have been entirely reworked*, so that (as Mr. Boutell has pointed out in a communication to ‘Notes and Queries’) they are in effect new effigies carved from the old stone, to the complete destruction of the original monument, which, even if it had escaped the hands of the spoiler, would have lost half its interest by removal. There can be no excuse whatever for such work as this. In the actual fabric of a church, decay of the stone (as at Hereford and Worcester) sometimes renders it absolutely necessary to replace the old work with new.
But

rival. Through the nave, and beyond the light choir-screen, gilt and coloured, the eye ranges to the elaborate reredos of the altar, a mass of precious marbles and alabaster, and finally rests on the stained glass of the Lady Chapel, glowing with the splendour of jewels between dark lines of tracery. Wyatt's 'improvements' have been removed from the choir, which Mr. Scott has brought back, as nearly as possible, to the condition in which it was left by its builders of the fourteenth century. How truly happy the change has been, is evident from two woodcuts in the 'Handbook,' one of which shows the choir as it existed in the days of Dr. Johnson and Miss Seward, the other, as it is at present, after Mr. Scott's admirable restoration. The Lady Chapel (still Decorated), which is in effect a continuation of the Presbytery without its aisles, terminates in a polygonal apse,—an arrangement, as Professor Willis has remarked, unique in England, and in this instance of singular beauty in detail. Its windows are filled with some of the finest stained glass in the country, designed possibly by Lambert Lombard in the sixteenth century, and brought (about fifty years ago) from the dissolved Abbey of Herckenrode, in the bishopric of Liège. This apsidal chapel is one of the unique features of Lichfield. Its three spires—'the sisters of the vale,' as they are called—form another; since such a group occurs in a complete state nowhere else in England.

The Decorated style grew, as we have seen, very slowly out of the Early English; so slowly that we can find no building which we can possibly mark as the turning-point. It is not so with the style that succeeds. 'Perpendicular' seems to have broken forth almost suddenly, in great strength and decided character, in the first half of the fourteenth century, and in Gloucester Cathedral. The great mass of Gloucester is Norman. The Norman nave remains untouched. The Norman walls of the transepts and choir were overlaid, in the course of the fourteenth century (1330-1400), with most elaborate tracery and

But this can never be the case with tombs or sepulchral effigies. Nothing is easier than to protect the most shattered monument from additional injury; and it is far better (if such things must be) to erect an entirely new memorial than to lay sacrilegious hands on the old.

Almost as bad as the destruction of ancient monuments is the introduction of new ones in violent want of keeping with all that surrounds them. Such is the extraordinary memorial of the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, which covers the wall of a bay on the N. side of the nave of Exeter Cathedral; and which, from its size and obtrusiveness, is necessarily the first object to catch the eye of the entering visitor. The design (two mounted lancers and two palm-trees—it is by Baron Marochetti) is utterly without meaning, and is precisely such as a child would draw on a slate. The best criticism on it we have heard was that of a little boy who asked 'whether the horses were buried there with the men?'

panelling,

panelling, entirely of Perpendicular character. The first part of the church to be thus treated was, according to the chronicle of Abbot Froucester, the south transept, called by him the 'aisle of St. Andrew.' This was recased by Abbot Wygemore (1329-1337); and although the design is wanting in one chief characteristic of true Perpendicular, since the mullions are not carried straight up to the head of the main arch, but branch off into arches before reaching it, the tendency to change is sufficiently marked; and Professor Willis suggests that Wygemore's work in this transept may be regarded as the earliest approach to Perpendicular in England. In the north transept and the choir (1337-1377) the mullions are carried up to the roof, and the Perpendicular style is completely developed. 'It must,' says Professor Willis, who at the meeting of the Archæological Institute at Gloucester in 1860 was the first to point out the early date of this Perpendicular work,—'have begun somewhere; in some place the mullion must have been carried up for the first time, and no place is so likely as Gloucester to have produced the change of style.'

The effect, especially in the choir, of the great Norman arches (for it must be remembered that they remain unaltered, as is seen at once from within the triforium) thus cased and covered by panelling and open screenwork, is very singular and unusual. It should be compared with the very different 'transformation' of the nave of Winchester from Norman to Perpendicular. In that instance the earlier work was thoroughly amalgamated with the later; so that, unless he had other sources of knowledge than his eyesight, the visitor would never be aware that a core of Norman masonry still remained in both piers and walls. This was the work of later, but scarcely of more skilful, hands than those which overlaid the walls of Gloucester. The 'school of masons' which devised the network of graceful tracery, so admirably fitted to its purpose, and the lierne-roof of the choir, with its lines of ornamentation thrown out in every direction, like those of a spider's web, could have been of no common excellence. Mr. Willis suggests that it is to them we are indebted for the origination of fan-vaulting—a style entirely peculiar to England—the richest example of which occurs in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster; but the earliest, in the magnificent cloisters of Gloucester, commenced by Abbot Horton (1351-1377), and completed by Abbot Froucester (1381-1412).

The work at Gloucester may have had considerable influence in spreading the new style. But we are inclined to turn northward for the source of far more important results in that direction.

After

After the Decorated nave (1291-1345) of York Minster had been completed, it was determined to replace the late Norman choir of Archbishop Roger with one of greater size and magnificence. Accordingly Archbishop Thoresby laid the first stone of the new work, at the extreme eastern end, in the year 1361. The Presbytery was completed before his death in 1373. The choir proper was begun about 1380, and its walls seem to have been finished shortly before 1400. The retrochoir and presbytery of York are therefore Perpendicular, early in the style. The choir shows a certain advance and development, but the general design is still the same. Indeed the design of both repeats that of the nave. 'The Percy and the Vavasour' supplied much wood and stone for the work of the choir, as they had done for that of the nave; and their mail-clad figures—one bearing a block of wood, the other an unwrought stone—were once to be seen at the eastern end of the minster, as they still are above the western portal.

On entering the choir of York, the visitor is first struck by the great eastern window, the largest in England which retains its original glazing. (The east window of Gloucester, of which the dimensions slightly exceed this, is partially unglazed.) This superb wall of glass (78 feet by 33), rich in design and colour, and the stained windows, of equal height, filling the ends of the transept-bays; the lofty clerestory lights, also masses of solemn colour; the double plane of the triforium passage below, producing grand effects of light and shade; and, above all, the vast height (102 feet) and width (99½ feet) of the choir, impress the mind with a sense of grandeur which steadily increases as the building becomes better known. Other English choirs are more picturesque; none is more majestic than this of York. It was this part of the church which seems to have especially struck Æneas Sylvius (afterwards Pope Pius II.), who passed through York about 1430, and declares that its minster, with its 'glass walls' and slender columns, was 'worthy of a world-wide renown' (*toto orbe memorandum*).*

The choir and presbytery of York were, perhaps, the most magnificent works which up to this date had been attempted in England; and it is quite possible, as has been suggested by Mr. Raine,† that William of Wykeham at Winchester (1367-1404), and Walter Skirlaw at Durham (1388-1405), both of whom were connected with the church of York, and were intimate friends of Archbishop Thoresby, were encouraged to undertake similar

* 'Commentarii Pii II.,' Lib. I.

† 'Lives of the Archbishops of York,' i. 482.

works in their own Cathedrals by the beautiful structure they saw gradually rising from the ground at York. It is pleasant to picture to ourselves the 'comely person' of Wykeham—already the great architect of Windsor Castle—wandering among the gathered stores of wood and stone, and gazing on the half-completed glories of the Archbishop's presbytery. We do not know that he visited York after his elevation to the see of Winchester; but he may very well have carried to his church there an impression of what promised to be, when finished, one of the most stately choirs in the world. His own nave at Winchester is, perhaps, says Mr. Fergusson, the 'most beautiful nave of a church either in England or elsewhere, wanting only somewhat increased proportions.' The proportions were of course ruled by those of the Norman nave which Wykeham 'transformed' instead of pulling it down; but whatever defect may have thus been caused, it is certain that the nave of Winchester produces the same almost overwhelming impression of grandeur and dignity that we experience in the choir of York. Both show of what Perpendicular was capable in the hands of its greatest patrons.

The nave of Winchester should be compared with that of Canterbury, begun about 1380, and completed, it is probable, before the death of Prior Chillenden (who superintended the work) in 1411. It was therefore in progress of building at the same time as that of Winchester, although Wykeham's work was probably begun earlier. Lanfranc's Norman nave at Canterbury was, however, removed altogether; and the Perpendicular work is consequently of a lighter character here than at Winchester, since there were no massive Norman piers to be cased with new stone. Canterbury has not, perhaps, the extreme dignity of Winchester; but it has some features—especially the stately 'escaliers' leading into the choir, and rendered necessary by the height of the crypt below—which have always produced their effect, even in the darkest anti-Gothic periods. 'Entering in company with some of our colonists just arrived from America,' says Mr. Gostling, writing about 1770, 'how have I seen the countenances even of their negroes sparkle with raptures of admiration!'^{*} Taken as a whole, indeed, the fabric of Canterbury is exceeded in interest and importance by no other English Cathedral; but as the resting-place of the long series of Archbishops, nearly all of whom before the Reformation are buried here—and still more from its possession of the greatest English shrine—for if St. Cuthbert maintained his ground in the North, whilst the shrines of other saints were greatly honoured in their respective

^{*} 'Walks through Canterbury, 1770.'

localities, there was not one of which the reputation was more widely and generally spread throughout Christendom than that of St. Thomas of Canterbury—the hold which the Metropolitan Cathedral has on the imagination is unrivalled, unless we choose to except Westminster Abbey. The stranger who enters it for the first time still feels something of the pilgrims' glow and excitement when they first caught sight of the 'Angel Tower' rising far away at the end of the long forest-vista.

How far Chillenden at Canterbury was stimulated by Wykeham's great undertaking at Winchester we cannot tell; but the example of that great prelate, whose 'benefaction to learning,' as Fuller asserts, 'is not to be paralleled by any English subject,' was certainly imitated elsewhere; and if we cannot assign to him the 'invention' of the Perpendicular style, it is probably to him, and to the reputation of his noble works, that the diffusion of it throughout southern England, as well as the zeal for building which characterised the fifteenth century, were greatly due. The number of churches, large and small, but many of them of great size and importance, which were partly or altogether rebuilt during the Perpendicular period, far exceeds that of any former age. The causes of this great outburst—which continued throughout the most troubled times, and seems to have been little affected by even the wars of the Roses—have never been altogether explained. It is paralleled, indeed, by the zeal and devotion which, during the last forty years, have almost doubled the number of churches in England; but, while many influences have been at work in our own time, the example of the bishops and church lords must have had no small effect in producing the wide-spread church-building of the fifteenth century. Thus, at Wells, Bishop Beckington (1443-1464), the tutor of Henry VI., educated at Winchester and at Oxford by the especial care of Wykeham, whose attention he had early attracted, was an indefatigable builder,—in the cloisters of his Cathedral, in his palace, and in the College of Vicars Choral. 'This bright beacon,' says Fuller, alluding to the rebus of the Bishop's name, a beacon on a ton (Beckington), which remains on his gateways, and other portions of his work at Wells, 'doth nod and give hints of bounty to future ages;' and no doubt it 'noddod' to effectual purpose throughout the diocese of Wells; the stately church-towers in which may, many of them, be due to Beckington's example. At Gloucester, the Abbots from Seabrooke (1450) to Farley (1498) carried on the magnificent series of Perpendicular works which had been begun there more than a century earlier. Seabrooke completed that most beautiful central tower, the open parapet and pinnacles
of

of which, projected against the glow of a sunset sky, present one of those architectural 'effects' which the memory retains longest, and with the highest pleasure. Abbots Hanley and Farley built the Lady Chapel, with its projecting chantries. At Peterborough, the retrochoir, or 'new building,' as it is still called—an eastern transept on the plan of those at Durham and at Fountains Abbey; and, with its groined roof, buttresses, and windows, almost a miniature of King's College Chapel—was begun by Abbot Ashton in 1438, but was not completed until nearly a century later. At Norwich, the rich lierne vault of the nave is due to Bishop Lehart (1446-1472); and the light and graceful clerestory of the choir was the work of his successor, Bishop Goldwell (1472-1499). It is worth remarking that these important Perpendicular works were executed in those cathedrals or conventual churches which had most entirely retained their Norman architecture and ground-plans. Want of space and of shrine-room, and the desire of lightening the ancient work by the airier and more magnificent architecture of the century, were, perhaps, among the causes which in these cases led to such additions.

The Perpendicular, in its full development, must be regarded as the central ridge—the 'watershed'—from which, highest ground as it is, we look down instead of gazing upwards, as we have done in climbing towards it. It sets before us more completely than any other style two main features of Gothic, its continuity and verticality; but it contained within it elements which at all events readily lent themselves to a union with the renaissance, the 'fashion of proud Italy,' which had been slowly spreading northward. It is at this time, when the earlier cathedrals—Lincoln, Salisbury, Exeter, Lichfield—stood in their finished beauty; when the Perpendicular had been fully developed, and the magnificent works of Thoresby, of Wykeham, and of other prelates had been completed; before the renaissance had affected Gothic, and whilst the indications of a coming religious change were still faint and indistinct, that we conceive the splendour of English Cathedrals and of the great churches scattered throughout the land, to have attained its highest perfection. When Erasmus made his famous pilgrimages to Walsingham and Canterbury, the stroke of the axe had not, indeed, yet fallen, but it was close at hand. Fifty years earlier, shrines and altars were still unthreatened; and there was probably no country in Europe in which the pilgrim, wandering from shrine to shrine, would have found the churches set forth with greater richness, or with a more lavish display of treasure. Even such magnificent restorations as Mr. Scott has just completed at Ely,
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at Hereford, and at Lichfield, present us with but a portion of the splendour which a great mediæval cathedral must have displayed, after it had been growing, through long centuries, in wealth and architectural grandeur. The colour which has been so happily applied, in wall and pier illumination, and in both the construction and decoration of retables and choir-screens, gives but a faint idea of the ancient glow and enrichment, when every carved boss and bracket throughout the fabric shone in gold, azure, and vermillion; when every wall-space had its painted scenes from scriptural or legendary story, or was hung with gorgeous tapestries; when every window shed its 'dim religious light' through such storied panes as those which still remain at York or at Gloucester; when the altars themselves, plated frequently with gold or silver, blazed with treasures of inestimable value; when the tombs of kings and barons, and the closed chantries of great prelates, coloured and enamelled, or towering in tier above tier of tabernacle work, rose in their perfect and solemn beauty beneath the arches of nave and choir; and finally, when the great shrines—St. Cuthbert's at Durham, St. Etheldreda's at Ely, St. Thomas's at Canterbury, the Confessor's at Westminster—each such a mass of gold and of jewels as might serve to 'ransom great kings from captivity,' lighted up the space at the back of the high altar by the very splendour of the offerings that everywhere hung about them.

Of the treasure and architectural enrichment which went to make up this magnificence, much—jewelled pyx and crucifix, rich altars, saintly effigies in massive gold or silver, shrines blazing with jewels—has altogether disappeared. But much—sometimes in fragments, sometimes in more perfect examples—remains, and is of only less interest and importance than the fabric of the cathedral itself. In all cases the actual feretory of the shrine has vanished; but a shrine consisted of four distinct parts: a stone basement; an altar at the west end of it; the feretory or chest, either including the remains or an ornamental covering for them, enriched with gold and jewels; and the 'cooperculum' or wooden covering, suspended from the vaulting above by ropes. Of these, the basements of three important shrines remain—that of the Confessor at Westminster, of St. Thomas Cantilupe at Hereford, and of one of the sainted abbesses (possibly St. Etheldreda) at Ely. The shrine of the Confessor has been thoroughly illustrated in one of the excellent papers contributed by Mr. Burges to the 'Gleanings.' The basement which exists is that which was constructed in the reign of Henry III. by a certain Peter, 'civis Romanus,' as an inscription tells us; and the relics of St. Edward still remain in the upper part, within a space enclosed by panels of mosaic.

This was the position also occupied by the body of St. Cuthbert at Durham; and in such cases the magnificent feretory which surmounted the basement was only an ornamental covering for the body. At Hereford the basement of Cantilupe's shrine remains in the north transept, and is remarkable for the figures of Knights Templars (with which order the sainted bishop was connected) in its lower panels, and for the exquisitely sculptured leafage laid into the spandrils of its arches. The basement of the shrine at Ely has been despoiled of much of its sculpture, and its history is very uncertain. The entire history of English shrines—not only of the greater but of those lesser relics and places of pilgrimage which enjoyed a more local celebrity—is so full of interest, that we hope to return to it on some future occasion. One, and that the greatest—the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury—has been described by Dean Stanley in such a way as to leave little for any future investigator. All the circumstances connected with it—the mode of pilgrimage, the riches of the shrine itself, the watching chamber (which was attached to all great shrines, and of which the best examples are those at St. Alban's and in Oxford Cathedral)—are illustrated with ample details in his most valuable paper.

Although high tombs and chantries have fared somewhat better than shrines, there is probably not one which retains uninjured its original ornament and detail. From some the effigies have disappeared altogether. Nearly all have lost the colour with which they were once entirely covered; and more precious adornment, plates of gold and silver, or of Limoges enamel, has of course vanished. The metal work which in almost all cases protected the tombs, and which was frequently a work of the highest art, has been too often removed—in earlier days for the value of the metal, and more recently from a mistaken notion that such a screen interfered with a full view of the monument. Even the beautiful iron grille which surrounds the tomb of Queen Eleanor in Westminster Abbey had been displaced, and has only of late been restored to its proper position, under Mr. Scott's direction. But all such spoliation is less to be regretted than attempts at so called 'restoration' of effigies, or than such destruction, reconstruction, and rearrangement as Wyatt was permitted to carry out in the nave of Salisbury Cathedral. The most interesting monument loses infinitely by a removal from its original position; and there are some resting-places of the dead now unmarked but by the slightest memorial, which affect us far more powerfully than the monuments of more important personages, no longer covering their remains. Such is the plain tomb in York Minster of the 'noble prelate, well-beloved,' Archbishop Scrope—the Arch-
bishop

bishop of Shakspeare's Henry IV.—who, after a form of condemnation in his own hall at Bishopthorpe, was beheaded between that place and York, and was interred beneath the monument which still exists; and such, still more, is the plain blue stone which in Peterborough Cathedral covers the grave of Catherine of Arragon—

‘ although unqueened, yet still
A queen, and daughter to a king . . . ’

This tomb should indeed be looked on with no ordinary interest, since it is probably to it that we are indebted for the preservation of the noble Minster that canopies it.

Did space permit, we might trace the long series of monuments through the successive changes of style, in the same manner as we have done with the cathedrals themselves. Noble relics of this class are scattered throughout the parish churches of England; but the finest, beyond a doubt, are those which still remain in our cathedrals, and they alone would supply admirable illustrations for a history of mediæval sculpture. Nor is the interest of these monuments at all diminished when they are regarded from a point of view more strictly historical. As the centre of its diocese, each cathedral was often the chosen resting-place of the great baronial houses of the district. Accident—such as the neighbourhood of a battle-field—led to the interment of other great personages within its walls; and the reverence for a particular shrine, as in the cases of the Black Prince and Henry IV. at Canterbury, and of King John at Worcester, sometimes induced kings and princes to choose the saint's cathedral for the place of their grave. William Rufus was buried at Winchester and Edward II. at Gloucester, from other causes. The abbot of the Gloucester Benedictines was farsighted enough to be aware that the body of the murdered king would prove a treasure to his house, although other convents had refused it. The beautiful tomb which remains in the choir soon became a place of pilgrimage; and the offerings which poured in enabled the monastery to carry through that series of remarkable Perpendicular works which has already been noticed. Thus the whole eastern portion of Gloucester Cathedral is in one sense a memorial of Edward II. The bishops were of course, for the most part, buried in their own cathedrals. Exeter affords a very interesting and important series of effigies, of the last years of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. Canterbury is rich in monuments of its archbishops, each one of which suggests a page from English history; but the cathedral which retains the most stately memorials in the highest perfection is, beyond a doubt, Winchester. Besides the great chantry of Wyke-

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ham in the nave, there is one point 'in the retrochoir from which seven chantries and chapels—including those of Waynflete, the founder of Magdalen at Oxford, of Cardinal Beaufort, whose deathbed has been painted, it would seem, in such untrue colours, by Shakspeare and by Reynolds, and of Gardiner, the 'hammer of heretics'—are visible at once, their rich and elaborate details giving a wonderful splendour to the scene. 'How much power and ambition under half a dozen stones!' wrote Walpole, after a visit to this cathedral.

One curious fact with regard to cathedral monuments deserves to be mentioned here. There are two instances, widely separated in date, of the fabrication of effigies for a long series of bishops, whose memorials had either disappeared, or had never before existed. In Wells Cathedral are the effigies of seven bishops, all of Early English character and all apparently of the same date, assigned to prelates of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but in all probability executed in the time of Bishop Jocelyn (1206-1239). In Hereford Cathedral there are ten episcopal effigies, all executed at one time, in the fifteenth century, and assigned to bishops of earlier date.

We can dwell but briefly on such other relics of ancient magnificence as have been preserved in our cathedrals. York has retained more completely than any other its gorgeous stained-glass; thanks, it is said, to the care of the Fairfaxes, who, after the city fell into the hands of the Parliament, interfered to prevent all injury to the Minster. Much of this glass, in the nave and in the vestibule of the chapter-house, is Early Decorated, of the same period as the architecture. The glass in the choir is of course Perpendicular; and the most interesting is that which fills the great east window, already noticed as the largest window in England which retains its original glazing. It was the work of John Thornton, of Coventry, 'glazier;' and the contract for its execution is dated December 10, 1405. The series of minute figures—subjects from the Old Testament and from the Book of Revelation—which fill this most stately window are admirably executed, and have been commented on, after his peculiar fashion, in one of the rarest and most characteristic volumes set forth by Thomas Gent, the old York printer. Of earlier date than this is the glass which fills the east window of Gloucester Cathedral, larger, in fact, than that of York, but not entirely glazed. The late Mr. Winston—whom we cannot mention without an expression of regret for the loss of so able an art critic, and so kindly a man—has shown that this fine window was in all probability the offering of Lord Bradeston, castellan of Gloucester from the fifth year of Edward III.; and that its heraldry commemorates

memorates certain barons connected with the county, who had taken part in the French campaign of 1346-7, famous for the victory of Cressy and the successful siege of Calais.* The main subject of the window is the Enthronement of the Blessed Virgin. The fine silvery tone of its white glass, and the rich hues of its coloured, sufficiently account for the great reputation of this window, which nevertheless in the drawing of its figures, is very inferior to its rival at York. There is hardly a cathedral which does not preserve some remains of its ancient glass; but we can only here refer to the scanty fragments of Early English glass at Salisbury (from whence Wyatt removed whole cartloads, which he flung into the city ditch), and to the more complete windows, of nearly the same date, at Canterbury. This glass, some of which represents certain miracles of Becket, is by far the finest of its period in England; and in depth and splendour of hue it may safely challenge comparison with the more famous French glass of the thirteenth century, at Bourges, Troyes, or Chartres. It must be acknowledged that so far as colour is concerned the glass of this age is not exceeded in brilliance by that of the late Perpendicular period, to which, in design and execution, we agree with Mr. Winston in assigning the palm, in spite of the high authorities, which, as we are well aware, are ranged against us.

The carved woodwork of the cathedral choirs, stalls, and misereres brings before us another branch of art, of which the remaining examples are numerous and most admirable. The earliest misereres are those in Exeter Cathedral, dating from the first years of the thirteenth century. Their leafage has the true Early English conventionalism; and their figure-subjects are knights fighting with monsters, and animals, chosen no doubt from the 'bestiaries' then popular. Among them is an elephant. There is one subject from the 'Knight of the Swan;' but the singular illustrations of Æsop's Fables and of mediæval romances which, as Mr. Wright has pointed out, were such favourites at a later period, do not occur here. They will be found at Hereford, at Norwich, at Winchester, and elsewhere; and some curious examples of ancient manners, besides some very exquisite leaf-carving, will there greet the explorer who turns up the 'subsellia.' The most perfect carving, however, was reserved for the stalls themselves. Winchester, as we have before mentioned, boasts of the finest, and with justice; but there are superb examples, though of somewhat later date, at Glou-

* Mr. Winston's paper on this window will be found in the *Journal of the Archæological Institute*.

cester, at Norwich, and at Lincoln. We should here mention the episcopal throne in Exeter Cathedral, towering to the roof, and rivalling, in the lightness of its stages, the famous 'sheaf of fountains' of the Nuremberg tabernacle. It is of the fifteenth century; the gift, probably, of Bishop Bothe (1465-1478).

In one of the late cathedral restorations—that of Wells—an arrangement of the choir-stalls has been ventured on, which is in all respects an innovation. The ancient woodwork ranged everywhere, in an unbroken line in front of the great choir piers. At Wells the stalls (the canopies of which are of Douling-stone, supported on Purbeck shafts) are arranged in groups of five between each pier. The greater width thus gained for the choir, as well as the display of the piers, otherwise hidden, seem to recommend this arrangement in certain cases; and at any rate it need not be condemned merely because it is a novelty. The grace and finish of the modern work at Wells may safely be commended; but it is infinitely to be regretted that the restorers did not so arrange the church as to make the nave available for congregational purposes at the same time as the choir. This object has been strictly kept in view in those great restorations at Ely, at Lichfield, and at Hereford, over which Mr. Scott has presided; and the very beautiful choir-screens in all three cathedrals, whilst they are works of which modern art may well be proud, sufficiently prove that it may be attained without the slightest confusion of the due ecclesiastical divisions. At Lichfield the choir is exclusively retained for the use of the clergy and choristers. This would not always be possible; but it is a point to which the endeavours of cathedral-restorers might most advantageously be directed.

No country in Europe can point to such a series of restorations so admirably conducted for the most part, and so little deserving to be classed among the destructive renovations of which England can also show too many examples, as those which have been completed, and are still in progress, in so many of our cathedrals. From a desecrated ruin—the expression is hardly too strong—Ely has again taken her place among the stateliest churches of Christendom; and the late Dean Peacock, who inaugurated the work, almost deserves to be ranked as her second founder. There is, perhaps, no architectural view in England more striking than that across the great octagon of Ely, from the eastern end of the nave aisles. Alan of Walsingham's noble composition, 'perhaps,' says Mr. Fergusson, 'the most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of Gothic architecture,' here groups admirably with the superb Decorated bays of the choir beyond; and the beauty of the whole is wonderfully enforced by

by the colour which has been introduced wherever it was possible. We would send to Ely any one who might doubt the propriety of such introduction. All the gloom and coldness of neglect and whitewash has disappeared; and the eye rests contentedly on the rich glass of the windows, and on the golden diapers of the roof and corbels, set forth and relieved as they are by the neutral tints of the oak choir-screen and stalls, the grey stone of the walls, and the dark marble of the Purbeck shafts and capitals. The choir-screen is a noble work, differing of course from the light metal screens at Hereford and Lichfield, although it fulfils quite as well as they its office of division without entire separation; but the greatest work of modern art in Ely, and we are inclined to think in any other English cathedral, is the reredos, designed by Mr. Scott in the truest spirit of ancient examples. We refer our readers to a most admirable woodcut by Mr. Jewitt, which illustrates the Handbook.

The example of cathedral-restoration was set by Ely; but it was so speedily followed by Dean Merewether at Hereford that the praise of inaugurating the movement must fairly be shared by both deans, whose names should never be mentioned without honour in their respective cathedrals. The great works which Dean Merewether commenced at Hereford have only just been brought to a close; and although that cathedral is not one of the largest, or of the first rank, it is now, in its restored condition, one of the most interesting in the country. Lichfield, Gloucester, Worcester, and others, have followed in the rear. The spire of Chichester, which fell whilst the restoration was in progress there, is rising under the auspices of another dean, whose many services to the Church of England will be remembered so long as that Church endures. We are far, indeed, from asserting that all these restorations have been effected without cause of regret, or without the occasional commission of what we ourselves regard as decided errors; but such mistakes are rare, and will hardly be discovered where Mr. Scott, the great 'restorer' of the century, has been uncontrolled master of operations. The manner in which, both at Lichfield and at Hereford, Mr. Scott laboriously traced the original design of such portions as had been most completely mutilated and shattered, making the smallest remaining fragment tell its story clearly and decisively, is duly recorded in the Handbooks, and affords the best possible example to all church-restorers. The history of his researches in the Chapter-house at Westminster, showing the manner in which, from slight but certain indications, Mr. Scott was enabled to complete the design given in the 'Gleanings' is even more interesting and instructive.

The

The adoption of light open choir-screens in some of the restored cathedrals, permitting the whole extent of nave and choir to be visible at once, has given fresh interest to the question of the comparative length of English churches. Many Gothic churches on the Continent cover infinitely more ground, but, with the exception of St. Peter's, at Rome (which is not a mediæval church), the longest cathedrals in the world are Winchester, Canterbury, and Ely. The difficulty of obtaining a fair comparison is considerable, since it is rarely stated whether the measurements, as they are usually given, are taken from within or without the walls. A review of the Handbooks in the 'Times,' however, in the autumn of last year, brought forth a series of letters, which enables us to determine the length of Winchester and Ely, at all events, with certainty. Mr. Colson, architect to the Dean and Chapter, gives the *exterior* length of Winchester as 555 feet 8 inches; and Mr. Dickson, Precentor and Sacrist of Ely, gives the *interior* length of that cathedral (from inside the western gates of entrance to the glass of the eastern window) as 520 feet 7 inches; and the mean *external* length (for the north and south walls are not precisely equal) as 537 feet. Mr. Becket Denison, in a table of comparative lengths, afterwards published in the 'Times' (December, 1864), gives the internal length of Canterbury as 514 feet. Winchester is thus, beyond a doubt, the longest English cathedral, and probably the longest church in the world. Milan, the largest of all mediæval cathedrals, covers one-third more ground, but is not so long by nearly 100 feet. But it must be remembered that the retrochoir and Lady Chapel of Winchester (far inferior in height and width to the nave and choir) are not visible from the western portal; whereas at Ely, the whole length, unbroken by any solid screen or wall, is commanded by the eye of the spectator standing at the threshold. At Canterbury also the roof is maintained at one uniform height, with the exception of the round termination known as 'Becket's Crown'—to which we believe the only existing parallel is the tomb-house of the Norwegian kings in the Cathedral of Drontheim (figured in Mr. Fergusson's History).

Such open choir-screens as those of Ely, of Lichfield, and of Hereford, perfectly agree with the idea of an 'English cathedral of the nineteenth century,' set forth by Mr. Beresford Hope in his very interesting book. After discussing the various divisions of a cathedral church, and the two great forms which it has taken—the basilican, and that which is now almost universal, except in Spain; and after pointing out by the way the especial features which should distinguish a cathedral or a great collegiate church, Mr. Hope arrives at the conclusion that, in
building

building an entirely new cathedral (for this is the point to which his argument is addressed, and not to a mere adaptation of churches already existing) it is best to 'tread in the old paths,' so far as they agree with the teaching and the ritual of the English Church. As its compilers only re-arranged old materials in the production of 'that wonderful work of man's wisdom and piety, "the Book of Common Prayer and of the Administration of the Sacraments,"' by their possession of which the English-speaking races are privileged beyond all other people to worship Almighty God, day by day if they like, in words that unite heaven with earth, the past with the present, the voices of inspiration with the holiest offspring of men's wit,* so, in constructing a new English cathedral, the old forms should be adopted, those portions alone being changed or rejected which are not in harmony with the teaching of the Prayer-Book. The grand distinctions between a modern and an ancient cathedral are, that the former must contain but one altar, and that the choir and clergy must not, as was often the case in the latter, be entirely separated from the congregation by a closed division. Bearing these distinctions in mind, little further alteration becomes necessary. Chapels and chantries are, of course, not admissible, and the open choir-screen should everywhere be adopted; but Mr. Hope would retain the ambulatory, or retro-choir, and insists, with great force, that it might be made available for the reception of monuments, often (however beautiful) out of place and in the way in other parts of the church. We must refer our readers to the book itself for the store of facts and of carefully wrought out argument on which Mr. Hope builds up his conclusions. Is it too much to expect that one of the great manufacturing cities of the north, which increase so rapidly, and have of late responded so nobly to the demands of church-builders, may one day witness the completion of such a cathedral as he has here suggested? But, however this may be, there are numerous churches already existing—such, for example, as St. Peter's, at Leeds—which, if not cathedrals, have at least all the dignity of great collegiate churches, and, in the case of St. Peter's, all the efficiency. Such churches as these in the greater towns, or as the great monastic churches—Bury St. Edmund's, St. Alban's, Selby—forming centres for extensive districts, may be looked upon as cathedrals waiting for their dioceses. Mr. Hope gives us a long list. There is, we trust, some prospect of the erection of new episcopal sees at Southwell, for part of the great diocese of Lincoln, and at St. Columb's,

* 'English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century,' p. 183.

or Bodmin, for Cornwall. To render such churches worthy of their new dignity, and to provide a sufficient endowment for the staff of clergy necessary for the due working of them, or of the collegiate churches which might be established with infinite advantage in all large towns—a subject on which Mr. Hope has strongly insisted in this volume and elsewhere—powerful appeals must be made to the liberality of Churchmen, quite as powerful as for the erection of an entirely new cathedral. And in all cases the words with which Mr. Hope concludes his very interesting book are sufficiently applicable:—

‘I feel conscious that money spent on rearing and endowing such buildings in the right places will not be money wasted away, either in a higher or more material aspect. As an offering to the majesty of the Creator of all good things, and as an expression of popular faith, they would of course witness against selfishness and faithlessness. But in the next place they would, I am convinced, and I dare to say so, be eminently practical and useful. They would give to Christianity that of which the utility is recognised in all human enterprises—order, system, power, and magnitude of operation. The millions crowd together where work and wages call them; they toil and marry, and are born, and die. They see the joint-stock firms of trade, with their stupendous manufactories, created for their own scene of action, and sustained by their own industry. But, whenever they have time to turn their thoughts to the concerns of their eternal state, the contrast is at once apparent. There, with partial exceptions, they never are confronted with any of those qualities, which, in their everyday life, had arrested and held possession of their respect. Physical magnitude and self-reliant scope of co-operative energy are equally deficient in the lowly Bethel, and the pinched Peel church, with its overtaxed perpetual curate. Neither of these is borne in upon them as an external power of which they may become component elements. All the while the artistic and the refined classes of society meet in their own circles, and praise the old cathedral-system of our Church, and the old cathedrals of the land, scattered up and down the ancient cities,—to them I say very seriously:—If that system has any reality about it, and the annals of all centuries of Christianity speak to that reality, if these buildings have any use or beauty beyond the sensuous exhibition of outward form, do not brand your own generation and your own country as the time and the scene of niggard faith, of outworn creeds, and paralysed energies for the great and the good. Be up and stirring; and plant the Gospel in conspicuous guise, with well-adjusted organisation, as the means sufficient for so great an end, where the throng is thickest,—and God speed the work!’ *

* ‘English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century,’ pp. 281, 282.

- ART. II.—1. *Admiralty Manual on Deviations of the Compass.* Edited by F. J. Evans, R.N., F.R.S., and Archibald Smith, M.A., F.R.S. 1863. Russian Translation. By Capt. Belavenetz, R.I.N. French Translation, incorporated in 'Cour de Régulation des Compas.' Darondeau. Paris, 1863. German Translation. By Dr. Schaub. Vienna, 1864.
2. *The Mariner's Compass Rectified.* Andrew Wakely. 1779.
 3. *Circular on Magnetism.* By Captain Flinders, R.N. 1812.
 4. *Essay on Variation of Compass.* William Bain, R.N. 1817.
 5. *Rules for Clearing the Compass of the Effect of a Ship's Attraction.* Published by Order of Commissioners of Longitude. 1819.
 6. *Essay on Magnetic Attraction, &c.* Peter Barlow. 1820.
 7. *Description of Magnetic Properties of Iron Bodies.* P. Le-count, R.N. 1820.
 8. *Popular View of Mr. Barlow's Discoveries.* From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. 1824.
 9. *Directions for Finding the Local Attraction of Vessels, and for Firing Barlow's Correcting Plate.* Peter Barlow. 1825.
 10. *Mémoire sur les Déviations de la Boussole produites par le fer des vaisseaux.* Par M. Poisson. Lu à l'Académie des Sciences, 1838.
 11. *Experiments on Iron Ships.* G. B. Airy, Ast. Royal. Phil. Trans. 1839-40.
 12. *Philosophical Transactions (on Magnetism).* Lieut.-Colonel Sabine. 1843-47.
 13. *Directions for Use of Apparatus to determine Changing Point of Deviation.* Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine, R.A. 1849.
 14. *A Short Treatise on the Deviations of the Compass.* Captain Sir J. Ross, R.N. 1849.
 15. *Instructions for Computation of Table of Deviations.* Archibald Smith. 1850.
 16. *Practical Illustrations on Deviations of Compass.* Published under sanction of Board of Admiralty. Captain E. J. Johnson, R.A., F.R.S. 1852.
 17. *Magnetical Investigations.* Rev. W. Scoresby. 1844-52.
 18. *The Magnetism of Ships.* William Walker, Comm. R.N. 1853.
 19. *The Compass in Iron Ships.* Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. 1854.
 20. *Discussion of Deviation in Wood-built and Iron-built Ships.* G. B. Airy. Phil. Trans. 1855.
 21. *Practical Rules for ascertaining the Deviation of the Compass.* Published by order of the Admiralty, 1841-1855.
 22. *Illustrations of the Magnetism of Iron Ships.* Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. 1855.
 23. *Voyage*

23. *Voyage of the 'Royal Charter.'* Archibald Smith.
24. *Instructions for Correcting Deviations of Compass.* Published by Board of Trade. Archibald Smith. 1857.
25. *Notes on the Magnetism of Iron Ships.* United Service Institution Journal. F. J. Evans, R.N. 1858.
26. *Swinging Ships for Deviation.* Board of Trade. Admiral Fitzroy. 1859.
27. *Variation and Deviation of Compass Rectified.* P. Cameron. 1859.
28. *On the Connexion between Building of Iron Ships and the Correction of their Compasses.* G. B. Airy. Trans. of Inst. of Naval Architects. 1860.
29. *Reduction of Deviations of Iron Ships of H.M. Navy and of S.S. Great Eastern.* F. J. Evans, R.N. Phil. Trans. 1860.
30. *Reports of Liverpool Compass Committee.* 1857-61.
31. *On the Effect produced on Deviations by the Length and Arrangement of Compass-Needles, &c.* Archibald Smith and F. J. Evans. Phil. Trans. 1861.
32. *Rapport relatif à la Régulation des Compas.* Darondeau. Paris, 1861.
33. *Papers on the Deviation of the Compass.* F. J. Evans, R.N., and Archibald Smith. Trans. of Inst. of Naval Architects. 1861 and 1862.
34. *Practical Information on Deviation of Compass.* By J. F. Towson. Board of Trade. 1863.
35. *Abridgments of Specifications.* Printed by Order of Commissioners of Patents.
36. *Syllabus of Lectures on Magnetical Errors, Compensations, and Corrections, with Special Reference to Iron Ships and their Compasses.* G. B. Airy. 1864.
37. *On the Magnetic Character of the Armour-plated Ships of the Royal Navy, and on the Effect on the Compass of Particular Arrangements of Iron in a Ship.* Phil. Trans. F. J. Evans and Archibald Smith.
38. *Communication from the President and Council of the Royal Society to the Board of Trade, on the subject of the Magnetism of Ships.* Proc. Royal Society. 1865.

IF the means of such an investigation were available, it would be extremely interesting to form a chart which should represent the extent to which different branches of the stream of scientific knowledge permeate society at large. There are some discoveries which become common knowledge almost as soon as they are made; others which remain the exclusive property of a philosophic caste for centuries after the problems to which they relate

relate have been completely elucidated. There can be no doubt that the tendency of different classes of scientific truth to diffuse themselves first throughout educated society, and ultimately to some extent over the length and breadth of every civilised community, would be found to be governed by certain definite laws; and our proposed chart, if its construction were practicable, would probably show some singular relations between the character of scientific discoveries and their power of penetrating through the different strata of society. As a first guess it would be naturally surmised that those philosophical inquiries which had the most important practical bearings would have the largest measure of this penetrating power, and that while the curiosities of science remained a sealed book to all but a few, the processes which directly influence every-day existence would be so far familiar as almost to form an essential element of a liberal education. As a matter of fact, it would be easy to multiply examples of exactly the opposite tendency. For one person who could give a clear account of the action of a common clock, or the process by which electricity is made to convey messages across the globe, there are scores who could explain the principle of that ingenious plaything the stereoscope, and hundreds who could pronounce with confidence, if not with accuracy, on the precise antiquity of a flint hatchet or a Celtic arrow-head.

There are some subjects, indeed, which seem to be doomed to general neglect, almost on account of their peculiar claims to universal attention. A seafaring people might be supposed, as a matter of course, to take a deeper interest in the theory of the mariner's compass than in almost any other branch of science, and yet it is scarcely too much to say that the investigations which have completely revolutionised this department of magnetical science have awakened no interest in the general public, and have scarcely been mastered by more than a few of those whose lives are hourly risked upon the supposed accuracy of compass indications. As a rule, most people who are not sailors believe in the compass imagined by poets as a marvellous and unerring guide, but for which the most adventurous navigator would scarcely trust himself out of sight of land. Among seamen a very different estimate prevails. Although there are many who in spite of the proved errors of the compass in all iron and in most wooden vessels persist in blindly pinning their faith upon a guide which without extreme care is as likely to lead them to destruction as to safety, a still larger proportion of the masters of merchant vessels have learnt to distrust and disregard the indication of the needle altogether, and to rely exclusively on the famous three L's—'lead, latitude, and look-out,' to keep them clear of rocks and shoals. A few, and only a few, outside of the

British

British Navy have accustomed themselves to extract from the seemingly capricious readings of the compass-card the information which is veiled and distorted by a host of disturbing influences.

One reason why the practical application of the laws which govern the action of ships' compasses is so imperfectly understood may be gathered from a cursory glance at the publications to which we have referred at the head of this article. They include works of every degree of merit, from the most elaborate investigations of our foremost men of science down to the crude absurdities of would-be discoverers, who have thought to repeal the laws of nature by the force of patents and specifications. But we do not find a single attempt since 1824 at a popular explanation of a branch of science which, though somewhat complicated, is quite capable of being made intelligible to any man of ordinary capacity. Such a work is much needed. The Admiralty Manual of 1863 is almost perfect in its way, but it contains little more than dry facts and rigid rules for the guidance of practical navigators, followed by an extremely elegant investigation of the scientific theory, addressed exclusively to mathematicians. There is nothing in it for the general reader, nor, indeed, could there be without a departure from the immediate purposes of the publication. But a popular treatise is not the less a desideratum; and until the gap is filled up, it matters not whether by private hand or in an official publication, there is no prospect of seeing the principles of this branch of science as generally understood as a matter of so much practical importance ought to be.

The history of the mariner's compass is singular enough. That it was used in the East long before it was known to European navigators seems to be a well-established fact, and whether the Chinese discovery was or was not as early as the date assigned to it in their annals (about 2600 B.C.), there is no doubt that the properties of the magnetised needle were utilised in that strange country at a very early period. At the present day the evidence of an independent origin may be seen in the peculiar form of the Chinese compass, which is a needle without the compass-card that we employ in Europe, and is read from the South instead of the North Pole, as with us. The introduction of the compass into Europe has been traced to an earlier date than was formerly ascribed to it, but we do not seem to have possessed for more than five or six centuries the knowledge with which the Chinese have been familiar for perhaps 4000 years. Even after the European rediscovery of the polarity of the magnetic needle little was done to perfect the theory of the compass until the commencement of the present century.

└ The variation of the compass from the true north differing in different

different parts of the earth's surface was much too considerable and too remarkable to pass unobserved, and the fact that the north end of a balanced needle was drawn downwards in northern, and the south end in southern latitudes, was of necessity perceived as soon as the compass came into general use. Maps of the lines of equal variation and equal dip were constructed by the illustrious Halley, but no progress was made in the theory of compass disturbances before the time of Captain Flinders. Men of the stamp of Cook, and the other great navigators of the last century, were not likely to neglect the observation of the compass, and they did in fact ascertain that after making due allowance for the variation there remained an appreciable amount of error in the indications of their compasses. It is singular that the idea of some calculable disturbing force should not have suggested itself, but they seem scarcely to have thought of accounting for the discrepancies they noticed except by the assumption that they were wholly due to the imperfect manufacture of the instruments they employed. Under this impression it was natural enough that the compass should fall into disrepute, and that the most scientific sailors should come to rest their sole confidence on astronomical observations and to abandon almost entirely the trust which had once been placed in the magnetic needle.

With Flinders a new era in the history of the compass commenced. In his famous voyage to Australia, in 1801, he observed, as others had observed before him, that the direction of the compass-needle frequently wandered from that which the known variation due to the geographical position of the ship assigned to it. Not content with barely noting the fact of an apparently capricious deviation, or ascribing it to unexplained errors of construction, Captain Flinders set to work to seek for the cause of the phenomenon, and it was not long before he found that the error was most considerable when his ship's head pointed about east or west, that it disappeared when the line of the keel was made to coincide with the actual direction of the needle, and that the whole phenomenon amounted merely to this, that the north end of the compass-needle was drawn by some unknown force towards the ship's bows. The most elementary of the known facts of magnetism sufficed to suggest an explanation. Knowing that when two magnets are brought within range of each other's influence the opposite poles attract and the similar poles repel each other, Captain Flinders concluded that the mysterious force which drew the north pole of his compass towards the bows could only be the south pole of a magnet lying somewhere between the binnacle and the ship's head. This was the result of observations made in northern latitudes. But when the ship was taken as far south as Bass's Straits, the phenomena were

were entirely reversed. Now it was the south end of the needle which was drawn towards the bows, and the hypothesis that the mass of the ship within reach of the compass acted like the south end of a magnet had to be replaced by assuming the vessel to be endowed with exactly the opposite quality of magnetism. The problem, therefore, resolved itself into this simple question: Was there any known cause by which a portion of the ship lying (as nearly the whole ship did) before the compass could be converted when in the northern hemisphere into the south pole, and when in the southern hemisphere into the north pole of a magnet? To ask the question was in fact to answer it. It was well known, long before Captain Flinders's time, that if a bar of soft iron were placed near to the north pole of a magnet it would instantly be magnetised itself, the end of the bar nearest to the north pole of the magnet becoming a south pole and the opposite end a north pole. This magnetism of soft iron by induction, as it is termed, is, however, only transient. It ceases when the dominant magnet is removed, and is restored when the magnet is brought near again. If the magnet is turned into the opposite direction, so as to bring its south pole where the north pole was before, the induced magnetism of the iron bar is reversed also, and what was previously a south pole now becomes a north. It occurred to Captain Flinders that this was precisely what happened to his ship when she passed from northern to southern latitudes. The earth was the dominant magnet, and the magnetism which she induced in the iron stanchions and bolts in the ship's hull was the influence which disturbed the needle.

It was obvious that in northern latitudes an upright iron bar would have its lower end nearer to the Arctic regions which contain the earth's south pole,* than its upper end. The lower end would therefore become by magnetic induction an opposite, or north pole, and the upper end a similar, or south pole. Every piece of iron in the ship would thus have a tendency to south polarity at its upper end; and, as the deck compass would be nearer to the upper than the lower part of the ship's hull, the effect would be a resultant attraction throughout the ship upon the north pole of the compass needle. As the compass was placed near the stern, and as any iron in the ship might be assumed to be symmetrically placed, the broad result of this attraction would be a tendency in all positions of the ship's head to draw the north end of the needle towards the bows—the very phenomenon which was actually observed. So, again, in southern latitudes, where the influence of the earth's north

* That is, the pole similar to the south pole, and capable of attracting the north pole of an ordinary magnet. This is always spoken of as the earth's south pole, although north in geographical position.

magnetism

magnetism predominated, the upper portion of the iron in the hull would acquire by induction northern polarity, and would tend to attract the south pole of the compass towards the bows; and this, again, was in exact accordance with observation. It followed, moreover, from the hypothesis, that if the ship's head were so pointed as to bring the needle fore and aft, the attraction, being also fore and aft, would act in the line of the needle, and leave its direction unchanged, though it would increase or decrease the intensity of the force by which it was drawn into its position of rest—the horizontal directive force as it is technically termed. Accordingly it was observed that in any such position the compass was true to the direction corresponding to the known variation, and that the greatest error occurred when the needle was at right angles to the ship's keel, that is, when the vessel was sailing to the magnetic east or west.

This explanation, offered by Captain Flinders, has been the basis of all subsequent investigations; and, though another independent cause of disturbance has since been discovered to be extremely powerful in iron ships, the theory of Captain Flinders accounts for almost the whole of the deviation which is met with in wooden ships, where there is little magnetic material besides upright stanchions, generally of wrought-iron. From the detection of this defect to its remedy was an easy step. It occurred at once to Captain Flinders that the error might be entirely corrected if the compass were placed in such a neutral position as to have the iron in the ship equally distributed before and abaft the binnacle; and, as this might be an inconvenient position for the steering compass, he suggested the introduction of upright iron stanchions a little abaft the compass, for the express purpose of compensating the ship's attraction. Various modes of compensation have since been devised, but, so far as the particular source of error detected by Flinders is concerned, none of them are better than the upright iron bars which he proposed for the purpose.

It was long before any further steps were taken to examine more closely the facts of compass deviation. It happened, however, that among the captains engaged in whaling expeditions was one who brought to the task an unusual amount of scientific information and acuteness. Captain Scoresby, or—to use the title by which he afterwards became better known in the world of science—Dr. Scoresby had made the phenomena of magnetism his special study; and his voyages to the neighbourhood of the earth's magnetic pole afforded him peculiar opportunities for the investigation. The same object was still more carefully pursued in the exploring voyages of Sir John Ross and Sir Edward Parry, by Major-General (then Captain) Sabine, who was deputed to accompany these expeditions as astronomer. The

first fruit of these inquiries was to establish the fact that the amount of deviation depended partly on the increase of the disturbing force as the magnetic pole was approached, and partly on the diminution of the earth's horizontal directive force. The precise law by which these changes in the deviation are governed was soon after demonstrated by Dr. Young; and its practical applications were worked out by Mr. Barlow, who introduced a method of compensation, which, though not perfect, was extensively used in wooden vessels, and generally with good effect. The subject was afterwards mathematically treated by M. Poisson, in France; but it is to two English savans, the Astronomer Royal and Mr. Archibald Smith, that the elaboration of the theory in its present completed state is almost entirely due.

Before we attempt to convey any idea of the form which these investigations took, it is necessary to take note of a circumstance which completely changed the practical conditions of the problem. This was the introduction of iron in shipbuilding. The errors detected by Captain Flinders did not exceed two or three degrees, and it is not often that the deviation in a wooden ship acquires any more serious magnitude; but, when the whole of a ship's hull is made of iron, and in the case of men-of-war plated with enormous masses of the same material, or furnished with huge turrets at no great distance from the compass, there is scarcely any limit to the possible irregularities of the needle. Deviations of three or four points are not uncommon in such vessels when steaming or sailing upright; and the error is, in many vessels, vastly increased whenever the ship heels or rolls from the action of the wind or waves. The difficulty, in fact, became so serious, that, unless the means of compensating or allowing for the deviation had been found, it would have been almost impossible to use a compass at all. Occasionally a compass is placed at the masthead of a ship, so as to be in some measure beyond the range of the ship's attraction; but, even in this inconvenient position, the errors produced by an enormous iron hull are by no means insignificant. Not only was the gravity of the compass question seriously increased by the use of iron in shipbuilding, but it was soon found that causes of disturbance hitherto unsuspected were developed in the construction of iron vessels to an amount which quite threw into the shade the effects of the inductive magnetism which Flinders had detected. His theory was based entirely on the assumption that the iron of his ship was capable of acquiring at any moment the induced magnetism due to its position with reference to the earth's magnetic poles; that on a change of relative position this magnetism would vary, and would be actually inverted when the conditions

conditions were reversed, as was the case when the ship was taken to southern latitudes. But this hypothesis, which was true in the case he examined, and is generally true with reference to wooden ships, is very far from being correct when the subject of experiment is an iron hull. The embarrassment does not stop here, for iron ships are not only quite different from the old wooden walls, but each individual hull has a special magnetic character of its own. No two kinds of iron have exactly the same magnetic qualities. That description of metal which is known as soft iron, is so extremely susceptible to inductive action that a rod of it may be magnetised, and its magnetism reversed, in the course of a few seconds, by merely inverting its position with reference to a fixed magnet or to the earth. If the same experiment is tried with a piece of tempered steel substituted for the soft iron bar, the effect of induction is scarcely appreciable. The facility of induction depends entirely on the quality of the metal, the general result being that as the hardness of the iron used approximates more and more nearly to that of steel, its resistance to the influence of a neighbouring magnet or of the earth becomes continually greater. A vessel built of comparatively hard iron, would therefore be in some measure proof against the particular class of compass errors which arise from the varying influence of the earth. Hard iron, however, has magnetic tricks peculiar to itself, which are quite as troublesome as the effects produced by instantaneous induction; and it was not until the magnetic properties of different kinds of iron had been experimentally tested by Dr. Scoresby, that the materials were supplied for completing the theory of compass deviation. He found that although hard iron would not readily acquire magnetic polarity by mere proximity to a magnet, it would do so almost as completely as the softest iron if it were held for some little time in the required direction, and subjected to vigorous hammering. After the magnetism had thus been driven into its fibre, the stubborn material showed itself as reluctant to part with it as it had been to receive it. Reversing the position of the bar had little more effect on it than upon the best tempered permanent magnet. But when in the new position the same coercive process of hammering was repeated the resistance was overcome; and the magnetism changed in the same way, though not quite so completely, as that of soft iron changed by the alteration of position alone. If, however, the iron at all approached the hardness of steel, the greater part of the magnetism once hammered into it remained permanently fixed, notwithstanding any subsequent percussion; and, even in iron of medium quality, a strong disposition to retain some

2 A 2 portion

portion of its first acquired magnetism, and to recover it on the slightest encouragement, was invariably noticed. Dr. Scoresby was not slow to apply the results of his experiments to the case of iron-built ships. The iron used in their construction was of necessity subjected to violent hammering in the process of riveting the plates together. In quality it was in general considerably harder than the wrought-iron rods, which formed almost the only magnetic portion of a wooden ship. The consequence insisted on by Dr. Scoresby, and abundantly verified by subsequent experience, was, that every iron ship in the process of building must become charged with a quantity of magnetism, a portion of which would be permanent under all vicissitudes, while another portion would undergo considerable changes if the ship were violently strained or shaken when in a position different from that which she occupied on the stocks. Of the magnetism knocked into the ship's hull by workmen's hammers a greater or less portion would, as Dr. Scoresby rightly conjectured, be afterwards shaken out of her by the buffeting of the waves. To this last species of magnetism the name of subpermanent is ordinarily given; while the portion which the vessel retains as long as she exists, is as strictly permanent magnetism as that of the compass-needle itself.

It was soon seen that both the permanent and sub-permanent magnetism of iron ships would exert an influence altogether different from that of the induced magnetism which alone had been previously considered, and the irregularities of the compasses of some of the earlier iron ships awakened attention to the extreme importance of solving the problem in the new and more complex form which it had now assumed. The first observations on the compass deviations of iron ships were made in 1835, by Captain Johnson, and the existence of apparently permanent magnetism in the ship was distinctly traced, although the laws of the disturbance were not investigated. In 1839 a more complete series of experiments was made by Mr. Airy, on two small iron ships, the 'Rainbow' and the 'Ironsides.' The method pursued was to place the ship, with her head pointing, first north, then a point to the east, and so on in succession through all the points of the compass. In every position of the ship the bearing of each of the compasses under examination was compared with that of a compass on shore, placed beyond the reach of any magnetic disturbance. The difference was the deviation produced by the ship's attraction; and it was found that, while in some positions of the ship's head it vanished altogether, there were others in which it attained (in the case of one of the 'Rainbow's' compasses) as much as 50° , or $4\frac{1}{2}$ points. This process of swinging
a ship

a ship for the adjustment of her compasses is now always gone through before a new vessel is sent to sea ; but in the case of the ships examined by Mr. Airy, additional observations on the dip of the needle, and on the amount of the directive force, threw further light on the nature of the disturbance. In many respects the results, besides being more considerable in amount, were very different from those generally presented by a wooden ship. The positions in which the error disappeared were no longer those in which the needle pointed along the keel, as, according to the observations and the theory of Captain Flinders, they would have been ; and these and other indications led Mr. Airy to the conjecture (afterwards confirmed to some extent by the behaviour of these ships on distant voyages) that the greater part of the deviation was due to magnetism of a more or less permanent kind, and a comparatively small portion only to the induction, which was the prime agent in the case of wooden ships. At the time when these experiments were made it had not been ascertained by observations on sea-going ships to what extent and with what rapidity a ship magnetised in the process of construction would be demagnetised by the lapse of time or the violence of the sea. Mr. Airy, in common with most other inquirers, thought it probable that any change which might occur from this cause in the sub-permanent magnetism of the hard iron of a ship's hull would be very gradual and slow ; and upon this hypothesis he suggested a mode of compensating the errors of the compass, which promised to secure substantial accuracy if the correction were readjusted occasionally after the ship had seen considerable service. We have already mentioned that Captain Flinders pointed out a mode of compensating the disturbances caused by the induction of vertical iron by introducing on the opposite side of his compass additional bars of iron, so placed as exactly to balance the influence of the ship. Mr. Airy proposed to deal with the permanent magnetism on a similar principle. It will be readily seen that if a needle is disturbed by a magnet on one side of it, it may be restored to its true position by an equivalent magnet, so placed as to draw the needle in the opposite direction. For convenience of adjustment, it was found best to employ two compensating magnets, one placed in a fore-and-aft, and the other in a transverse direction. By shifting the position of these magnets until the needle gave true indications, the ship's permanent magnetism was proposed to be balanced. This inherent magnetism, however, was not the only peculiarity of modern vessels which complicated the problem. Among other novelties, iron deck-beams, iron engine-shafts, and other masses of iron horizontally disposed, began to be found in most ships ; and these,

these, it was soon seen, affected the compass, according to a law altogether different from the action of the upright stanchions, which were the only important element of disturbance in Flinders' vessel. Thus there are now in most ships three distinct influences to be combated; first, that of vertical soft iron, which attracts the one or the other end of the compass, according as the ship is sailing in northern or in southern latitudes; secondly, the disturbance which arises from the ship herself having become a magnet in the process of building; and, lastly, the attraction of horizontal beams, and the like, turned into temporary magnets by the earth's induction.

Without going into any scientific detail, it will easily be understood that each of these disturbing causes may be overcome by a kind of homœopathic treatment. A magnet which pulls the compass a point too far to the east may be balanced by another magnet which would draw it a point to the west. So the mischief done by one vertical rod may be neutralised (as Flinders proposed) by adding another on the opposite side of the needle; and just in the same way the disturbing effect of horizontal beams of iron can be destroyed by other masses of horizontal iron appropriately placed. If the compass-adjuster did but know how much of the observed error was due to each of these causes, nothing would be easier than to apply to each its appropriate compensation, and so ensure the accuracy of the compass, so long as the ship herself suffered no change of magnetic character.

But such a complete discrimination between the different causes of compass-error was not to be obtained by the ordinary process of swinging a ship. No difficulty, it is true, was found in separating the disturbance caused by induction in horizontal iron from the effects produced by the other two influences. Theory and experiment alike showed that the disturbance from horizontal induction vanished four times in the course of swinging a ship; these neutral positions in a symmetrically-built ship being when the ship's head pointed to the magnetic north, south, east, or west, a fact technically expressed by calling the disturbance quadrantal, *i. e.*, vanishing once in every quadrant through which the ship is swung. Nothing like this could happen when a compass was disturbed by the action of the ship, itself converted into a permanent magnet. There is no position in which the pole of a magnet can fail to affect a compass-needle, except when the needle points directly to or from it. When a ship is swung this can only happen twice, *viz.*, at two opposite points in the course of a revolution; and the error caused by a ship's inherent magnetism is for this reason called semicircular.

It

It was the simplest thing in the world, therefore, to determine by observation how much of a ship's compass-error was quadrantal, and how much was semicircular. The former alone was due to horizontal induction, and the amount of the appropriate compensation could at once be ascertained. But no equally simple way could be found for distinguishing between the effects of the ship's inherent magnetism and those of vertical induction. As Flinders saw, a vertical rod became in northern latitudes a magnet, with its south pole uppermost, and behaved exactly as a fixed magnet would. To whatever point the ship might be headed, the top of the rod, like a permanent magnet, would still attract the north end of the needle, and draw it aside from its true direction, except in the two opposite positions, when the compass naturally pointed to the rod itself. The action of what we may call a Flinders' stanchion (or of any other vertical soft iron) is, in fact, semicircular, like that of the ship's intrinsic magnetism; and all the ordinary observations made in swinging a ship on an even keel would leave the adjuster in ignorance how much of the observed semicircular error was due to fixed magnetism, and, therefore, capable of correction by a compensating magnet; and how much was caused by vertical induction, which would change its character as the ship sailed round the world. Yet it was of vital importance to ascertain this, lest a supposed correction should be applied, which, however perfect in England, would double the error from vertical induction whenever the ship was sailing in southern waters. One obvious way of solving the difficulty was to swing every ship in two remote places, as, for example, first in northern, and then in southern latitudes. The permanent magnetism would act in the same directions in both cases, while the induced magnetism would have its quality reversed, thus affording the requisite means of discrimination. But it is not every ship that can be taken to Melbourne, as well as to Greenwich, for adjustment of compasses; and the other methods devised for obtaining the same end have not been found at all easy of application. Mr. Airy cut the knot by assuming that, as a rule, the disturbance from induction would in iron ships be insignificant, compared with that produced by the magnetic character of the hull, and that for all practical purposes the whole semicircular error might be compensated by fixed magnets. Subsequent experience has shown that such a hypothesis cannot be safely made; but the 'Rainbow' and the 'Ironsides' were almost the first iron ships, the magnetism of which had been scientifically examined, and they presented some features which made it extremely probable that Mr. Airy's conjecture would in those instances turn out correct. In fact, it is often

often possible to make a plausible rough guess whether the deviation is mainly due to permanent magnetism or transient induction. The soft iron of a ship is almost always symmetrically placed; and except in the case of a pair of binnacle compasses, the compass also is in the central line of the ship. It can, therefore, be very safely assumed that the neutral points of the deviation due to soft iron will, with reference to a symmetrically placed compass, always coincide as to the semicircular deviation with the north and south magnetic directions, and as to the quadrantal deviation with the four cardinal magnetic points. This is not often the case with reference to the permanent magnetism of the ship, because that will act more nearly in the line of the ship which happened to point to the magnetic south upon the stocks. The standard compass is always in the central line of the vessel; and it follows that if the standard compass shows a large deviation when the ship's head is laid to the magnetic north, nearly the whole of that error must be due to permanent magnetism. Both in the 'Rainbow' and the 'Iron-sides,' Mr. Airy found a very large error in this position; and this, combined with other indications, led him to conclude that the ship's permanent magnetism was almost the only important agent in producing the semicircular deviation, and that the effect of vertical soft iron might be disregarded without serious danger. On this hypothesis it was easy to compensate the remaining errors. The ship was laid in succession with her head to the magnetic cardinal points. In each of these positions the quadrantal deviation of the standard compass vanished, and all that remained was attributed to fixed magnetism, capable of being balanced by compensating magnets. Magnets were therefore so adjusted by trial as to neutralise the attraction of the ship in these four positions, and as a necessary consequence in all other positions also. Having got rid of this error, the ship was headed to the intermediate points north-east, south-east, south-west, and north-west, in which the quadrantal deviation caused by horizontal soft iron would be near its maximum. A box of soft iron chain was placed near to the compass, and its position adjusted by trial, so as to neutralise the error which the compensating magnets had left, and which was found not to be very important. When this was done, the ship was again swung, and it was found that in all positions her compasses pointed truly within a very small angle of no practical moment.

The possibilities of error which still remained from the influence of vertical soft iron, and from the deterioration of the ship's inherent magnetism when exposed to the rough usage of the sea, were believed to be insignificant; and it was thought probable

probable that iron ships would in all cases possess qualities similar to those exhibited by the 'Rainbow' and the 'Ironsides.' Accordingly, in the year 1840, a series of practical rules for the compensation of compasses, founded upon the experiments we have described, was compiled by Mr. Airy, and published in the 'United Service Magazine.' From that time it became the almost invariable practice in the merchant service to correct ship's compasses by compensating magnets (boxes of iron chains, or cylinders of soft iron being sometimes added), on the principles which Mr. Airy had pointed out. In the navy, however, a different method was employed on the recommendation of a committee of scientific men and naval officers appointed by the Admiralty, in 1837. Instead of applying mechanical corrections to keep the compass as nearly as might be right, it was thought preferable to record the deviations observed, when the ship was swung, in a table, by reference to which the error on any particular course might be known and allowed for. For the present we pass by the reasons assigned for the preference of tabular over mechanical correction, which will be more intelligible when the subsequent history of compass investigations has been sketched. For some years after Mr. Airy's experiments no very clear evidence was obtained of the degree of reliance which might be placed upon his corrections; but occasionally disasters occurred to iron ships which compass errors were suspected of having caused. Dr. Scoresby, however, seems never to have abandoned the conviction to which his earlier researches had led him, that the magnetism acquired by a ship on the stocks might be very largely and very rapidly altered when she went to sea. The controversy slept until attention was once more called to it by a fearful calamity. A new iron ship, the 'Tayleur,' of 2000 tons burden, sailed from Liverpool with emigrants early in the year 1854. Before her departure she had been swung, and disclosed very large compass errors. Her steering compass, when uncorrected, showed in one position of the ship a deviation of 60° , or more than five points. Like all very large deviations, this undoubtedly was for the most part due to the inherent (and as was supposed the permanent) magnetism of the ship. A correction by magnets was applied in the usual way, and the compass made to give tolerably correct indications. In this trim the 'Tayleur' sailed. In going down Channel, she experienced severe weather; and within two days after leaving port, she was wrecked, with great loss of life, on the coast of Ireland. An inquiry into the circumstances of the disaster seemed to point to a grave compass error as the cause; and Dr. Scoresby called attention to the fact that the disaster might be accounted for on
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the hypothesis that a large portion of the magnetism which the ship had acquired while building had been shaken out of her by the buffeting of the waves during her two days' voyage. If this had happened, it was shown that the compensating magnet must have over-corrected the compass, and produced an error of precisely such a kind as would have led her to the point where she struck when she was believed to have abundance of sea room.

If Dr. Scoresby's hypothesis was correct (and the evidence in support of it was very cogent), an entirely new and very alarming quality of iron ships had been revealed. That a ship's magnetism was capable of being shaken out of her by violent impact in a position different from that in which she was built, was to some extent admitted on all hands, but it was a startling novelty to be told that two days' straining in a heavy sea could produce a deviation of as much as two points, as appeared to have been the case with the ill-fated 'Tayleur.' Dr. Scoresby's explanation was received with surprise by all, and with incredulity by many. Mr. Airy did not hesitate to pronounce it impossible that so rapid a change could have occurred, and perhaps to this day it must be regarded as doubtful whether the large error which Dr. Scoresby supposed had, in fact, accumulated in so short a time as two days by the mere shaking out of the sub-permanent magnetism of the ship. The catastrophe, however, bore valuable fruits. The importance of ascertaining to what extent the safety of iron ships was imperilled from this cause was at once recognised, and a Committee was formed at Liverpool for the purpose of investigating the subject to the bottom. At the same time Dr. Scoresby took advantage of the sailing of another new iron vessel (the 'Royal Charter,' the same ship that was afterwards wrecked on the Welsh coast) to make a voyage to Australia and round the world, for the sake of testing by observations at sea the soundness of his hypothesis as to the magnetic vicissitudes to which such vessels were liable. One of the results of these inquiries, and of a series of careful observations on the ships of the British Navy by Staff Commander Evans, the Superintendent of the Admiralty Compass Department, has been to demonstrate beyond a doubt the fact, that iron ships frequently lose a large portion of their inherent magnetism in the course of their first voyage, although few instances have been recorded of a change in sub-permanent magnetism approaching in rapidity and amount that which was suspected in the case of the 'Tayleur.' The 'Royal Charter' sailed with an error of 20° in her standard compass (which was uncorrected). The whole of this error with the exception of about 3° wasted away in the course of the voyage, and the steering compass, which had been corrected, came home with a deviation

deviation of 22° , due entirely to the excessive action of the compensating magnet. The unstable character of the magnetism of iron ships would have been almost fatal to any system of compass-correction, whether by tables or by mechanical means, if the discovery had not been followed by another of a very reassuring kind. From all the experience which has now been gathered it is almost a matter of certainty that an iron ship will attain a tolerably stable magnetic condition after about a year at sea. By that time (at any rate if she has been carried into southern latitudes, and had a fair share of rough weather) the waves and winds seem generally to have done their utmost. The sub-permanent magnetism is gone, and little or nothing remains but strictly permanent magnetism, which may be trusted to stick by the ship as long as she holds together.

A striking example of the steadiness of magnetic character which a ship acquires after some years of service, was afforded by the 'Adventure,' an old iron ship in Her Majesty's Navy. She struck on one occasion on a rock with so much violence as to tear away a large portion of her iron skin, yet on careful examination it was found that this rough usage had scarcely produced any sensible effect on her inherent magnetism. If she had been a new ship, the same accident might have shaken half her magnetism out of her.

But for this tendency to settle down to a permanent condition, there would have been no safety without repeatedly swinging a ship afresh and framing new tables of deviation, or readjusting her compensating magnets; operations not to be performed at sea, or indeed anywhere, without more scientific skill than most merchant-captains possess. The danger from compass error in a first voyage still remains very considerable, but it is beginning to be generally understood that every iron ship ought to have her compasses readjusted after she has had time to acquire her permanent magnetic state, and that when this is done the most serious cause of error may be almost entirely obliterated.

The formidable risk from the change in the magnetic character of new iron ships 'was not the only fact that added, about this time, to the complexity of the great problem of compass correction. The enormous magnitude of the deviation in many iron ships was already familiarly known, and experience soon proved that it was not safe to rely on the hypothesis which Mr. Airy had perhaps correctly made in the cases of the 'Rainbow' and 'Ironsides,' that the part of the semicircular error due to vertical soft iron might be disregarded as insignificant. The existing mathematical theory also had been outgrown as much as the practical methods of correcting the error. At the time when the

the Astronomer Royal had worked out the problem in 1838, iron was a novelty in ship-building, and the action of wooden ships on the compass was comparatively feeble. Mr. Airy had, therefore, thought it safe to simplify the problem before him by leaving out of consideration certain elements of the calculation which were not thought likely to have any considerable practical influence. The extension of the practice of iron ship-building had subsequently revolutionised the whole subject, and it became essential in the first place to recast the theory on an absolutely correct basis, and then to apply it, without risking *à priori* assumptions as to the insignificance of any of the component elements of the disturbing force. Lastly, it was not less important that an extensive series of careful observations should be made on different ships, not only for the purpose of framing tables of deviation for each, but with the view of verifying the applications of the theory, testing its completeness, and throwing fresh light on the general character and magnetic behaviour of every new class of ships.

It was at this stage of the investigation that the Liverpool Compass Committee commenced its laborious and valuable inquiries. The committee was originally formed in 1854, in consequence of the discussions which took place at the Meeting of the British Association, held that year at Liverpool; and its labours continued for several years, the third and last report having been issued as recently as 1861. It was during the same period that Mr. Archibald Smith completed the mathematical theory on which he had been engaged at intervals since the year 1843; while Captain Evans added stores of careful observations, chiefly upon the iron ships of the Royal Navy, to those which Captain Johnson had accumulated for the most part in the days of wooden walls, and which had in a measure become obsolete for theoretical purposes from the almost universal adoption of iron in shipbuilding. It is mainly to the labours of these gentlemen that we owe the rapid progress of the science of compass correction during the years that have elapsed since the experimental voyage of the 'Royal Charter,' and the death, which occurred almost immediately afterwards, of the energetic seaman and philosopher Dr. Scoresby, to whose impulse the renewed investigation of the compass problem was so largely due.

It would be out of place in these pages (even if our space allowed it) to enter into any detailed examination of the extremely elegant mathematical investigation first published by Mr. Archibald Smith, in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of 1847, and to be found in a more mature shape in the last edition of the Admiralty Manual on Compass Deviation. The briefest possible account of the general character and broad results of the work,

work, and its relation to earlier investigations, is all that is practicable here. The first mathematician who attacked the problem of the disturbance of the compass by external attractions was the eminent French philosopher Poisson. After the manner of his country, Poisson treated the question in its greatest generality, and obtained formulæ giving the deviation of a needle under the combined influence of any arrangement of magnetised and unmagnetised iron. Beyond this point, the labours of Poisson were of little practical service, and it remained for others to give a real significance to the arbitrary constants of his formulæ, by tracing their connection with the actual construction of a ship, and reducing them to a form which would admit of a direct application of the theory to practice. To the Astronomer Royal belongs the credit of having first dealt with the investigation of this practical problem, in the year 1839, in connection with his experiments on the 'Rainbow' and 'Ironsides;' and for a time his papers, printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1839, contained the only available theory on the subject. Although it has since been found necessary to build up the formulæ for practical use upon a more rigidly accurate basis, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of Mr. Airy's first conquest in what was then an obscure and almost untried field of science. The novelty of Mr. Archibald Smith's treatment of the subject at a later epoch consisted simply in discarding all arbitrary assumptions whatever, and dealing with the actual problem on the footing of Poisson's equations, which, by a series of elegant transformations, he reduced to forms admitting of immediate practical use, and bearing their own physical interpretation on their face. Certain happy geometrical constructions, by which the theory is made available for the seaman without the necessity of referring to the mathematical formulæ, are not the least valuable and original portions of the investigations; but of these we shall have to speak hereafter, and it will be enough to add that by the aid of the mathematical formulæ the whole magnetic quality of a ship is known when once the values of five (or, in the case of a symmetrically placed compass, those of three) constants are determined by swinging the ship in the manner we have already described in speaking of Mr. Airy's experiments. Very reluctantly too we are compelled to dismiss with only a passing allusion the interesting practical applications of the theory which will be found in the last paper, by Capt. Evans and Mr. Archibald Smith, enumerated in our list.

It may be asked with some dismay, whether the safety of every merchant-ship depends on the capacity of her commander to work out from observation the values of her constants, and then to deduce from them her magnetic error on the course on which

which he may happen to be sailing? But the danger is not quite so great as it seems. In the first place the tables of deviation, as they are called—that is, tables of the magnitude of the compass error on every course—are worked out when the ship is swung; and if those tables could be depended on to remain exact at all times and all places, the only demand on the intelligence of a captain would be to take out from his ship's tables of deviation, and allow for, the error belonging to the course he is making. This would be as simple a proceeding as telling the true time from a watch known to be a certain number of minutes too fast or too slow; and nothing beyond this almost mechanical process of correction need be considered in navigating a ship, so long as the calculated tables of deviation can be trusted. If there were no further difficulties behind, it might be said that all embarrassment from compass-error was at an end; and that the needle whose caprices were ascertained, would be just as serviceable as one that never swerved from the earth's pole. But the formation of the ship's tables of deviation is far from being the end of her magnetic troubles. The quadrantal error, which depends only on the position of the horizontal soft iron of the ship, gives comparatively little trouble. The disturbance being itself induced by the same terrestrial force which moves the compass in the binnacle, is always proportioned to it; and no change of latitude can affect the accuracy of the tables. This part of the disturbing force is altered precisely to the same extent as the earth's directive force, and the resulting error remains the same. But it is very different with the other components of the tables. The semicircular deviation depends, as we have already pointed out, on two entirely distinct causes—the inherent magnetism of the ship, and the induction in vertical iron. When the ship changes her place, and sails to southern latitudes, one of these causes will act in the opposite direction; and so far from keeping a constant proportion to the horizontal directive force, it is most energetic in those latitudes where the horizontal directive force is weakest. The error which it produces consequently varies from place to place on the earth's surface.

There is the same embarrassment with the ship's magnetism which produces the other portion of the semicircular deviation. Assuming the ship to have attained an absolutely stable magnetic state, and to be proof against any changes which the wind or the sea can threaten, still the deviation from this cause will vary with the latitude. It is an unchanging disturbing force competing with the earth's directive force which varies with every degree of latitude. When the earth is weak, the deviation caused by the constant magnetism of the ship must be greater than when it has to struggle against a more powerful terrestrial force. Here again,

again, therefore, we find the deviation varying, and, what greatly adds to the perplexity of the case, varying according to a law entirely different from that which governs the other portion of the semicircular error. What is to be done in such a case as this? Tables of deviation clearly cannot be relied on after any considerable change of latitude. Neither can they be set right by any theory, unless it is known how much of the deviation changes according to one law, and how much according to another, and this the ordinary process of swinging a ship does not reveal. The consequence is that the tables of deviation of every new ship that is sent to sea are liable to change with a change of latitude to an extent, and according to a law, which is never precisely ascertained before the voyage. Nor is this all. We have spoken of changes in the deviation tables occurring as the ship passes from place to place. There are others not less serious which are independent of locality, and grow, now slowly, now rapidly, by the lapse of time and the turmoil of the sea. As in the case of the 'Tayleur,' almost every new ship has but a feeble hold of a certain portion of its inherent magnetism. One vessel is no guide for another. A ship built of one kind of iron, or with her head in one direction, may retain nearly the whole of her original charge of magnetism, while another may be largely demagnetised after a few months, weeks, or even days at sea. Tables of deviation, accurately recording the errors observed before the ship left her dock, may from this cause become erroneous after a very short time to an extent altogether fatal to any reliance on the compass. Lapse of time is thus an element of uncertainty as great as change of place; and he would be a bold navigator who should place any dependence on the tables of deviation of a new iron ship (unless confirmed by observation) towards the end of a voyage from England to Australia. The alterations which took place in the 'Royal Charter' have already been noticed; and if the same care were commonly bestowed on compass observations at sea, the magnetic caprices of many a ship on her first trip would probably be found to be stranger still. Not even yet have we come to an end of the perils which environ an iron ship, however carefully her tables of deviation may have been calculated before she went to sea.

Besides the uncertain errors produced by change of place and lapse of time, there are others which arise from change of position of the ship herself. When a vessel heels over to starboard or to port it is obvious that her deck beams are no longer horizontal, and her funnel and upright columns no longer vertical. The horizontal iron which in dock produced nothing but quadrantal error now acquires something of a vertical direction, and con-
tributes

tributes to the semicircular deviation. So in its turn the vertical iron operates partly in its old direction and partly as a new element in the quadrantal disturbing force. It was to be expected therefore that the deviations ascertained with the ship upright would be altogether false when she inclined to either side, and this anticipation has been confirmed both by theory and practice. The amount of the heeling error in the compass for each degree of inclination of the ship has been calculated by Mr. Archibald Smith in terms of certain magnetic constants; and in many ships the amount is found to be so large as to throw the compass three or four points wrong at every roll of the vessel in a moderately heavy sea. What aggravates the mischief is that, however accurately the error may be calculated, it is quite impossible to apply the correction when a ship is rolling through an arc of many degrees in the course of a few seconds. A roll to starboard, for instance, might be enough to make the compass point north-east, or even east, instead of north, and the next roll to port might send the needle round to west or north-west. Sudden changes of this kind necessarily keep the compass-card in a state of violent oscillation, which renders it impossible even to guess the course which its mean position would indicate. On the first trip of the 'Warrior' in search of bad weather in the Bay of Biscay, the wild behaviour of the compasses in consequence of the heeling disturbance showed the absolute necessity of devising some effective correction. Happily, this is an error which it is particularly easy to compensate by a magnet and even without this, the use of iron masts is found to supply a sort of natural correction which in some ships—as, for example, the Great Eastern—is almost perfect.

To complete our catalogue of embarrassments to be dealt with we must add one, the importance of which is greater than landsmen would generally be inclined to imagine. The vivacity of the needle—that is to say, the readiness with which, when disturbed, it springs back to its natural direction, will of course depend on the energy of the force which attracts it. This force consists partly of the earth's horizontal directive force and partly of the ship's attraction. The combined effect of these will be the actual directive force; and it may easily be supposed that its amount will vary according to the course of the ship, and will seldom be exactly the same as the force of the earth at the same latitude upon an undisturbed needle. When the directive force is diminished the movement of the needle becomes comparatively sluggish and the difficulty of steering is proportionately increased. So again in those positions of the ship in which the amount of deviation is varying very rapidly, it often happens that the
needle

needle tends to follow the ship's head to such an extent that a change of say a point in the actual course may be represented in the compass by less than two-thirds of a point: a practical inconvenience almost more serious than the sluggish action of the needle on other courses. As a fact, it is found that the ship's attraction does generally upon the whole diminish the directive force, and it is only by a more careful choice than is ordinarily made of a position for the standard-compass that the inconvenience from this cause can be kept within reasonable bounds. Indeed, it is possible in many ships to place a compass so that on some courses it loses all its directive force and becomes absolutely useless. A curious illustration of this was observed in the 'Royal Sovereign,' where a compass carried into the interior of a turret, was found scarcely to have any appreciable tendency to point in one direction rather than another. This was known by theory to be the result of placing a needle within an iron cylinder, and of course the experiment was made without any view of ever setting up a compass in what was certain to be the very worst position of the ship. Indeed, without any reference to the mathematical investigation, it is easy enough to understand how such a cylinder must tend to neutralise the earth's attraction. By the ordinary law of induction, the side of the cylinder nearest to the earth's pole acquires an opposite magnetism, and the cylinder becomes a magnet like the earth itself, but with its poles in the reverse directions. Whatever attraction, therefore, the earth exerts on a compass within the cylinder, the cylinder itself does its best to neutralise, and sometimes with such effect as to destroy almost all appreciable polarity in the needle.

This well-known consequence of surrounding a compass with iron has encouraged many half-instructed inventors to waste their labour and their money on patents of a very whimsical kind for the correction of magnetic disturbance. They found by trial that they could neutralise the attraction of any external magnet by so surrounding their compass; and seem generally to have had the idea that the iron casing shut out the external force in the same way as an opaque screen bars the passage of light. All that was needed, therefore, to escape from the errors caused by a ship's attraction was, according to this view, to interpose a wall of iron between the compass and the disturbing force; and quite a little volume of specifications might be collected which are based entirely on this idea. It never seems to have occurred to these ingenious projectors that the very same arrangement of iron which shut out (or, to speak more correctly, neutralised) the ship's attraction would treat the attraction of the earth in exactly the same way, and that when they had succeeded in annihilating the

disturbing influence they would at the same time have destroyed all directive force upon the needle, and left it to swing as it pleased, like a mere useless demagnetised piece of iron. We need scarcely say that in the multitude of patents taken out for compass correction there are a few based on sound scientific principles, but the great majority of the specifications filed (on this as perhaps on most other subjects) are ludicrous illustrations of the blunders of men too clever to learn. The same principle in the hands of men of science has been turned to good account. Thus, on the voyage of the 'Great Eastern' with the Atlantic cable, Professor Thomson protected his galvanometers from external attractions by the simple device of enclosing them in an iron box.

But to return to our typical iron ship which we have sent to sea in a rather troublous predicament. We have swung her before she starts on her voyage, and drawn out a table of deviations with all scientific precision; and, from what we have already said, it will be seen that she still remains exposed to five distinct perils from the errors of her compass. First, there is the chance of a mistake by an unskilful captain in ascertaining from his tables and his charts the allowance he ought to make when steering apparently on any particular course. The second danger—that which arises from the fluctuations in the ship's inherent magnetism—is one that no skill can guard against without repeated observations to correct the very corrections on which the navigator is told to rely; and the difficulty is increased by the alteration in the amount of error produced even by permanent magnetism, in consequence of the variations of the earth's directive force. The third risk—arising from the change, and in voyages to the southern hemisphere, the absolute reversal of the action of vertical soft iron—is also incapable of being met until the amount of this deviation has been distinguished by fresh observations in different latitudes, from that caused by the ship's magnetism; and even then can only be set right by recalculating the tables of deviation for every considerable change of latitude. The fourth source of peril is found in the heeling deviation, which may at any time make the compass useless in rough weather, when its aid may be most required; and, lastly, there is almost always a loss of directive force, which sometimes renders the compass needle so sluggish as scarcely to admit of accurate observation.

What remains to be said upon the practical applications of the science of the compass, is in substance a history of the devices by which it has been sought to obviate, or at least to mitigate, these various perils. Almost from the first there have been two distinct

distinct schools of opinion on the practical question of compass correction. According to one of these schools the aim of the philosopher should be to devise methods by which the attractions of the ship may be balanced, and the compass made to point as nearly as possible in the direction which it would maintain if relieved from the disturbing influence of the ship, so as to leave the navigator nothing to do but to apply the known correction for the variation corresponding to his latitude and longitude. The other school maintained that this scheme of mechanical correction, as it is termed, was hopeless and delusive, and that the only safe practice was to let the compass go astray as far as it pleased, and to provide your captain with the means of estimating the exact amount of error in any place and for any course. To set the compass right, and keep it right, was the maxim of the one school; to know always how much it erred, was the object of the other. We may say at the outset that the time for a bigoted adherence to either of these methods is gone by; and that while the advocates of mechanical correction would not object to a partial application of tabular corrections, their opponents are themselves ready to admit the utility of mechanical correction, though always in subordination to their leading principle. But even this slight approach to a compromise has only been made after protracted controversy; and it is not very long since the absolute sufficiency of mechanical compensation was asserted on the one side as vehemently as the necessity of leaving the compass uncorrected was insisted on upon the other. The Astronomer Royal has been the leading scientific advocate of the mechanical method, while Mr. Archibald Smith has been the champion of tabular correction. Nor has the controversy been confined to theoretical discussion, for the merchant-service has almost, without exception, trusted to the compensating magnets and iron chains which Mr. Airy recommended; while in the navy the counsels of the Committee of 1837 have been followed, and Her Majesty's ships are, as a rule, navigated with uncorrected compasses by tables of deviation and by diagrams in which the same results are exhibited in a graphic form. In many ships, however, where the deviation is excessive, it is now the practice in the Royal Navy to reduce it by a compensating magnet, and to apply the tabular corrections only to the residual error.

The choice between these two methods may seem a small matter. A watch whose error at any given moment is known, will tell the time as well as one that is always being set right before it has gone materially wrong; but both in the case of the watch, and in the more complex affair of the compass, there are various considerations to be weighed before giving a final pre-

ference to either process. The astronomer in his observatory never dreams of touching the hands of his clock except at the most remote intervals; but half his time is spent in making observations from which he may always know its error and rate—that is to say, how much it is wrong at a given epoch, and how much its error increases or diminishes in the course of a day. The seaman deals in the same way with the chronometer, to which he looks to give him his longitude from time to time. There are abundant reasons for the preference of this tabular mode of correction for scientific purposes; but when a watch is used in daily life, the inconvenience of allowing it to be far wrong is the only thing regarded; and most men, and all women, are constantly in the habit of setting their watches as near as may be right whenever they are appreciably too fast or too slow. This mechanical way of keeping true time saves the trouble of performing a trifling calculation whenever the watch is consulted, but it leaves the owner of the machine in utter ignorance of its variations and caprices, and would render it impossible to predict its future behaviour, as the astronomer can do with his clock, by means of his tables of error and rate. Even the astronomer, however, does not altogether reject mechanical means of correcting his clock. The variations in rate caused by fluctuations in temperature would be far too considerable and too capricious to be dealt with by any tables of error and rate, and accordingly these are always neutralised by compensation arrangements introduced into the pendulum of an astronomical clock, or the balance-wheel of a marine chronometer. The considerations which determine the choice between mechanical and tabular methods of correction in the case of a time-piece, are of the same kind as those which have to be taken into account in the more intricate problem of compass correction. When this branch of magnetic science was in its infancy, the errors to be dealt with were generally small, and were supposed to be of a uniform and comparatively simple character, admitting of accurate compensation once for all. When Captain Flinders detected one of the elements of error, his first idea was to devise a means of correcting the disturbance. Mr. Barlow pursued the same object in his investigations; and when Mr. Airy entered upon the field it was almost invariably taken for granted that the only practicable course was first to detect, and then to compensate, the disturbing attraction of the ship.

The tabular method of correction received a great impulse from the discovery of the large residual errors left in compensated compasses. As a means of supplying materials for scientific deductions, and testing the application of received theories, it

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was in every way preferable to the plans previously in favour, but it was attended with some practical disadvantages, though not sufficient in the estimation of the Admiralty and its able advisers to turn the scale against it. The merits of the dispute between the advocates of mechanical and tabular correction may be best understood by considering their effects on the five dangers already enumerated as imperilling the navigation of iron ships.

With respect to the first source of danger—the carelessness or want of skill with which the correction may be applied—the mechanical method claims to have all the advantage on its side. It is obvious that the chance of mistake is entirely removed if the compass corrects itself, instead of depending for its accuracy on the intelligent use of a table of errors. But there is a set-off against this. When a ship's captain knows that on a particular course his compass is calculated to be, say 20° wrong, he can very readily comprehend the probability of the amount of error being reduced to 15° , or increased to 25° , by alterations in latitude, or in the condition of his vessel. But with a compass professing to be always right he is much more reluctant to admit an error of 5° on either side. The consequence is that, in spite of abundant grounds for suspicion, a navigator is tempted to trust to a compensated compass much longer than he would do to a table of deviations which tells him plainly on what courses the largest errors occur, and when he ought to be specially suspicious of some unknown change in the allowance to be made.

The second danger arising from the loss of sub-permanent magnetism is equally operative, whether the mechanical or tabular mode of correction is employed. In the former case the effect is that the compass soon becomes over-compensated, while the tables of an uncorrected compass become to the same extent erroneous. The only protection against this serious peril is to repeat the process of swinging the ship, or to make some equivalent observations when the ship has gone some way upon her voyage. By means of such renewed observations the tables and diagrams can be corrected, or the compensating magnets adjusted so as to give the vessel a fresh start with the error removed. There are, however, some material distinctions between the two processes. Every fresh set of observations, when used to correct a table of deviations, supplies the means of discriminating between this and other independent errors, and of recording the magnetic history of the vessel; while the mere re-adjustment of a compensating magnet does nothing more than set the existing error right, without giving any serviceable clue to the ship's future behaviour, or furnishing any fresh materials for scientific inference. On the other hand, the tabular error from the change
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in a ship's magnetism is complicated by another error from mere change of latitude, which has no existence with a corrected compass. While the ship's magnetism remains constant, a compensating magnet (if its force also suffers no diminution) will balance it all over the world, but the angular error produced and recorded in the tables will vary with every change in the Earth's directive force, that is, with every change of latitude. It is true that the law of this variation is known, and the amount may be calculated without any fresh observations; but this implies a recalculation of the tables, or a reconstruction of the diagrams, which would otherwise lead the navigator astray. The avoidance of this gratuitous error, as Mr. Airy has called it, is the one strong point in favour of mechanical correction.

When we come, however, to the third of the risks we enumerated, that which arises from vertical induction, the gratuitous error is all the other way. So far as this portion of the deviation is concerned the compensating magnets which neutralise it in England will double it in Australia, and what adds to the evil is that the practice of readjustment on the course of a voyage obliterates all record of results, which with observations on the tabular system, would soon show how much of the deviation was due to this cause, and how much to the influence of inherent magnetism. It is probable that the error we are now speaking of is in general smaller than that which is peculiar to the tabular method, but its amount is never ascertained with a compensated compass, and an unknown error is of course more fatal than one which can be allowed for, though not without a certain amount of observation and calculation.

On the correction of the heeling error there has never been any difference of opinion. No tables could be used with reference to a deviation which is constantly changing, and the only possible treatment is to balance the disturbance by a compensating magnet. It is proved by theory that a vertical magnet suitably placed will have this effect; and the experience of the few ships in which this plan has been adopted seems to have completely established its sufficiency.

The diminution of the directive force supplies arguments somewhat in favour of mechanical correction. It is not always possible to neutralise the deviation without diminishing the mean directive force, but in general the compensated needle in the worst position of the ship is less sluggish than one which is left unbalanced and corrected by means of tables. Compensation, in short, without improving the average vivacity of the needle, makes it more uniform under all the different circumstances in which it may be placed.

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The strong argument for the tabular method is, that it is only by this means that it is possible to accumulate the accurate records which are necessary to complete the magnetic history of each ship, and to furnish the basis for scientific progress. If all compasses had been compensated during the last twenty years, we should know much less than we now do of the laws and the caprices of compass disturbance, and of the precautions by which the danger must be met. At the same time it is beginning to be found that the errors, especially in iron-plated ships, are so excessive as to render it almost essential to reduce them within more moderate limits by mechanical means before calculating their tables of deviation. Even in those cases where the standard compass is partially compensated in ships of the Royal Navy, this is done as a means of limiting the error, and not as a substitute for the tables by which the actual error is ascertained; and in the interests of science it may be hoped that this principle will never be lost sight of.

We have seen how the extensive use of iron in modern ships has aggravated the errors to which the compass is liable, until the once trustworthy needle (apart from scientific corrections) has become a mere blind guide, adding new dangers of its own to the inevitable perils of the sea. We have seen at the same time science struggling against accumulating difficulties, and with so much success as to restore in great measure the failing prestige of the mariner's compass. But for the vigorous progress of this branch of inquiry within the last twenty or thirty years, it would have been an absolute impossibility to derive any aid from the magnetic needle in the navigation of such ships as are now daily sent to sea; and unless more heed is paid to the warnings of science, both by those who design and those who navigate the many ships which are built of so treacherous a material as iron, we may look for more and more of those terrible disasters which (as in the case of the 'Tayleur,' and we know not how many subsequent shipwrecks) have been occasioned by a reckless confidence in the indications of the compass. It cannot be too strongly impressed on those who have charge of iron vessels on their first voyage, that there is no safety unless the compass is perpetually watched and checked with the most suspicious anxiety; and though the chief source of peril happily tends to die out of itself as the ship gets shaken into a stable magnetic state, enough remains at last to demand incessant vigilance in the use of the safeguards and precautions which men of science have devised.

Shipbuilders no less than ships'-captains have their lesson to learn

learn if they would escape the responsibility of sending their vessels to sea under the guidance of instruments fit only to deceive those who venture to trust in them. There is no difficulty in pronouncing where a standard compass can be most advantageously placed; but there is much difficulty in inducing shipbuilders to adapt the arrangements of the vessel to the requirements of the compass. It is a common thing to find no place in which to set up a compass, except immediately above huge iron beams, stretching athwart the deck; and too often the spot chosen is in dangerous proximity to an iron funnel, or, in the case of binnacle compasses, to an iron tiller. It must always be practicable so to construct a ship as to leave a hatchway under the position destined for the standard compass, and either to keep the steering compasses at some little distance from the tiller or to avoid the use of iron in such immediate proximity to the magnetic needles. The frequent neglect of such easy precautions is no doubt more often due to ignorance than to indifference; but for a man who undertakes to build ships in which others are to trust their lives to be ignorant on so vital a point involves more serious culpability than seems generally to be recognised. The want of consideration shown in building ships, without regard to the requirements of the compass, is not entirely confined to private yards. The Compass Department of the Admiralty is all that could be desired in scientific and practical efficiency; but its authority has not reached the mercantile marine and has only recently gained its full development within the domains of the Admiralty. After a ship is built and plated, nothing that can be done for the correction of her compass error is neglected; but it has not always been sufficiently considered by constructors and shipbuilders that the time when science can produce the best effect is precisely during the construction of the hull. Hitherto there has been no scientific authority to prescribe the arrangements for the reception of the compass, or to see that each vessel is built and plated in such positions as to reduce the magnetic error to the smallest possible amount. It is well established that the most serious disturbance is always found in a ship built with her head north; that this is aggravated by plating her also with her head in the same direction; and in future perhaps it will be an inflexible rule that all armoured ships should be built with their heads in one direction (and that as far from north as possible), and plated in, as near as may be, the reverse position. By this simple device the magnetism hammered in during the building is to a great extent hammered out in plating. Yet even the Admiralty, much as they have done for the science of the compass,

compass, have so far disregarded these easy precautions as to allow one of their most recent ships, the 'Minotaur,' to be both built and plated with her head nearly north. The consequence was that she showed a maximum deviation in her standard compass of more than six points, and a loss of directive force of a most embarrassing character. The Russians, who derived their magnetic science mainly from English sources, have shown themselves more prompt in applying them. When a new armour-ship was building for their Government in the Thames, they sent one of their most scientific officers, Capt. Belavenetz, to look especially after her magnetic interests. Constant observations were made during the building; and a very large error which had accumulated was reduced to moderate proportions, by removing the vessel to a dock where she could lie in an opposite direction during the subsequent operation of plating.

There is another point, too, which calls for serious remonstrance. Whatever opinions may be entertained in any particular case as to the expediency of applying mechanical compensation to the steering compasses, no ship ought to go to sea without the means of recording her magnetic vicissitudes, and storing up fresh facts, to become the foundation of further scientific advances. This cannot be done unless one compass at least is dealt with on the tabular system, and its behaviour carefully noted during every voyage. And it is not too much to ask from the owners of merchant-ships (or, if need be, to require by legislative authority) this trifling service in return for all the aid which science has afforded, and is daily affording, to the practical navigator; nor as a further means of diminishing the dangers of the sea, should a careful inquiry into the condition of a ship's compasses be omitted in every investigation into the causes of a shipwreck. Unfortunately, the importance of ascertaining how far magnetic errors may have contributed to the loss of a ship, seems seldom to be properly appreciated in the conduct of the investigations directed by the Board of Trade; and, if we remember rightly, even in the case of the 'Anglo-Saxon,' the only one among the suggested causes of the wreck which received no adequate attention was the possible derangement of the compass, which may have had as much to do with the catastrophe as the mistake in the dead-reckoning to which it was exclusively ascribed. Cautions such as these ought not to be needed in the present age; but if due regard were paid to them, it is scarcely too much to say that nine-tenths of the peril which is caused by compass error might be avoided. Commercial men must do their part as scientific men have done theirs. The skill of English shipbuilders and
seamen

seamen ought to lead the world in the use of the compass as the science of Englishmen has led the way in the theoretical investigation of the problem. It is to the Manual of the English Admiralty that the sailors of Europe and America look for guidance. Russia has lost no time in translating into her barbarous tongue the last discoveries of English inquirers; Austria has followed in the same track; and even the acute savans of France come to England for aid when they wish to unravel the problem of compass deviation. It would have been a shame to this country if we had not been foremost in what is pre-eminently our own branch of science; and it will be well when we can boast that in our practice as in our theory we take the place which belongs to the first maritime nation of the world. And while all credit is given to the Admiralty for the anxiety they have always shown to avail themselves of the suggestions of our ablest men of science, there is yet a desideratum which they only can supply. The actual history of the magnetic changes in iron vessels has never been traced by a sufficient series of careful observations. Dr. Scoresby's experimental voyage in the 'Royal Charter' was a most important contribution to this much-needed class of observations; but if the subject is to be investigated as it deserves to be, a few typical ships, of different classes, ought to be sent on distant voyages, for the express purpose of obtaining an exact record of their magnetic vicissitudes. The Admiralty is too well advised in scientific matters to be blind to the value of such a series of observations as we have indicated; and it may be hoped that no time will be lost in supplying what is now the one deficient element in the stores of material of which magnetic science is built up. Were this want supplied, it might fairly be said that no perils would remain from compass errors which it is within the scope of science to detect and neutralise. Absolute freedom from danger on this account may not be attainable; but at least we should have obviated those formidable risks which may well make us tremble for the safety of the vast fleets of iron vessels which testify to the skill and enterprise of British shipbuilders. So much has already been done that we need not despair of seeing the work worthily completed, and the safety of our seamen, so far as is humanly practicable, secured.

- ART. III.—1. *Calendario Generale del Regno d'Italia*. Torino, 1864.
2. *Movimento Commerciale del Regno d'Italia*. Torino, 1864.
3. *Reale Comitato dell' Esposizione Internazionale del 1862*. Torino, 1865.
4. *Brigand Life in Italy*. By Count Maffei. London, 1865.
5. *Report of the Italian Irrigation Canal Company (Canal Cavour)*. London, 1865.
6. *Italian Irrigation. A Report on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy*. By R. Baird Smith, F.G.S., Captain Bengal Engineers. London, 1852.
7. *The Marshes of South Italy*. By J. Bailey Denton, C.E. 1865.
8. *Italy under Victor Emmanuel*. By Count Charles Arrivabene. London, 1864.
9. *The Finances of Italy*. By Count Charles Arrivabene. London, 1865.
10. *Murray's Handbooks for Italy*.
11. *Reports by Her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassy and Legation on Manufactures, Commerce, &c.* 1864.

THE kingdom of Italy is now recognised, almost without exception, by all the European Powers, though, in the opinion of the subjects of King Victor Emmanuel, it may not have yet attained its legitimate proportions. It therefore possesses a status which cannot be without some influence in the European system, and which, unless its affairs are grossly mismanaged and its interests strangely misunderstood, must increase from year to year, until Italy, long merely the expression for a number of small States, without connexion or cohesion, may come to signify a nation of the first magnitude in Europe. No country possesses a greater stake in the stability and prosperity of the new kingdom than England. A considerable proportion of its public debt is held by British subjects, and a large amount of capital has been invested in its railways and other works of public utility. The progress of Italy has thus become a subject of special interest to this country. It is important, therefore, to know what Italy, as at present constituted, really is; what are its resources, capabilities, and prospects; and, more especially, to inquire what has been done, is doing, and may be done to raise it to that economical and political consideration to which it naturally aspires.

The Italian Kingdom has, according to the latest census, a population of 21,776,953 souls, and consequently ranks as the fifth Power in Europe. It is superior in this respect to Spain, although Spain possesses a much greater extent of territory. It is

is also superior to Prussia. No country in Europe of the same size contains so many large cities and flourishing towns, or more of the elements of a great and enduring prosperity.

Italy may be considered as separated by the Apennines into two great divisions, which differ materially in climate, soil, and natural productions. The length of the Peninsula from Mount St. Gothard to Cape Spartivento in Calabria is about 700 English miles. Its greatest breadth in the northern portion is 330 miles, which diminishes to less than 80 near the centre of the Peninsula, and between the gulfs of St. Eufemia and Squillace in Calabria contracts to only 15 miles. Modern geographers fix the termination of the Maritime Alps and the commencement of the Apennines in the upper valley of the Bormida, a little to the west of Savona on the Mediterranean, where the range, which slightly exceeds the height of 1300 feet, presents the greatest depression in the chain. The physical conformation of this, the most interesting of all the countries of Europe, is thus exceedingly peculiar. To the west and the north are the Alps. Immediately at their foot lies the valley of the Po, of which the great alluvial plains of Lombardy, of the Emilian Provinces, the Romagna, and Venetia, form portions—a territory of inexhaustible agricultural wealth, with the most genial of climates, and under the fairest of skies. To the south run the Apennines, separating Lombardy from Tuscany and the provinces bordering on the Mediterranean. Beyond the valley of the Po, Italy, in fact, consists almost entirely of the Apennines, their offshoots and intermediate valleys, with slips of flat territory bordering on the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. In places, spurs from the central chain encroach considerably even on these contracted plains, and protrude into the sea. By reason of the tertiary and alluvial formations which constitute so considerable a portion of the country, this part of Italy may be almost said to be the gift of the Apennines. The mountain-range exhibits a great variety of picturesque and splendid scenery. The forms of the outlines are eminently beautiful, and in some parts of the range the peaks rise to a height sufficient to create an impression of sublimity. Monte Corno, or Il Gran Sasso d'Italia, attains an elevation of upwards of ten thousand feet, and the summits of many other peaks are but little below it. The largest portion of the range consists of limestones, and sandstones of the age of our English oolites and cretaceous series; granite and gneiss occur in the southern portion and off-lying islands; the great mass of Aspromonte, at the termination of the peninsula, consists chiefly of crystalline rocks.

The peculiar physical configuration of Italy was doubtless the
cause

cause of that multiplicity of States which is believed to have existed from the earliest times. Valleys separated by great mountain-barriers from each other constituted the territories of many petty nationalities. 'Descending,' says a writer of great authority on the geography of Italy,* 'into Italy proper, we find the complexity of its geography quite in accordance with its manifold political divisions. It is not one simple ridge of central mountains, leaving a broad belt of country on either side between it and the sea, nor is it a chain rising immediately from the sea on one side, like the Andes of South America, and leaving room, therefore, on the other side for wide plains of table-land, and for rivers with a sufficient length of course to become at last great and navigable. It is a back-bone, thickly set with spines of unequal length, some of them running out at regular distances parallel to each other, but others twisted so strangely that they often run for a long way parallel to the back bone, or main ridge, and interlace with one another in a maze almost inextricable.' As if to complete the disorder, in those spots where the spines of the Apennines, being twisted, run parallel to the sea and to their own central chain, and thus leave an interval of plain between their bases and the Mediterranean, volcanic agency has broken up the space thus left with other and distinct groups of hills of its own creation. The several parts of Italy are so isolated by nature, that no art of man could, it was long thought, thoroughly unite them; to this may in part be attributed the rudeness, pastoral simplicity, and robber habits, still to be found in a portion of the population.

The form of Italy—that of an extremely elongated peninsula, in the centre of the Mediterranean—has placed its inhabitants under conditions peculiarly favourable for commerce. Every part of the country is within easy reach of the sea. Italy possesses three thousand miles of seaboard—a coast-line double that of France. No country in Europe is provided with such a multiplicity of creeks, harbours, roadsteads, and bays. The gulfs of Taranto on the south-east; of Genoa, Spezzia, Gaeta, Naples, Salerno, Policastro, Eufemia, and Gioja, on the west, and of Manfredonia on the east, supply ports, havens, and anchorages, such as no other country in Europe can boast; and when to this happy configuration of the coasts are added a wonderful productiveness of soil and a delicious climate, it can excite no wonder that it should have been once the seat of the greatest empire in the world.

The kingdom of Italy, as at present constituted, consists of the

* Dr. Arnold.

provinces of Piedmont, Lombardy, Parma, Modena, the Romagna, Tuscany; of the greater portion of the former States of the Church, the continental territory of the former kingdom of the two Sicilies, the island of Sicily, the island of Sardinia, and off-lying islands forming the Tuscan Archipelago and the Ponza group. Piedmont—although Turin has ceased to be the capital of Italy—is one of the most important and prosperous divisions of the kingdom. Its people are energetic and industrious. They are one of those vigorous races which have not been enervated by the influence of a Southern climate. Living almost under the shadow of the Alps, and braced by the bleak winds which blow from their summits, the people of Piedmont have ever shown a marked superiority in masculine energy over the soft, and perhaps more refined and sensitive, Tuscan and Neapolitan; their military qualities have been developed as those of no other Italian people have been; and as tillers of the soil, their industry and intelligence are remarkable. The Piedmontese provinces, excluding Savoy and Nice now annexed to France, are eminently productive. They yield silk and wine, hemp and wool, and many other valuable commodities. The raw silk was formerly almost entirely exported to France, but much of it is now worked up into fabrics at home. Silk stuffs, ribands, satins, and gorgeous brocades, are produced in great variety and of distinguished excellence, and the Genoa velvets still maintain a well-merited celebrity. The prosperity of the province, however, is based rather upon its agricultural than its manufacturing industry. In soil and climate it resembles Lombardy, although its works of irrigation are inferior, both in extent and design, to those of that magnificent province. It possesses, however, nearly two millions of acres of irrigated land, and it has required nearly six hundred years to convert its once arid plains into a vast expanse of luxuriant vegetation. The means of augmenting this production are now about to be greatly increased by the opening of the Cavour Canal, which, by means of its numerous branches and channels, will irrigate a tract of more than three hundred thousand acres, a large portion of which has been hitherto nearly unproductive. As the capital for this great work has been in a great measure supplied by England, a few details respecting an undertaking which promises such important results will not be here out of place.

The Cavour Canal owes its existence entirely to the formation of the Italian Kingdom. Its necessity had been long apparent, but the requisite capital could not be raised until a guarantee satisfactory to capitalists had been obtained. This was conceded by the Italian Government in 1862. The works are on a very grand scale, and are most interesting to hydraulic engineers.

The

The canal passes over the Dora Baltea River by an aqueduct of 2500 yards in length, and under the rivers Elvo, Sesia, Agogna, and Terdoppio, by syphon-tunnels formed of masonry. The Po, which has been aptly denominated the Nile of Upper Italy, descending from Monte Viso in the Cottian Alps, runs through the plain of Upper Piedmont or Montferrat, which consists of a deep alluvium of a most fertile character. The river irrigates the district of Turin, where it receives the drainage waters from the meadows which surround the city, as well as much of its sewage. It then pursues its course, and is swollen before it reaches Chivasso by the junction of the rivers Dora Riparia, Orco, and Malone. The Cavour Canal will tap the Po about ten miles from Turin between the mouths of the Orco and the Dora Baltea, and will enter the Ticino after a course of fifty-three miles with an average descent of 1 foot 2 inches per mile, discharging a volume of water equal to 3900 cubic feet per second. From ten to twelve thousand men will have been employed daily upon this great work until its completion. The opening of the canal will be the inauguration of one of the grandest hydraulic works undertaken during the present century on the continent of Europe, and cannot fail to be the commencement of a new era in the prosperity of Piedmont. The canal is at its commencement forty-three yards wide, decreasing gradually to eight at its termination. The capital to be expended on its construction will exceed four millions of pounds sterling, and, according to the computation of the promoters, 300,000 acres of land, now estimated to be worth 6,000,000*l.*, and yielding a rental of 300,000*l.*, will, when irrigated by the Cavour Canal, attain the value of 15,000,000*l.*, and produce an annual rental of 750,000*l.*

Of all the Italian provinces Lombardy has long been pre-eminent for the productiveness of its soil. It is a striking proof how important this province was to Austria that its silk alone formed more than one-third in value of the whole exports of the empire. Lombardy far surpasses Piedmont in natural fertility, but that fertility is increased in an extraordinary degree by the most perfect system of irrigation that ever has existed. The great plain lying between the Po and these Alps possesses the water-bearing stratum, which is reached at different depths in different localities. The vicinity of Milan is characterised by the abundance of natural springs or *fontanili*, artesian wells on a small scale, some of which emit streams of very pure water and of a considerable volume. The traveller in the central region between the Ticino and the Adda is familiar with the aspect of those admirably cultivated plains which stretch far and wide, and are covered with the richest and most varied productions.

tions. Whatever may have been the original agricultural value of the plain of Lombardy, centuries of elaborate cultivation have made it the garden of the world. It is moreover the most populous region in Europe; for if we take the four provinces we find a greater proportion of inhabitants to the square mile* than even in Belgium. Irrigation has, however, yet been applied to only about one-fourth of the area of Lombardy. It has been effected at an enormous cost and by the most ingenious contrivances; and century after century these wonderful plains have never ceased to pour forth their riches and to repay by the most exuberant returns the expense and labour bestowed on them. Even as early as the thirteenth century the district in the midst of which Milan is situated presented a spectacle of agricultural opulence unknown in any other part of Europe. The inhabitants of the capital alone amounted to 200,000; 8000 milites, or gentlemen equipped as heavy cavalry, had been known to issue out of its gates in all the pomp and circumstance of war, and its rural provinces mustered 240,000 men capable of bearing arms; yet it not only drew no portion of its supplies from abroad, but exported much of its produce to other parts of Europe.†

Irrigation had been applied to the agriculture of Italy from the earliest ages, although the efforts of the agriculturist to increase by this means the productiveness of his land were on a very humble scale compared with the vast and complicated hydraulic machinery used in modern times. Virgil refers to the practice as common in Southern Italy.

The great irrigation works of modern Italy consist of hundreds of miles of expensive canalization, presenting a combination ‡ of the most ingenious and elaborate contrivances for the dispersion of the water in thin sheets over countless fields and meadows, the levels of which have previously been adjusted with incredible labour to enable them to benefit by the supply. Lombardy possesses one great natural superiority over Piedmont in irrigation. Piedmont is chiefly dependent upon the rivers which descend abruptly from the Alps into the plains, and the beds of which are occasionally dry. Lombardy possesses a chain of vast and inexhaustible reservoirs, which are so arranged by nature as to provide those perennial supplies of water upon which its prosperity depends. In the central region of the Alps the

* 528 is the estimate given by Colonel Baird Smith, but we have recently seen it stated at 390. Belgium has 381.

† See Hallam's 'Middle Ages,' vol. i. p. 256.

‡ The best account of the Italian irrigation system is contained in the Report of the late Colonel Baird Smith, one of the most distinguished members of a corps pre-eminent in the knowledge of hydraulic engineering.

valleys which open out to the South are both deeper and wider than those which descend from the other parts of the great chain. Within these valleys repose in their crystalline purity the lakes whose charms have been the admiration and delight of all ages. The Lago Maggiore, the lakes of Lugano, Como, Iseo, Idro, and Garda, hydraulically regarded, are but the basins into which it has been providentially arranged that the torrents from the Alps should first flow and deposit the detritus with which they are charged, before their waters enter and take their course through the plains. After having been warmed by the rays of an Italian sun, the accumulated contributions of thousands of rivulets, which have descended from the regions of perpetual snow, issue as rivers from the lakes and traverse the wide fields of Lombardy to the Po. Had the mountain streams been permitted to reach the plains without having been first imprisoned in these great reservoirs, instead of being the sources of wealth, they would have spread barrenness and desolation over what is now one of the finest regions of the earth. The Ticino, the Adda, the Serio, the Oglio, the Chiese, and the Mincio, all issue from lakes whose waters have undergone both a chemical and a mechanical preparation to fit them for their subsequent course of bounty and beneficence.

The grand scale on which the irrigation of Lombardy has been planned may be exemplified by the principal canal from the Ticino, which for upwards of six hundred years has carried forward a body of water equal to one thousand cubic feet per second. From this, and from numerous other canals, a network of small water-courses has been formed, in many places of solid masonry, and not a day passes in Lombardy during the summer months but thirty millions of tons of water are artificially distributed over its fields. The late Colonel Baird Smith, who investigated and reported upon this system of irrigation with a view to its adoption in India, estimated that the increased returns from land in the province of Milan, arising from an artificial supply of water, amounted annually to 270,000*l.*, and from the other provinces in Northern Italy to 290,000*l.**

If water has been almost idolized in Northern Italy as the Goddess of Plenty, in the southern regions of the peninsula it

* The yield from the irrigated winter meadows is enormous; twenty-four tons of grass have been obtained from an acre of land in five cuttings, from February to the middle of September; and there are meadows in the vicinity of Milan which have been known to produce even double that quantity. The feeding of cows, from the milk of which is made the famous Parmesan cheese, is, as is well known, the principal feature of the agriculture of that portion of Lombardy which lies between the Ticino and the Adda.

is the cause of wide-spread sterility. The Apennines and their lower ranges traverse, as we have before observed, the whole of the southern regions of Italy, and the plains extend, with only very slight declivities, from the base of the mountains to the sea. The marshes, where they abut on the sea, are very little above its level; and as the difficulties of drainage under such conditions are necessarily great, enormous tracts of the most fertile region in Europe are now covered only with aquatic plants and jungle. These extensive plains are supersaturated with the water from the hills, and a sun of almost tropical heat engenders miasma fatal to human life. The marshes are also at times covered with a quantity of floating vegetable matter which has been carried down by the floods from the Apennines, and from which gases are generated which infect and poison the atmosphere to an incredible distance. The influence of such exhalations may be estimated by the fact that human life in the neighbourhood of these pestilential swamps attains only a maximum of thirty-five years for men and forty-two for women. In the year 1856, eight hundred people of three villages in the plain of the Sarno died from the effects of malaria.

The marshes of Italy comprise in the aggregate at least two millions of acres. That they could be made a source of wealth, instead of being the curse of one of the fairest regions of the earth, admits of little doubt; but few systematic efforts have been made for two thousand years to drain them. The Campagna of Rome had been made productive, and the Pontine marshes (then much less extensive) habitable, in the days of Roman greatness, and their subsequent sterility is entirely owing to neglect. Some of the shallow lakes on the sea-coast are of recent origin, the effects of alluvial deposits: but several harbours have been choked for centuries by sand and detritus brought down from the mountains, and populous towns have disappeared. Districts, insome of which there is not now even a cottage or any other trace of the existence of man, were once the most populous and delightful in Italy. Colonies of Greeks settled upon them; poets, philosophers, and statesmen chose in them their retreats. It is a lamentable fact that three-fifths of these lower regions of Southern Italy are now under the permanent dominion of stagnant water. Tracts of unbounded natural fertility are now productive only of pestilence. Districts which once teemed with inhabitants are covered only with fetid ponds. The vast plain of Nola, one of the most fertile of all Southern Italy, has been for centuries a wilderness. The valley of the Sale is scarcely less desolate. The Apennine range terminates in the south in plains which
would

would form one of the most enchanting regions in the world if the torrents did not rush over them with irresistible force, covering the country with *débris*, rendering the labour of man of no avail, and making the establishment of an agricultural population impossible. In all these regions magnificent ruins attest their former high civilization. They were covered with temples, villas, gardens, cornfields, and vineyards, but, like the wilderness of Moab, the gladness has been taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field; the treaders no longer tread out wine in their presses, and the vintage shouting has ceased. Italy has awakened from its long and dismal trance, and finds some of the fairest portions of the country reduced to a desert by improvidence and neglect.

The ancient inhabitants of Southern Italy naturally bestowed more attention on drainage than on irrigation. The streams which descended from the Apennines demanded constant care, and their embankments were objects of unceasing solicitude; but, notwithstanding every precaution, the rivers sometimes overflowed their boundaries, causing great loss and inconvenience to the agriculturist:—

‘Præsertim incertis si mensibus amnis abundans
Exit, et obducto latè tenet omnia limo,
Unde cavæ tepido sudant humore lacunæ.’

There is something inexpressibly mournful in the present condition of these extensive tracts, long the chosen resorts of opulence and refinement; for the shores of Southern Italy once possessed all the richness and luxuriance of Lombardy, with aspects infinitely more varied and picturesque. The resources of the Cisalpine territory were never regarded as equally developed with those of peninsular Italy; and it was usual to contrast the valley of the Po with the region of the Apennines as a land of pasture rather than of wine and grain; but the cultivation of Italy diminished as the supply of corn from abroad increased, and Rome and even Italy itself learned to depend for its daily bread upon foreign harvests; for there is considerable reason to believe that not only Rome but many other Italian cities were partly if not wholly fed by supplies derived from the provinces and tributary states. The rapid decline of cultivation in the southern regions of the peninsula was a subject of common remark even in the reign of Tiberius. These once delightful regions are now necessarily little known to Europe; but when reclaimed and repopled, as we venture to hope they will now gradually be, they will again pour forth their measures of corn, and wine, and oil. The agricultural capacities of the plains of Southern Italy vary with the geological character of the mountains in their vicinity;

in the soil of some there is a considerable proportion of clay, and the best samples of white wheat known to the London market have been produced from land of this character.

Although the art of irrigation has attained in Italy the greatest development of which it is probably capable, the principles of effective drainage are yet very imperfectly understood there; but an eminent practical engineer pledges himself that all the marshes in the country are as capable of being reclaimed and profitably cultivated as the fens of Lincolnshire and the Haarlem Lake in Holland. Some important improvements have indeed already been effected by the process known in England as warping and in Italy as *colmate*, particularly in the district of the Tuscan Maremma, where the Etruscans have left many interesting traces of their occupation. This system has been profitably adopted in some other districts of Italy. The drainage of the Val de Chiana, which until towards the end of the last century was a pestilential marsh, has converted it into one of the finest of agricultural districts. In the same manner the marshes of Castiglione, the Locus Prælius of the ancients, have been converted into a comparatively fertile region by turning into it the rivers Brenno and Ombrone, which, charged with alluvial matter, after depositing in the marsh the rich yellow loam with which they were charged, leave it as limpid as a mountain stream. More recently the lower plain of the Volturno, comprising an area of two hundred and fifty square miles, has been restored to agriculture at a moderate cost. The attention of Italians is now, we believe, directed to the important subject of drainage by the application of mechanical power for lifting stagnant water out of the soil and discharging it into the sea; and land companies which have been recently formed in England will doubtless co-operate in effecting by scientific drainage the improvement of Southern Italy. We may be allowed, however, to express the hope that they will proceed gradually and experimentally, and will not commit the natural but ruinous error of underrating the difficulties with which they have to contend, as has occurred in the island of Sardinia.

The continental portion of the Neapolitan kingdom was estimated at rather more than twenty millions of English acres, of which only one-half were in actual cultivation. One of the peculiarities of the Southern province is the existence of extensive elevated plains, parched into aridity by the summer heat, but in winter clothed with luxuriant herbage. Sheep-farming consequently forms an important branch in the rural economy of Southern Italy. The shepherds of the Neapolitan provinces have been estimated at 80,000. In the north of la Puglia and in the province

province of la Capitanata, and in that of the Terra di Bari, is the great plain, called the Travoliere, eighty miles in length and thirty in breadth—a vast treeless district, extending from the mountains to within a short distance from the shores of the Adriatic, affording winter pasturage for the flocks which descend from the Apennines, where they pass the summer months. From the earliest times the Marsian and Samnite shepherds were in the habit of leading their flocks from the highlands to this plain, which is now the property of the Crown, and its pasturage regulated by fixed rules; but a system of enfranchisement has been recently sanctioned by the Italian Parliament, which will be the means of introducing important changes in this territory and bringing it under extensive cultivation, for in consequence of neglect or bad laws the nomadic habits of Asia have long been allowed to obstruct the progress of one of the most important regions of Italy. The great drawback, however, is the want of water, for which the boring of Artesian wells may prove a remedy, as has been the case in districts similarly situated, both physically and geologically, in Algeria.

In no part of Italy are the contrasts of climate and production more marked than in Calabria. The shores, especially on the Tyrrhenian Sea, present almost a continued grove of orange, lemon, and citron trees, which attain a size unknown in the north of Italy. The cotton-plant ripens to perfection, and the rocks are everywhere clothed with a semi-tropical vegetation. The hedgerows consist of aloes or pomegranate bushes, the liquorice-root is cultivated in large quantities, as is the madder-root. The arborescent ericas, the oleander, and the myrtle, form the common underwood of forests of arbutus and different species of oaks. At a distance of a few miles from the sea-shore the ordinary oak and chesnut trees succeed the almost tropical vegetation of the plain, and in the higher districts grow coniferous trees of various species. It was in the country about Taranto (Tarentum) that Horace hoped to fix the abode of his old age—a district the salubrity of which was then only equalled by its loveliness and fertility:—

‘Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas; et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimùm Falernis
Invidet uvis.’

Nor must we omit to mention the date-palm which grows on the beautiful terrace on the edge of the Mediterranean—the Riviera, which, from the shelter afforded to the north and east by the Alps, enjoys a climate and vegetation such as does not reappear until we reach the hot plains of Valencia and Alicante, or the regions around Naples and Sicily.

The

The soil and climate of Italy are singularly propitious to the cultivation of the grape, which is found in infinite variety and abundance from one extremity of the Peninsula to the other. Wine of every quality might be produced, and its fabrication now constitutes the principal source of prosperity in many districts, for the consumption is enormous. Great as are the natural advantages of the country for the production of good wine, it is, however, singularly backward in the art of making the finest kinds. It has retrograded in this respect to a level with the least-advanced wine-producing countries; and it is not a little remarkable that a land which once supplied with wine the most luxurious aristocracy which the world has ever known, should now, with a few limited exceptions, produce only those of the most ordinary quality, which, if exported at all, find a market only in the remote provinces of Turkey. In ancient times the most assiduous care was bestowed on the cultivation of the vine in Italy. Every region of the known earth was explored for its choicest varieties, which were transplanted and naturalised in the peninsula. They were brought from Africa, from Asia Minor, from Syria, from the islands of the Ægean, from Germany, from Spain, and from Gaul. Their produce was classified with as much care and nicety as are now employed by the most renowned wine-grower on the banks of the Gironde or of the Rhine; and the cellars of Lucullus and Mecænas probably contained wines as superior to any that Italy now produces, as the choicest vintages of Languedoc are to the most watery productions of German soil.

Virgil's enumeration of the famous wines of his country will at once occur to the reader. We find him expatiating on their number, variety, and excellence, distinguishing, like a modern connoisseur, the light from the strong, which improve with age, and the more delicate descriptions adapted "*mensis secundis*," or, as we should express it, for dessert.

All the best wines which are now consumed in Italy are imported; but, next to cereal produce, wine ought to form an important element of national prosperity. There is no portion of the country in which the finest grapes might not be grown, and hills, in which Italy so greatly abounds, are often admirably adapted for their cultivation, when they will produce nothing else. Nothing can more forcibly represent the decline of agriculture in Southern Italy than this falling off in the quality of a production which once pre-eminently distinguished it. In 1845, an attempt was made by a commercial congress assembled at Sienna, to bring the wines of Italy into notice, in the hope of creating a foreign demand, and all the growers in the country were invited to send samples of their produce to Milan for adjudication.

adjudication. The result was thoroughly unsatisfactory, for out of an immense variety of wines exhibited from the different states of Italy, only two or three were approved. The rest were condemned as unmarketable. The position of Italian wine-growers has since doubtless improved; but although out of the one hundred and thirty exhibitors of Italian wines at the British International Exhibition of 1862 thirty obtained medals, a great proportion of the wines brought to England was found in very bad condition and utterly unfit for consumption. The fabrication of wines in Italy must, therefore, be greatly ameliorated before they can be offered for foreign consumption with any prospect of success. Italy must take a lesson from Portugal, Germany, and France. With its great natural advantages, it may then hope to compete successfully with other wine-growing countries.

In respect of silk Italy undoubtedly holds the first position in Europe. The production of France is greater, but the quality is inferior. This branch of industry is, however, in a rather unsettled state, in consequence of the malady which has so extensively affected the silkworm. Like the blight which attacked the vine over large portions of Europe, and the potato in England and Ireland, this disorder of the silkworm has caused a great derangement of industry and inflicted much loss on a most industrious portion of the population. Under its influence the production of silk has fallen off very considerably. There is every reason, however, to believe that this calamity is only transitory, and that the silk-production of Italy will soon assume its former importance. In the mean time a new employment is found in preparing for the manufacturer the raw silk of China and Japan, which affords some trifling compensation for the loss sustained. The raw silk of Italy is unrivalled for its beauty and fineness. The annual value was computed, before the recent calamity occurred, at ten millions sterling—an amount which is capable of being doubled whenever the inhabitants of the southern provinces shall apply themselves to this branch of cultivation, for which their country is quite as well adapted as the northern, although the landed proprietors have scarcely yet recognised its importance. So intelligent and ingenious a people as the Italians are not likely to be long behind their neighbours in working up into manufactured goods the valuable material in which they possess an unquestioned superiority. Many silk-loom, indeed, are now at work in Italy, and a few steps only are required to place its silk-manufactures on an equality with those of Switzerland and France. The velvets of Genoa possess the highest reputation. In ribbons Italy is already successfully competing with the brilliant productions of St. Etienne, Basle, and Coventry,

Coventry, and in the gorgeous sacerdotal vestments of the Roman Catholic Church the manufacturers of Milan display a taste in design and splendour of effect unrivalled by any similar productions in Europe.

Cotton has been recently produced in considerable quantities in the southern provinces, and with an unexpected profit. This culture is comparatively new to Italy. In 1863 the production was greater than in the preceding year, and in 1864 it increased tenfold, and has become a source of employment to thousands. Although the stimulus of high prices may have called this branch of industry into existence, it is by no means necessary for its permanent success. Among the consequences of the American civil war, may be regarded the introduction to the Italian peninsula of a new resource, by which it may be considerably enriched.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the valuable fisheries in which the coasts of Italy abound, giving employment to many thousands of its maritime population; nor on its large production of oil;* nor on its wool, held in high estimation by the ancient Romans, and some qualities of which are much in request in France and Germany for their strength and purity, and much of which the manufacturers of Lombardy and Piedmont work up into cloth adapted to the peculiar wants of the country: indeed the fleeces of Italian sheep not only provide sufficient wool to supply all the wants of the peninsula, but leave a considerable surplus for exportation.

The staple productions of Italy will always be agricultural; but its mineral productions are far from being inconsiderable. The Romans found gold in considerable quantities in the valleys ascending from the Pennine Alps, and attention has been recently directed to their ancient workings. Much of the iron pyrites of the Alps and of the Ligurian Apennines is auriferous, and the torrents which descend from both carry down particles of gold. Italy is abundantly provided with iron, some of which is of a very superior quality, but the want of coal at present constitutes an obstacle to the full development of the mines. The annual value of the whole of the present mineral production of Italy is computed to amount to two millions sterling. The peninsula appears to be unprovided with real coal; indeed the only fossil combustible hitherto discovered is a carboniferous deposit (lignite) of little importance, in the lower strata of the tertiary period. Anthracite has also been recently found in the Val d'Aosta. Beds of lignite exist in the Abruzzi and in Calabria, which perhaps only require scientific exploration for their development. At pre-

* The Neapolitan continental province produces annually about 31,800 tons; the value of which, at 23*l.* per ton, would be about 731,400*l.*

sent,

sent, the largest proportion of the coal consumed is imported from England ; but on the completion of a projected railway, now in progress, over Mount Cenis, coal will be readily procurable from the extensive coalfields of the valleys of the Allier and the Loire at a third of its present cost.

The importance of future discoveries of coal to Italy will be fully understood when we take into consideration the denuded condition of the country in respect of timber. In early times Italy was one of the most densely wooded countries in Europe, and was covered almost throughout its whole extent with forests.* Virgil's descriptions of Italian scenery are generally umbrageous. The forest of la Sila occupied one-half of Lucania. Large tracts in Latium were covered with the bay-tree, the ilex, ordinary oaks, and the pine. Even in the time of Augustus Italy was so thickly covered with trees that it was represented as one continuous garden ; its rivers were chiefly valued for the facilities they afforded for transporting wood from the interior for domestic purposes ; and the Romans generally gave to their cross-roads the name of woodways, in consequence of the quantity of timber which was constantly being transported over them. The consumption or waste must, in the course of time, have been excessive, for after the diminution of the forests the rivers of Italy ceased to be navigable. The valley of the Po, which in the time of Polybius was a marsh, overshadowed with gloomy forests, the haunt of wild boars, does not now produce sufficient wood for the use of its inhabitants. The process of destruction went on unchecked for centuries after the fall of the Roman empire, and it has modified both the atmospheric and the economical condition of the country. It was from policy, probably quite as much as from piety, that the Roman commonwealth placed the woods of the country under the protection of the national religion. No branch of the public interests has been so neglected by the different states into which Italy has been divided, nor has any general remedy yet been devised for an evil which threatens the most serious consequences. The sylvan economy of the various governments was founded on the most contradictory principles. The Venetian republic set a good example to the other states ; for more than two centuries previously to its extinction the forests of its continental territory were protected by stringent regulations, but in the other states of Italy they were either not protected at all, as in Tuscany, or most inadequately so. The extensive denudation of both the eastern and the western slopes of the Apennines of their timber has had a

* Merivale's 'History of the Romans under the Empire,' vol. v.

most injurious effect upon agriculture, in the increased quantity of *débris* brought down by the torrents, producing large areas of unproductive land.

The mineral wealth of the provinces of Tuscany is considerable. The mines of Montecatini, Miemo, and Terriccio, are remarkable for the richness of their copper ores, producing from twenty to eighty per cent. of metal. The iron of the island of Elba is proverbial for its excellence; but the most singular production of Tuscany is boracic acid, which is extracted in large quantities from the earth in the district of the Lagoni or Larsarello. From the whole surface of an extensive area issues a large volume of vapour, which rises high in the atmosphere, and may be seen for a distance of many miles. The ingenious process resorted to for obtaining the boracic acid is thus described by Mr. Babbage, in a contribution to the 'Handbook for Central Italy':—

'On excavating a few inches into any part of the broken ground, steam issues with great force, driving with it mud and even small stones with a violent noise. A small dwarf wall is rudely made round this opening, and thus a large cup-shaped pot is formed of from ten to forty feet in diameter. Into this cavity a small stream of water is conveyed until it is nearly full. The cold water going down into the cavity becomes greatly heated and is driven violently upward by the steam thus formed. The whole of the water becomes heated by this constant regurgitation, and at the end of about twenty-four hours it has absorbed nearly 1 per cent. of boracic acid. After a period of repose in another excavation, in which the mud is deposited, this solution is conveyed into large evaporating-pans. A powerful jet of steam from one of the larger holes made in the broken ground is conveyed in a kind of drain to the evaporating-house, and passes in flues under every part of the evaporating-vessels. The water is then carried off into the atmosphere and the boracic acid remains.'

The whole of the borax consumed in England was for a long period derived exclusively from India. It is now supplied almost entirely by means of the boracic acid derived from Tuscany, to the amount of more than two thousand tons annually, and is employed chiefly in the manufacture of pottery and glass. The production of salt in Tuscany is also great; it is extracted chiefly from brine-springs, which have their sources in large beds of rock-salt in the tertiary rocks, at a considerable depth below the surface. The greater part, however, of the salt consumed in the Italian peninsula is derived from the evaporation of sea-water, the most extensive works being near Cape Misenum in the bay of Naples, in the island of Elba, and on several parts of the Adriatic coast, especially about Comacchio and Cervia on the Adriatic, &c.

The

The marble quarries of Carrara have a world-wide celebrity, and have long been the only source of supply, not only for the finest statuary marble, but for the ordinary white marble used in architecture and decoration. The works are capable, it is believed, of a very great extension; and the high price paid for even the secondary marbles of Italy proves that the production falls short of the demand. These quarries have been wrought for more than two thousand years. There is no known spot on the globe where marble of so fine a quality is now found. Carrara, therefore, possesses a natural monopoly of a commodity for which the demand must increase with the progress of civilisation. The British Colonies and the United States of America are large importers of Italian marble. The quarries have hitherto been accessible only to bullock-carts, by roads scarcely deserving the name. The quantity annually extracted at present from the different quarries of Carrara amounts to about fifty thousand tons, which is now conveyed for a considerable part of the distance to the place of embarkation by railway, whilst sawing mills have been introduced by means of English enterprise and machinery. There are other marbles and analogous productions of great value in Italy, many of which are little known, and all which have been very inadequately developed. The serpentines of the southern flanks of the Alps, the alabaster of Volterra, the jaspers of Barga, and the yellow marbles of Sienna, all promise, when effectually worked, to add considerably to the exportable productions of Italy.

Sicily, the great prize for which the Romans and Carthaginians contended, and eventually the principal granary of Rome, is, perhaps, at present in the least satisfactory political condition of all of the dominions of the King of Italy. 'That the annexation of this island,' says the British Secretary of Legation at Turin, 'should have been brought about by a band of adventurers, must simply be taken as a proof of the inanity of the Bourbon Government; for to suppose that the population was in anywise prepared for the result of General Garibaldi's expedition to Marsala, and the eventual overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, is to attribute to them political combinations which never had any existence among them. It was on account of their entire ignorance of the nature of the movement, and of what was to result from it, that the change was so easily effected. . . . As much, if not more, disaffection exists to the present government as existed to the Bourbon rule.* We have reason, however, to believe that a considerable change has since taken place in the political disposition of the Sicilians, and that they are gradually ap-

* Reports of H. M. Secretaries of Embassy and Legation, 1864.

preciating the effect which the new government is producing upon their material interests. The progress in agriculture has been very marked, and the cultivation of fruits has in many places superseded that of cereals. Waste lands have been enclosed; large domains have been divided for the convenience of sale, and converted into vineyards and orangeries; and the value of all landed property has considerably increased. 'It rests,' says the British Consul at Palermo, 'with the Italian Government to make Sicily the greatest exporting country in Europe, simply by carrying out the commercial policy adopted by the new kingdom to its full extent in all branches of industry.' No country in Europe possessed so small a foreign trade in proportion to its extent and population as Sicily; and no country was, perhaps, worse provided with the conveniences and comforts of modern civilisation. Not many years have elapsed since a French traveller complained that he was unable to buy either a pair of gloves or a piece of soap at Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum, a town of eleven thousand inhabitants, and once an emporium for all the commodities of the Mediterranean. Sicily is best known to commerce for its sulphur, of which it possesses almost a monopoly; and for the wine of Marsala, which finds some favour in the English market. The richness of its soil has been proverbial for ages, and large fortunes we believe may be made in the island; for if Sicily two thousand years ago was the granary of Rome, what might it not become with the liberal application of modern capital and by the aid of scientific cultivation? *

The island of Sardinia promises to become not the least valuable portion of the Italian kingdom. Situated between Spain, France, and Africa, almost within sight of the Italian shores, and occupying an important commercial position in the Mediterranean, it once formed a very valuable province of the Roman empire; and although eight-tenths of its surface are mountainous, it contains a considerable quantity of highly fertile land. A great impulse will be given to the prosperity of Sardinia by the construction of the Royal Sardinian Railway, 240 miles in length, a concession for which has been made over to an English company, with a grant of half a million acres of land.† Some years ago the Sardinian Government

* The commercial progress of Sicily has been very marked, particularly in its relations with England. Since 1860 the British shipping employed in the trade has increased more than six-fold.

† Out of the 40,000 shares, representing a capital of 800,000*l.*, there were subscribed for in England 38,000 shares, representing a capital of 772,500*l.* The island of Sardinia contributed 4540.

offered

offered for sale a million of acres, at prices varying from twenty to thirty-two shillings per acre; there was, therefore, at that time, in an island of great fertility in the Mediterranean, and now within fifty hours' distance of London, land obtainable at a lower price than it could be purchased in any of the British colonies at the Antipodes. Wine, oil, tobacco, hemp, flax, madder, silk, cotton, and grain of every description, might be abundantly produced in Sardinia. The fig, the vine, the orange, and the pomegranate, thrive without cultivation; and the orange groves of the western coast possess trees compared with which, it is said, the finest in Portugal are but dwarfs. The island appears to have been much neglected by the Sardinian Government, which ruled it as a dependency, somewhat on the principle of the old colonial system of Europe. Its rural economy must have been for centuries in a very primitive condition, for at a very recent period droves of wild horses pastured in its plains, enormous herds of wild cattle roamed over its thousand hills, and the sheep were as untended and almost as wild as goats; indeed, a score of sheep can now be purchased in the vicinity of the capital, for four pounds. The island contains extensive deposits of coal on the eastern side, for the profitable working of which the railway will afford great facilities. The ores of iron, lead, and silver also abound; and there is an inexhaustible supply of pyrites, now much used for the production of sulphuric acid. Its agricultural wealth is capable of an almost indefinite increase. Upon one of its plains on the coast many thousand head of cattle are annually pastured and fattened for the Marseilles market. The forests, which cover a very large portion of the high lands, may be made available (it is to be hoped under due precautions against their exhaustion) for supplying the increasing want of timber and fuel which is felt on the mainland of Italy.

Brigandage still continues to be the opprobrium of some of the fairest regions of Italy. The permanence of this inveterate evil is one of the most remarkable of the moral phenomena which the history of Italy presents. All the measures that have hitherto been taken for its eradication have more or less failed, and it really seems as if the practice had in the course of ages completely wrought itself into the character and habits of a portion of the people; for the province in which brigandage still chiefly prevails is the one in which it has existed from the earliest times. It is nearly co-extensive with the ancient Samnium, some of the mountain tribes of which had given themselves up from time immemorial to a predatory life. They had amassed considerable wealth when they first came in contact with the Romans.
Their

Their arms were highly finished and costly, and, according to Cæsar, supplied models for those of the Roman troops. Neither time nor the surrounding civilization has effected much change in the habits and character of this people. The bandit is here still a popular hero. The traditions and tales of his exploits pass from generation to generation, and are equally the delight of childhood, youth, and age. A traveller, attracted by curiosity to these savage regions, and struck with the surpassing beauty of some village belle, would probably be told, in a confidential whisper, that the girl who could have commanded the hand of the wealthiest peasant of the district, is betrothed to the noble brigand chief whose home is among the distant hills. There are, however, two distinct descriptions of brigandage,—one normal, the other accidental. The professional brigand is often the father of a family, cultivating his paternal fields in the intervals of his lawless occupation, proud of his ancestral honours, and not without a certain sense of religion; for, kneeling before the humble picture of the Virgin, which imparts, as he believes, a sanctity as well as a grace to his cavern, he invokes her blessing, and proceeds, in the full confidence of her favour, on his adventure of rapine and blood. In some districts the lower orders sympathize with brigandage and support it; and the better classes are coerced by a system of terrorism into complicity. Military measures may have checked, but they have been ineffectual to suppress it. A condition of society in which almost the whole population are banded together in a league against government and law, is a phenomenon produced by the combination of many causes. Much is attributable to the long impoverished condition of the peasantry, and to their social isolation. 'Neapolitan brigandage,' says Count Maffei, whose former official connexion with the province enables him to speak with authority on the subject, 'is only the symptom of the decay that for centuries has been constantly undermining that unhappy country. The peasant there has no interest to bind him to the soil, and even the persons whom we call proprietors, are far from being owners of the land. In those districts there is a part of the population designated by the name of terrazzani, who have actually nothing to live upon but the proceeds of plunder and theft. The misery and destitution of these classes are the direct causes of brigandage. When the poor labourer compares the brigand's life with his own wretched lot, he cannot avoid drawing conclusions far from favourable to the cause of law and order; and we cannot wonder that that romantic existence lures him

him from the constant labour and misery to which, in his own station, he is hopelessly condemned. The voice of conscience is silenced, and he betakes himself to a course of life which appears to him a legitimate way of obtaining his livelihood.'

Such has been for centuries the social state of the country, and multitudes of the poor resorted to brigandage almost as if it were an honourable and lucrative calling; a statement which is confirmed by the fact, that of 375 brigands in the gaols of the province of la Capitanata in the month of April, 1862, 293 were labourers (*braccianti*); while, in those districts where the labourers and proprietors stood in a more satisfactory relation to each other, brigandage attracted only a few of the worst characters, and was easily put down. In the districts on the borders of the Papal States, where it is a foreign importation, bands of brigands are organized without difficulty. Sheltering themselves on the Roman side of the frontier, they make irruptions into the Italian territory, emboldened by the certainty that, at the approach of danger, there is always a safe retreat in their rear.

Want of steady employment thus appears to be one of the chief causes of this incessant warfare against person and property which still disgraces a portion of Italy. The gradual improvement of the country under a national administration will, doubtless, in due time eradicate the evil. During the construction of the Neapolitan railways, brigandage entirely ceased in the localities where labour was in demand, and it has been found that the disorder is most inveterate in those provinces where pauperism prevails. Brigandage has been hitherto recruited from the ranks of ill-paid labour; it has thus had a constant tendency to reproduce itself, and until the social condition of this part of Italy has been radically changed it would be hopeless to expect its absolute extinction. The innate ferocity and inhumanity of the Neapolitan bandit is well exemplified by an occurrence which took place during the great earthquake of Calabria in 1783, which utterly destroyed three hundred towns and villages, and proved fatal to sixty thousand of the inhabitants. This dreadful convulsion of nature was the signal for a general descent from their mountain fastnesses of all the brigands in the country into the desolated province. Taking advantage of the universal consternation, they attacked the miserable survivors in their hiding-places and retreats, plundered them of the remains of their property, and massacred in cold blood, thousands of men, women, and children whom the awful dispensation of Providence had spared.

The country recently infested by political brigandage has been
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not the Abruzzi nor Calabria, but a district about fifty miles to the east of Naples, and the line of frontier bordering upon the Papal States, between Sora and Terracina. The contest with brigandage has been harassing and obstinate, and has proved one of the greatest impediments to the progress of Southern Italy; 'but,' as Count Maffei justly says, 'if brigandage had no support but its own strength, a fourth of the troops which have been contending with it would have been sufficient to put it down.'

The losses sustained between the years 1860 and 1864 by the brigand hordes which have kept the Neapolitan provinces in a state of chronic anarchy, show that the work of extermination is not being inefficiently performed:—

Brigands shot [executed]	1038
Killed in conflict with the troops	2413
				<hr/>
Total killed	3451
Taken prisoners	2768
				<hr/>
Total	6219
				<hr/>

In the same period 932 brigands voluntarily surrendered. A story is related by Count Maffei which shows that there exists a certain sense of honour even among these outlaws. The General Officer in command of the military division of Avellino came suddenly upon a party of fourteen brigands. Surprised and surrounded, they requested permission to attend mass at the nearest church before they surrendered, stipulating only for their lives. As Christmas was at hand, they asked permission after mass to spend that holiday with their friends, pledging themselves to return on a stated day. The officer, curious to ascertain whether the word of a brigand could be trusted, granted their request, and, to his surprise, all returned at the time appointed, but accompanied by eleven more brigands, who voluntarily surrendered. Touched by their honesty, the officer desired them to go home again until the first day of the new year, and to return on the second. They all reappeared, but with twenty additional brigands, who also gave themselves up. This proves that conciliation may not be without its advantages. We should be glad to hear that each commune had been made responsible for the acts committed within its bounds.

A Commission was appointed by the Italian Government in 1861 to inquire into the best means for removing from the country the disgrace of brigandage. The recommendations of the Commission include the diffusion of education, the extinction of certain feudal privileges which have been found to operate unfavourably

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on the condition of the peasant, the drainage of marsh lands, the encouragement of public works, and, above all, the construction of roads. No country in Europe, not even excepting Spain, is so ill provided with roads as Italy. The Government of ancient Rome constructed great military ways, and made a few roads for the convenience of the luxurious patricians leading to fashionable watering-places, such as Baia and Naples; but the country south of the capital was inhabited chiefly by shepherds, and roads were therefore scarcely required. La Basilicata, a province nearly equal in extent to the whole of Tuscany, is to the present day almost entirely without carriage roads. The inhabitants of such a country must necessarily be unable to hold much intercourse even with such small centres of civilisation as exist, and commerce must be almost unknown. The immense tract which separates the Abruzzi from La Capitanata is equally destitute of roads. Beneventum, situated in a *cul de sac*, has only that leading towards Rome and Naples. In the province of the Neapolitan capital itself twenty-four communes are totally unprovided with roads; and of the whole 1848 communes of the former Neapolitan kingdom, there were, in 1860, 1321 entirely without carriage ways.

Something has already been done by the Italian Government to supply a want so indispensable to the progress of the country. Military roads have been cut through the peninsula of Monte Gargano, and it is consequently no longer infested by banditti. An interesting account is given by Count Maffei, in his well-written and instructive book, of some of the public works which have had the greatest effect upon the suppression of brigandage, and by means of which it will, it is confidently hoped, be eventually completely put down:—

‘The “Selva delle Grotte,”’ he says, ‘a regular primeval forest, which might have sheltered a whole army in its recesses, is now pierced by numerous roads and guarded by a block-house, the breast-work of which is sufficient to stop brigands. The old Papal fief of Beneventum will soon be furrowed by spacious roads, which already stretch out in every direction, defending it against any future incursion, for brigands carefully avoid the vicinity of frequented paths; and the railway uniting Turin and Foggia has at last not only pacified but given life to the most distant regions on the shores of the Adriatic. When Victor Emmanuel inaugurated it, he crossed all the provinces which had once been the theatre of the most cruel deeds of violence without meeting a single bandit. From the Tronto, where he left the railway, to Naples, the road followed by the royal cortège resembled a street crowded with groups of armed peasants, who were to be seen at every step. The foreign ministers, who accompanied the King, looked with astonishment, perhaps not

without fear, on those thousands of muskets which, by mistake, or, as a sign of joy, might have been fired into the royal carriage. Happily, however, nothing occurred to spoil the significance of that splendid demonstration, and from one end of the country to the other, the armed multitude made the air resound with one cry of joy, "Viva Vittor Emanuele!—Viva Italia!"

'Southern Italy has already quite a new aspect. The traveller who should leave the railway and venture into the passes of the Apennines, would now find that everywhere the roads are scoured by mounted gendarmes escorting the passengers. Wherever a forest stretches down into a valley, a block-house is erected, and all the approaches are carefully patrolled. On the mountain, once haunted by brigands, is an encampment of Bersaglieri, who, pointing to the loftiest peaks overhead, tell the anxious traveller that the last brigands have found a shelter there, where it is impossible to follow them; but that the coming winter will, in all probability, force them from their last refuge.'

The moral remedies for the plague of brigandage—the sad inheritance from long ages of misgovernment and neglect—remain in a great degree to be applied; but too much praise can scarcely be bestowed upon the Italian Government for its exertions to promote education, although, in proportion to the work to be accomplished, elementary instruction may be said to be still almost in its infancy in Italy. The progress made in primary instruction is greater in Piedmont than in other parts of the kingdom.* The statistics of public instruction, however, even in the Sardinian territories, did not for some years, even after the constitutional *régime* was established, show very satisfactory results; nor could the education of Lombardy, before its incorporation with Piedmont, be considered otherwise than very low, compared with even the least-advanced of other European States. The progress which has been since made is considerable. Not only have elementary schools been opened in almost every commune, but numerous training-schools have been established, and lay masters are being substituted for ecclesiastical as rapidly as they can be procured. According to a recent return there are only 340 communes, out of the 7730 which the kingdom contains, now unprovided with elementary schools. The Sicilian provinces have doubled the number of their schools; those of the Romagna have tripled them. The greatest desire is everywhere displayed for instruction by the uneducated adult population—a very hopeful symptom for Italy,—

* In the Neapolitan provinces, with a population of 7,000,000, there are only 2500 schoolmasters, whereas within the territory which constituted the former kingdom of Sardinia, with a population of only 4,000,000, there are 7150.

for

for according to the last census, out of 21,777,534 inhabitants, there were 16,999,701 who could neither read nor write. If ignorance is one of the principal causes of crime, it is somewhat premature to talk of dispensing with the services of the executioner. The provinces in which brigandage has most prevailed are precisely those in which education has been most neglected; while in those districts where popular instruction had most advanced brigandage has almost entirely disappeared. The progress which education has made in the city of Naples is one of the most remarkable results of the change of government. Fifty new schools have been opened by the municipality, and sixteen evening institutions have been established, where thousands of workmen, with the characteristic quickness of the Neapolitan, not only learned in two months to read and write, but became so far conversant with arithmetic as to sustain in it very satisfactory examinations.

The increase of trade has been very marked since the formation of the kingdom. The commercial revival has been most conspicuous in Genoa, Sicily, and Naples. The trade of Genoa has far outstripped the capacity of the port for its accommodation, and has rendered necessary a considerable extension of its piers and wharves, and the removal of the naval arsenal to La Spezia. An unwonted activity pervades other cities. Naples has become a hive of animated industry. The old decayed towns of the Adriatic have awakened from the sleep of centuries and are feeling the pulsations of a new commercial life. The trade of Italy, however, in proportion to its extent and population, is the smallest in Europe. With twenty-two millions of inhabitants, its exports and imports amount only to twelve millions sterling; whereas the exports alone of France amount to forty-four millions, and those of Belgium exceed those of Italy by a quarter of a million. The impulse given to the coasting-trade has, however, been very great, and the vessels employed in it being chiefly native, it must be regarded as a proof of a greatly-increased intercourse between the different provinces—a very favourable omen of their permanent union.

The Italian kingdom, from its geographical position and large seafaring population, naturally aspires to become a first-rate naval power. To form an efficient marine has, therefore, been one of the primary objects of its ambition. The constitution of a new maritime power in the Mediterranean is not without its interest to England. We do not, however, regard any possible future development of Italian naval strength with the slightest degree of distrust. Common principles of government and common commercial and political interests would, doubtless, place Italy

on the side of England in any general European convulsion, or insure, at least, its neutrality. We give below an accurate return of the present strength of the Italian navy.*

The numerous harbours of the coasts are being deepened, enlarged, and fortified. Foremost among these, and planned as it were by nature for the shelter of a great navy, is the gulf of Spezzia, a haven capable of accommodating all the fleets of Europe, and in a short time to be the naval arsenal of the new kingdom. The town, standing at the head of a deep inlet, has been compared, in point of situation, to Belfast; but, instead of having a valley in its rear, Spezzia is environed by mountains, on the slopes of which flourish almost all the rich productions of the plain. The great capacity of the gulf of Spezzia for a maritime station did not escape the observation of the first Napoleon, and the construction of a dock-yard on its shores was one of the projects which he entertained for the advancement of Italy. The realization of this project by the Italian Government is due in a great measure to the sagacity and energy of the late Count Cavour.

At the southern extremity of Italy an establishment almost equal to that of Spezzia in importance is about to be created. Tarento—the ancient Tarentum, one of the great cities of Magna Græcia and the rival of Rome,—had long been a port of some importance, but it is now about to be converted into a naval station, and the salt lake in its vicinity into a royal dockyard. Brindisi, the ancient Brundisium, which had retained only a very small portion of the importance which it derived from having been the port of embarkation from Italy to Greece and the Eastern Provinces of

* *Iron-clads.*

4 first-class frigates	of 36	guns—900	horse power.
7 second-class frigates	of 26	,, 700	,,
2 corvettes	of 20	,, 400	,,
2 corvettes	of 12	,, 150	,,
2 gun-boats	of 5	,, 300	,,
1 cupola ship (constructing)	of 2	,, 700	,,
Total iron-clads 18.						

In addition to the above, the sanction of the Parliament has been obtained for the construction of 4 more iron-clads.

Wooden Fleet.

1 screw line-of-battle ship	of 64	guns—450	horse power.
8 screw frigates	of 54	,, 600	,,
4 sailing frigates	of 36	,,	,,
3 paddle steamers	of 10	,, 450	,,
7 paddle steamers	of 6	,, 350	,,
15 paddle steamers	of 3	,, from 120 to 300	H. P.
8 sailing brigs	of 10	,,	,,
6 screw gunboats	of 4	,, 60	horse power.
20 troop ships.						

the

the Roman world, will in a short time be one of the first emporiums of the Adriatic for the trade of the East, after being connected with Northern and Central Italy by a railway now completed to the foot of the Alps, and which, when the passage under or over that chain has been effected by rail, will shorten the distance from England to India by forty hours,* and open a route to the East which may supersede those by Marseilles and Trieste.

The progress which the construction of railways has already made is surprising. In 1859 the lines belonging to the kingdom of Sardinia exceeded those of all the rest of Italy. In that year Italy contained only 1472 kilometres of railway; they now exceed 3165 kilometres, representing a capital of forty millions sterling. The configuration of the country is not unfavourable to the construction of great trunk-lines from the east, and their prolongation to the extremity of the peninsula is not attended with any considerable engineering difficulties. The single railway of the province of the Terra di Lavoro, in which Naples is situated, which for twelve years had not extended beyond Capua, is now completed as far as Rome. A survey has been made for the construction of the Calabrian lines, and two additional railways are proposed for establishing a communication between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic from two different points of the Neapolitan coast. From Beneventum a line is projected which will place that city and province in communication with the rest of Italy, and by being extended to Foggia, form the most important line of communication between the shores of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The lines which have penetrated the Abruzzi have, as we have before observed, already considerably modified the condition of that province, although everything which could be effected by the brigand chiefs was tried to obstruct their progress, with an instinctive conviction that the first whistle of a locomotive would portend the speedy extinction of their occupation. In these districts everything is already transformed; the labourers have returned to the pursuits of agriculture, the long-deserted fields again wave with grain, and the shepherds conduct their flocks in security over the plains. Italian engineers are driving the locomotive through the deepest recesses of the Apennines; and it is but during the present year that a line was completed from Bologna to Pistoia and Florence, after having

* At the present moment the time employed between Paris and Alexandria by railway and the carriage-road over Mount Cenis is 140 hours 25 minutes, while by Marseilles it is 168 hours. It is but fair to warn the Italian Companies that, without comfortable hotel accommodation and proper travelling arrangements, they must not expect the overland passengers between India and England to adopt the route through Italy.

threaded the defiles of Central Italy. The tunnel under Mount Cenis, a work which will be one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the nineteenth century, is steadily, if slowly, progressing, and in the mean time a railway *over* the Alps is in contemplation, the successful construction of which will effect a total change in the communications of mountainous countries. The projected line is intended to fill the break which exists in the railroads between France and Italy for forty-seven miles, and a short experimental line has been constructed between Lanslebourg and the summit of Mount Cenis, upon which engines have been running with very heavy loads with perfect success, and the ascent has been accomplished in eight minutes and a half. The principle which has been adopted in engineering traction is the source of this remarkable success. By a system of horizontal driving-wheels acting upon a middle rail, gradients of one in twelve can be overcome, while those of one in twenty-five or one in thirty have hitherto only been considered practicable. The cost of a permanent independent summit-line with a wider gauge has been estimated not to exceed one-fourth of the cost of the tunnel. When this undertaking* is completed the journey over the Alps will be

* A few extracts from Captain Tyler's laud Report to the Board of Trade, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 23rd June, 1865, will serve to illustrate the nature of this important enterprise:—

'The gradients contemplated were such as could not be surmounted by any locomotive engine working with a load on the ordinary system of trusting to its weight for adhesion between its wheels and the rails; and it was considered that the best method of obtaining extra adhesion would be by the revival of a system, long since patented, but never carried out, of adding a third rail between the ordinary bearing rails, to be acted upon by horizontal driving-wheels on the engine.

'A locomotive engine was accordingly constructed from one of a number of designs which have been patented and described by Mr. Fell, with two pairs of horizontal as well as two pairs of vertical driving-wheels.

'The only peculiarity (beside the steep gradients and sharp curves) consists in the addition of a middle rail (of the same section) which is laid on its side between the other two, and at an elevation (to its centre) of $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches above them. This rail is supported partly on cast and partly on wrought iron chairs, weighing 20 lbs. each at the joints, and 16 lbs. each in the intermediate spaces.

'The whole line from St. Michel to Susa will be on average gradients (supposing the culminating point in the middle) of 1 in 25.6. The steepest gradient will be 1 in 12, and a middle rail will be added to the permanent way for all gradients steeper than 1 in 25.

'There will be ten level crossings of the road, and six of them on gradients steeper than 1 in 25. The middle rail will be left out at the point of crossing in some of these cases, and will probably be passed by ramps (for animals and vehicles using the road) in others.

'The covered ways on different parts of the mountain will extend, altogether, over from 12 to 15 kilometres ($7\frac{1}{2}$ to 9½ English miles), but the latter amount has been provided for. They will be of three descriptions, comprising a wooden roof and sides for, say 5 kilometres, to keep off light falling snow; a structure of

be effected in little more than four, instead of nine hours; and although the tunnel will probably supersede the mountain railway for travelling, the latter will be an important addition to the facilities for commercial traffic between Italy and the north of Europe. The improvements which have been effected in travelling in the present age will be nowhere so astonishing as in the region of the Alps. It may be almost within the memory of some yet living that it was considered one of the triumphs of modern civilisation that it had become possible to travel in a carriage across mountains which before could only be ascended by relays of chairmen, or on the backs of mules; and when a sort of wicker sledge, called a *ramasse*, was used for descending from the highest part of the Mount Cenis pass, in which a traveller committed himself to the skill of a guide, whose feet acted as a helm for directing the light vehicle and which effected the transit of five miles in seven minutes along the slopes of tremendous precipices, where one false movement of the conductor would have precipitated the traveller and himself into the abyss below.

A great strain has undoubtedly been imposed upon the finances of the Italian kingdom by these and other industrial undertakings, to which it has perhaps been somewhat prodigal of its guarantee, as well as by the enormous military and naval establishments which it is thought expedient to keep up. Count Arrivabene, however, in his tract on Italian finance, takes a hopeful view of the financial condition of his country. 'Ad-

of wood, strengthened by iron, for 7 kilomètres, as a protection where the snow drifts in deep masses; and a strong masonry arch, for 3 kilomètres, in passing the various runs of the avalanches.

'There are no exact records of the amount of snow that falls upon the Mont Cenis; but it appears that the cost of clearing it sufficiently to keep the road open for traffic is at present about 12,000 francs annually, as against 31,900 francs on the average for the St. Gothard. The cost of clearing it for the use of the railway, and the difficulties which it would occasion to railway traffic, would be small, compared with its present cost and the difficulties of the road-traffic.

'Few would, in the first instance, either contemplate or witness experiments upon such steep gradients, and round such sharp curves on the mountain-side, without a feeling that much extra risk must be incurred, and that the consequences of a fractured coupling, or a broken tyre, or a vehicle leaving the rails, would on such a line be considerably aggravated.

'But there is an element of safety in this system of locomotive working which no other railway possesses.

'The middle rail not only serves to enable the engine to surmount, and to draw its train up these gradients, but it also affords a means of applying any required amount of extra break-power for checking the speed, or for stopping any detached vehicles during the descent; and it further acts, by the use of horizontal guiding wheels on the different vehicles, as a most perfect safeguard, to prevent engines, carriages, or waggons from leaving the rails, in consequence, either of defects in the bearing-rails or of failure in any part of the rolling-stock. The safest portions of the proposed railway ought, indeed, under proper management, to be those on which, the gradients being steeper than 1 in 25, the middle rail will be employed.'

mitting;'

mitting,' he says, 'that Italian securities have fallen and are falling with a disheartening persistence, as if they were those of some South American Republic, and that if enormous deficits are to continue uninterruptedly for the next five or six years as they have for the last five, without any serious effort being made to check them, it is clear that the result must be disastrous to the country;'—he yet shows, that the Budget for 1865 presented by the present Minister of Finance, exhibits a reduction in the estimates of more than 2,000,000*l.* over the preceding year, and a reduction of the deficit from 8,280,000*l.* in 1865, to 4,000,000*l.* in 1866, even assuming that the army will not be materially reduced; but if an extensive disarmament should become possible, an equilibrium between revenue and expenditure would be immediately established. On a review of the whole financial situation it is thought that if peace should be preserved for a few years, the Italian kingdom may exhibit a debt of 250,000,000*l.* and a revenue of 30,000,000*l.* Such a financial position would not be very unsatisfactory, when the great resources and commercial spirit of the country are taken into account. The average annual taxation per head in Italy at present is only 1*l.*, whereas in Great Britain it is 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; in Holland, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; in France, 2*l.*; in Austria, 1*l.*; in Russia, 16*s.* 8*d.*; and in Spain, 1*l.* 10*s.* Italy, with its intelligent population, its roads and railways completed, and animated by the vivifying influence of free institutions, ought surely to be able to contribute to the resources of the State as much per head as Spain; in which case the public income would exceed 30,000,000*l.*, and all financial difficulties would disappear.

Although the desire to complete the kingdom of Italy by the annexation of Venetia is both strong and general, no Italian commander, we conceive, would be rash enough to venture to lead a young however spirited army, against the strongest military position in Europe occupied in force by some of the most carefully trained troops in the world.* The passionate earnestness for the acquisition of Venetia which pervades all classes, renders, we fear, any considerable reduction of the regular army of Italy for the present almost impossible; for it would be considered as almost tantamount to an abandonment of the national cause, and would produce the most serious discontent. The army is maintained in its present strength rather, we believe, to satisfy public opinion, than for any anticipated aggression upon Austria, which no statesman could

* The Italian army on the 1st of January, 1865, was composed of 251,606 men under arms, and of 130,128 absent on unlimited leave, but liable at any moment to be called to their colours; the whole giving a total of 381,735, exclusive of officers. There is also a very large force of National Guards.

seriously

seriously desire. The army in the transitional state of Italy is not, however, without an important use. General Della Marmora recently declared in his place in the Chamber, that it was not only the best school of civilisation which the country afforded, but the most intelligible symbol of Italian unity. Drawn from the various provinces, and animated by a sentiment of military honour and by a zeal for the Italian flag, the amalgamation of its ranks is now so complete that provincial dialects are rapidly disappearing in the use of a language common to all. On the other hand, Austria, it is well known, maintains that the Quadrilateral is essential to her defence;* and while neither party chooses to renounce its rights or its pretensions, both must go on ruining themselves by military expenditure.

Italy has had no independent political existence since the fall of the Roman Empire, excepting perhaps during the brief domination of its Gothic kings. 'The victim,' says the historian of the Middle Ages, 'by turns of selfish and sanguinary factions, Italy fell like a star from its place in heaven: she saw her harvests trodden down by the hoofs of the stranger, and the blood of her children wasted in quarrels not their own—a long and not unmerited retribution for the tyranny of Rome.' Notwithstanding the long political abasement of Italy the hope of its revival seems never to have been abandoned. Sismondi, in commenting upon certain popular demonstrations of his time, says that the internal dissensions by which Italy had been desolated in the Middle Ages would certainly revive whenever an attempt should be made to form a nation and to constitute a single government, and would make its political unity an impossibility. The prediction of the brilliant historian has not as yet been realised, perhaps, because the modern agencies for combination and union are stronger than any that he was accustomed to. To the attentive observer of the present state of Italy, the circumstance that is perhaps most deserving of notice and admiration is the complete abandonment of those local or provincial jealousies, which were considered as insuperable obstacles to the existence of an united Italy. From one extremity to the other of the peninsula the great, the paramount feeling is well expressed in the three words, "*Siamo tutti Italiani.*" One of the most pleasing traits connected with the reorganisation of Italy has been the restoration by the municipality of

* The reasons which seem to justify Austria in clinging so tenaciously to Venetia were ably stated in a lecture delivered at the Royal United Service Institution in 1863, by Bonamy Price, Esq. It has since been published. The recent conduct of Austria goes far to deprive her of the benefit of any argument drawn from treaty right or from public law.

Genoa to Pisa of the massive chains which once protected the entrance of that port, and which were carried off in triumph and long displayed by the Genoese as the symbol of their rival's humiliation. The moderation which has marked the political transformation of Italy, and the entire absence of all revolutionary excesses, has been in the highest degree creditable to the Italian people. The success of constitutional government has hitherto been complete, although the impulsive nature of the Italians was not calculated to render the task of ruling an easy one, or to make the transition from despotism to free institutions other than hazardous. The mass of the population may perhaps be scarcely conscious of the political dignity which their country has acquired, but they can comprehend the importance of a change which has produced a marked improvement in their material condition, and a sensible increase in the money-value of their labour. Every class and interest has in effect benefited by the transformation of Italy. The shopkeeper recognises it in the increase of his business, the agriculturist in an advance of prices, and the landed proprietor in the rise of his rents. Increased intercourse has sprung up between the provinces. The natives of the north have flocked in numbers to the south, carrying with them those habits of industry and self-reliance for which they are distinguished. Nor have the southern Italians been slow to transfer their labour to markets in which they believed they could obtain for it a higher remuneration. Turin numbered among its population at the last census twenty thousand labourers and artisans who had emigrated to it from the Neapolitan province. The municipalities and communes are everywhere bestirring themselves in the work of local improvement; schools of mining and agriculture are awakening enterprise; the universities are once more crowded with students; great ecclesiastical reforms have already been effected, and the general spirit of inquiry which has been aroused renders the position of the Papacy more precarious in the land of its origin than in any country which still bows to its authority or acquiesces in its spiritual pretensions.

The people of Italy, we believe, rejoice in the failure of the recent negotiations between the Italian Government and the Vatican, because terms were insisted upon by the Papacy which would have been quite incompatible with the independence of the Italian kingdom. And yet one might have expected that the hierarchy would have seen the expediency of making some arrangement with the Italian Government, if only with a view to its own protection, when the French shall have quitted Rome. Be this as it may, the late Ministerial Address promises to adopt

adopt measures for the abolition of monastic establishments, and the application of their property to purposes of education, charity, and local improvement, while it expresses a resolution to abstain from all overtures to Rome.

The result of the municipal elections in Florence, the new capital, is favourable to peace and order, and to the moderate party—the members returned being chosen from the principal aristocratic families, the better class of tradesmen, &c., and the Garibaldian element being excluded.

The difficulties to which the Italian kingdom is now exposed are much greater from within than from without. It is in a great degree the master of its own destinies. Nothing but its own imprudence, or a most improbable combination against its nationality, can now affect its position; but as an individual who makes undue haste to be rich often finds himself suddenly insolvent, so a nation which overtaxes its strength in an endeavour to be prematurely powerful exposes itself to the imminent danger of collapse. To consolidate what has been acquired, perfect its interior economy, and impose a prudent restraint on even its legitimate desires, is the true mode of increasing the respect and confidence of Europe. Nor, it must be acknowledged, have the statesmen of Italy hitherto failed to recognise the nature of the task before them. They have, considering the difficulties of their position, been successful in guiding their country through a dangerous crisis. They have baffled all attempts to drag it into a rash and reckless war, and to bring about a crisis pregnant with the most fatal consequences. By persevering in a policy thus successfully commenced, Italy may acquire a prosperity not unworthy of its ancient commercial importance, and a dignity suitable to the great part which it has acted in the history and civilisation of the world.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed; with a Memoir.* By the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. Second edition. London, 1864.
2. *Selections from the Poetical Works of Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.* London, 1863.

WE wish in the following pages to give some notice of two recent English poets. Whatever rank in their art may be ultimately assigned to them, they will hold a place of their own in our literature; and, meantime, they appear to us well worthy of attention, not only on account of their individual genius,

genius, but of the special direction in which the genius of each has been exercised. Both Praed and Lord Houghton have given us poems of merit which refer to past times; but it is those portions of their verse which touch on contemporary life, manners, and feelings from different points of view, that are likely to retain their names in the remembrance of Englishmen. This has been sometimes expressed by speaking of the poets as authors of *vers de société*. We shall presently attempt to find what meaning lies beneath this phrase, which is more convenient than definite. But what we have now said may form our excuse for bringing under one notice men of such marked diversities, both in gift and in temperament.

Praed's life, (to begin with the poet no longer among us), has been sketched by Mr. Derwent Coleridge. His elegant (if not very powerful) memoir accompanies the first English edition of Praed's collected poems, or rather of that portion which it has been hitherto deemed expedient to collect. The sketch and the collection have the peculiar merits, and naturally exhibit some of the defects, which mark a labour of love performed by friends and relations for the honoured dead. But to these points we shall return:—adding only that it is to be remembered that the years of Praed's life which were most marked by literary activity lie already far behind us, and that a sentiment which we regret, but can only regret, has prevented the use of his own letters as illustrations of the biography. We think, however, that the recollections of Praed preserved by those yet living, (which on some points appear not altogether in harmony with Mr. Coleridge's sketch), should have been more freely appealed to. The account of his political career would also have received greater point by the insertion of a little more detail on Praed's work in the House of Commons, and by a judicious selection from the party squibs to which it will, probably, be useless now to invite public attention, if printed *in extenso*.

Of Praed's political promise or performance we do not intend to speak here at length. He had attained, at the time of his early death, a position which might naturally have been expected to lead to great eminence and distinction in his vocation of politics. For Praed, like Canning, was tempted from poetry by law and the House of Commons. Literature to him, we read, 'was but an occasional diversion, which called him away from more serious pursuits.' Such a man, one feels, is not a 'born poet,' a poet by the deliberate choice of his heart. Praed's gifts, in fact, as is shown by his own preference
for

for politics, were, on the whole, of what is commonly called the 'practical' order. Even his verses bear this character strongly marked; consisting largely of charades, poems written for prizes or on sportively-suggested themes, political banter, and the like. In a word, they are what in the last century were known as 'occasional verses,' and it must be frankly owned that too many of those printed by the profuse—we had almost said the impious—piety of the biographer, (who has made himself partly responsible for this impression by admitting much that weakens the sense of *Praed's* genuine poetical power), do not rise above the level of the occasion. We may be reminded that Goethe, in one of those conversations with his youthful friend Eckermann, which, on the whole, exhibit the great poet in the most human and pleasing light, condemned the ambition of originality and epic writing, and bade the younger generation of German singers back to 'occasional poetry.' But by Goethe's phrase we must understand, not the verses which make a facile rhymers one of the valuable men of his time in rendering society pleasant, real as is the merit of one who does so; but rather those verses which, based on real incidents in his own life, and not drawn from nature at second-hand, flow from the soul of some genuine poet, until what were trifles light as air become joys for ever. Catullus, Burns, Goethe himself when he is most delightfully Goethe, Heine when he touches our hearts as well as our intellects, Shelley wherever he is intelligible, Wordsworth when we wish for more of him,—all are examples. But it is impossible to class with 'occasional poetry' in this sense *Praed's* two prize poems, which, (*pace* Mr. Coleridge), if indeed they 'rise far above the ordinary level,' can only be held as additional proofs that the world is right in assigning no place whatever in poetry to such compositions, although the production of them may have its own value as an academical exercise. And under this sentence we would include some fifty pages of charades in verse,—a horrible perversion of poetry ranking with the wings and altars which found favour in the bad days of literature. It is inconceivable that a man of *Praed's* sense, and of his sense of humour, would have allowed these metrical exercises, with his boyish lines, college translations, and valentines, to be reprinted during his lifetime; and, although an author's own judgment on such matters may sometimes err in excess of modesty or sensitiveness, yet the posthumous editor can hardly be too careful in subordinating the interest which he naturally feels in his friend, to the more impartial estimate of those who never 'saw Virgil.' Happy the ancient poets, we say, with those of modern days who left no manuscripts behind, to be thumbed by the relic-hunter, or, (worse fate),

fate), published by the biographer! Few men are so immortal that the world cannot afford to lose, not one, but many drops of them. In short, had this collection been one-sixth of its size, we should have anticipated for it (what it would well deserve) a far more than sixfold duration.

Praed, who appears to have been the most brilliant boy of his time during a brilliant period of Eton, and who held a first place at Cambridge even against the powerful competition of contemporaries, amongst whom — besides Macaulay — Moultrie, Sidney Walker, and others, are known to fame, early began to practise several styles; that by which he seems to have been most known in his own time being best represented by his 'Lillian,' 'Troubadour,' (published in Knight's 'Quarterly Magazine'), with two or three German legends, and the shorter 'Red Fisherman.' There is a grotesque power about the last poem which gives it a hold on the memory, although the touches of fun, (it hardly amounts to humour), characteristic of Praed's best-known verse, are rather awkwardly brought in, and do not contrast happily with the sombre and sulphurous tone of the piece; — reminding us of the forced grins of a man in bodily pain. Take the description of the hell-pool by which the abbot is standing: —

'The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood:
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul,
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;
*The water was as dark and rank
As ever a Company pumped,*
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped.'

In the choice of these subjects Praed was obviously influenced by Sir Walter Scott, as the style of his smaller songs is similarly an echo from Byron, as reflected in Moore, Haynes Bayly, and other facile pens of that period. Throughout they exhibit a remarkable fluency of language, and quickness in verse, with many strokes of truthful observation; yet the effect of the longer poems is wearisome. Even the bright and abundant fancy with which he has been justly credited, does not conceal from us that, when attempting to deal with chivalrous themes, or stories of mediæval romance and passion, Praed rarely rises above an ingenious but mechanical reproduction of the thoughts of stronger men. The materials are put together neatly enough; but there is no poetical fusion into a whole, no sign of creative fire: — much glitter, but little warmth.

We

We doubt also whether the fluency and smoothness of the verse, (eminently suited as these qualities are for the style in which Praed won his more durable, his authentic, laurels), be not rather gifts to be deprecated in anything which aims at the character of poetry, strictly speaking:—nay, they are rather ‘notes,’ as theologians say, of

‘The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,’

whose labours we do not undervalue; only we must not give them the name proper for the works of a Milton or a Sophocles. Roughness itself, opposed as it is to the genius of song, is not more opposed than that ‘false gallop of verse,’ as Touchstone called it, of which an exquisite Essayist of Praed’s own time remarked, ‘*Smoothness abounds in all small poets, as sweetness does in the greater.*’* We take a specimen from the ‘Legend of the Drachenfels,’ as this, written in 1829, (when the author was twenty-seven), and retouched eight years later, may be held to represent his idea of poetry more fairly than the ‘Lillian.’ It is the crisis of the story, where the dragon of the river darts upon the heroine, and, (as may be guessed), is to be foiled by the sign of the Cross.

‘The day was gone, but it was not night :
 Whither so suddenly fled the light ?
 Nature seemed sick with a sore disease ;
 Over her hills and streams and trees
 Unnatural darkness fell ;
 The earth and the heavens, the river and shore
 In the lurid mist were seen no more ;
 And the voice of the mountain monster rose,
 As he lifted him up from his noontide repose,
 First in a hiss, and then in a cry,
 And then in a yell that shook the sky ;
 The eagle from high fell down to die
 At the sound of that mighty yell !
 From his wide jaws broke, as in wrath he woke,
 Scalding torrents of sulphurous smoke,
 And crackling coals in mad ascent
 As from a red volcano went,
 And flames, like the flames of hell ;
 But his scream of fury waxed more shrill,
 When on the peak of the blasted hill
 He saw his victim bound :
 Forth the Devourer, scale by scale,

* Leigh Hunt : ‘Imagination and Fancy.’

Unveiled the folds of his steel-proof mail
 Stretching his throat, and stretching his tail,
 And hither and thither rolling him o'er,
 Till he covered fourscore feet and four
 Of the wearied and wailing ground :
 And at last he raised from his stony bed
 The horrors of his speckled head ;
 Up like a comet the meteor went
 And seemed to shake the firmament
 And batter heaven's own walls !'

With all its cleverness and ease, writing of this kind has a tinsel ring about it:—an air of artificial diablerie, and what one might almost call pasteboard picturesqueness. It is like the famous Incantation Scene of the 'Freischütz,' with Weber's music omitted. It is, in fact, the echo which a brilliant *improvisatore* could produce when poetry such as Scott's 'Lady' or Byron's 'Siege of Corinth' (in which Time has long since brought to light some false notes amongst many that come from the heart) was in the ascendant. But we cannot persuade ourselves that,—under the circumstances of its composition,—this and similar pieces promised success to the author in the romantic style of poetry.

We do not mean that so accomplished a man as Praed, whose delicacy and warmth of nature are also vouched for by those who knew him, could not strike, at times, far less artificial strings than those of his Troubadour lyre: or that refined and living touches do not occur even in his undergraduate romances. Some lines written in his last illness have been quoted by the newspapers; let us here present a very graceful child's portrait. If not equal to Reynolds in his tender intensity, or Gainsborough in his exquisite naturalness, it is worthy to rank with the best of those charmingly coquettish infants whom Lawrence painted during the writer's lifetime. The last lines especially exhibit what is very rare in Praed,—an epigrammatic point in which humour is united with beauty.

Sketch of a young Lady, five months old.

'My pretty, budding, breathing Flower,
 Methinks if I to-morrow
 Could manage, just for half an hour,
 Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,
 I might immortalise a few
 Of all the myriad graces
 Which Time, while yet they all are new,
 With newer still replaces.

Rd

I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,
 Their quick and earnest flashes ;
 I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,
 The fringe of long dark lashes ;
 I'd draw with most fastidious care
 One eyebrow, then the other,
 And that fair forehead, broad and fair,
 The forehead of your mother.
 I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek
 Where health in sunshine dances ;
 And oft the pouting lips, where speak
 A thousand voiceless fancies ;
 And the soft neck would keep me long,
 —The neck, more smooth and snowy
 Than ever yet in schoolboy's song
 Had Caroline or Chloe.
 Nor less on those twin rounded arms
 My new-found skill would linger,
 Nor less upon the rosy charms
 Of every tiny finger ;
 Nor slight the small feet, little one ;
 So prematurely clever
 That, though they neither walk nor run,
 I think they'd jump for ever.
 But then your odd endearing ways
 What study e'er could catch them !
 Your aimless gestures, aimless plays,
 What canvass e'er could match them ?
 Your lively leap of merriment,
 Your murmur of petition,
 Your serious silence of content,
 Your laugh of recognition.
 Here were a puzzling toil, indeed,
 For Art's most fine creations !—
 Grow on, sweet baby ; we will need,
 To note your transformations,
 No picture of your form or face,
 Your waking or your sleeping,
 But that which we shall daily trace,
 And trust to Memory's keeping.
 Hereafter, when revolving years
 Have made you tall and twenty,
 And brought you blended hopes and fears
 And sighs and slaves in plenty,—
 May those who watch our little saint
 Among her tasks and duties,
 Feel all her virtues hard to paint,
 As we now deem her beauties.'

1836.

We should have added some stanzas, named 'The light-o'-love,' not less perfect in their way, from the American edition; but as they do not appear in the English, we suppose them to be by Præd's *collaborateur* Mr. Fitzgerald. This writer, more powerful than Præd, if in some senses less refined, seems to have hitherto lost his chance of popularity from want of a judicious collector.*

We now turn to those pieces in which Præd's individuality expresses itself most truly and pleasantly; those by which he is likely to be remembered, and to which we accordingly wish that the volume had been confined. Some of these have found their way into collections, and have been long popular. Light, polished, and brilliant, such poems as Præd's 'Belle of the Ball,' or 'Letter of Advice,' sparkle like gems upon the fingers of Beauty. They are not to be worn every day, like the jewels of a Burns or a Wordsworth; they are for hours of festive vivacity; they have a *boudoir* elegance and propriety; the light under which they shine most exquisitely is not sunlight. These peculiarities, if they limit them, give them also their special place in our literature. There is nothing exactly like them in the union of so much grace and spirit with subjects never touching upon the deeper, hardly even upon the universal aspects of life; their field being confined (we might say), with rare exceptions, to those feelings and interests which affect young persons in the upper classes about to marry. We quote one of the most characteristic:—

Good night to the Season.

'So runs the world away.'—*Hamlet*.

'Good night to the Season! 'Tis over!
 Gay dwellings no longer are gay,
 The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
 Are scattered like swallows away:
 There's nobody left to invite one
 Except my good uncle and spouse;
 My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
 My patron is sailing at Cowes:

* Let us here press upon the editors of Præd the importance of clearly distinguishing, in future impressions, between those pieces which are authentically proved to be his, and those which, (apparently), they have ascribed to him on what, no doubt, are solid, though in some degree inferential reasons. That they should reduce the bulk of the collection (as we have before hinted) by at least three-fourths, and give us simply what,—as containing the real spirit of the author, —would perpetuate his fame, can only be the subject of an unavailing wish, though one prompted by sincere respect for Præd's genius. But, '*semel emissum volat irrevocabile*'—*volumen*.

For want of a better employment,
Till Ponto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment
And angle immensely for trout.

* * * * *

Good night to the Season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at Beauties,
The tedium of talking to Mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane;
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

* * * * *

Good night to the Season!—the Toso
So very majestic and tall;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so-so,
And Pasta, divinest of all;
The labour-in-vain of the ballet
So sadly deficient in stars;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Inhaling the breath of cigars;
The *loge* where some heiress (how killing!)
Environed with exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of her drilling,
The silly ones out of their wits.

Good night to the Season!—the splendour
That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar;
Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
A card-case, a pasteboard guitar,
A bottle of perfume, a girdle,
A lithographed Riego, full-grown,
Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle
That artists might draw him on stone;
A small panorama of Seville,
A trap for demolishing flies,
A caricature of the Devil,
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good night to the Season!—the flowers
Of the grand Horticultural Fête,
When boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was—not to be late;

When all who had money and leisure
 Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
 All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
 All hungrily pining for pines,
 And making of beautiful speeches,
 And marring of beautiful shows,
 And feeding on delicate peaches,
 And treading on delicate toes.

Good night to the Season!—Another
 Will come with its trifles and toys,
 And hurry away, like its brother,
 In sunshine, and odour, and noise.
 Will it come with a rose or a brier?
 Will it come with a blessing or curse?
 Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
 Will its morals be better or worse?
 Will it find me grown thinner or fatter
 Or fonder of wrong or of right,
 Or married or buried?—no matter;
 Good night to the Season!—good night!

1827.

Admirable as this is in its way, it is impossible not to feel here how much we are within the ball-room,—at least within the ornamental,—view of life; how much of the effect of the picture depends upon little temporary touches: 'the Toso,' 'Riego,' already these points require a commentary;—whilst even 'Miss Sheridan's eyes' may at last (we fear) be almost in need of explanation. And when the poem is unintelligible without explanation, the peculiar *bouquet* and spirit will have partly quitted it. A certain want of force is visible in Praed's more serious or romantic verses; there is something of the *petit maître* about him, as there is about the delightful painter Watteau, to whom we have seen him compared. Hence, whilst recognising that he is entitled to rank among our first masters in the art of *vers de société*, we should be disposed to question the claim to *supremacy* which has been made on his behalf. Praed may fairly be classed with Prior in point of grace, but we cannot put his touch above the author of 'Alma' in that lightness and smartness—ease in a word—which are proper to this style: whilst in point of force he cannot be named in conjunction with the terrible irony, the half-insane and fearful humour, the gigantic command of the loathsome possessed by—or which, indeed, may be rather said to have possessed, as with a demoniac inspiration,—the awful Dean of St. Patrick's. What Praed has in a higher degree than perhaps any of his predecessors are rather qualities the predominance of which is never

never more justly popular than when they are found in his style of writing,—elegant smoothness, and tasteful moderation. More truly than any one else we know of, he knows what colours will suit, and where to stop. Hence he succeeds admirably in playful malice; Leech should have illustrated the book; whilst we should reserve the tragic grotesqueness of Cruikshank for Hood, and ‘humorous Hogart’ (it is so that Swift styles him) for the author of ‘The Legion Club’ and ‘Strephon.’ Both Prior and Swift, on the other hand,—and the latter, no doubt, in compensation for that repulsively-powerful vein of mind which too often marks him,—have a strange sweet melody about them, the more impressive, perhaps, from its contrast with their light and mocking humour. Praed is more equal, but also more even and mechanical in his thoughts and in their expression: he produces his peculiar effects by the juxtaposition of a slightly sentimental with a slightly facetious idea:—and this, clever as it is, partakes of the nature of trick, and may pall upon the reader, unless when managed with great skill and reserve.

‘The lords and ladies were making love
And the clowns were making hay:’—

or again:—

‘A plain young man,—a plain gold ring—’

are examples of Praed’s mannerism. The older writers in his style reach their effects, if not so often, yet with less obvious verbal effort. Take Prior’s verses to a ‘Child of Quality,’—which exemplify also the greater largeness,—the less temporary range of his thought;—a quality which, like the more powerful satire on politics or manners that constantly breaks through the playfulness of Swift, seems to us to give them an air of distinction wanting to Praed, who rarely rises above the dignity of the drawing-room:—

To a Child of Quality, five years old, 1704: the author then forty.

‘Lords, knights, and ’squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary’s fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passion by their letters,
My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes (that cannot read)
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey’d.
Nor quality, nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell!
Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write—till she can spell.

For,

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
 With all the tender things I swear,—
 Whilst all the house my passion reads
 In papers round her baby's * hair;—
 She may receive and own my flame :
 For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
 She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
 And I for an unhappy poet.
 Then too, alas ! when she shall tear
 The lines some younger rival sends,
 She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
 And we shall still continue friends :—
 For, as our different ages move
 'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it !),
 That I shall be past making love,
 When she begins to comprehend it.'

Now turn to Swift, of whom we give examples to illustrate his command of pathos and of satire in 'occasional verse.' The 'great' Duke of Marlborough is the subject of the first :—

Satirical Elegy on the Death of a late famous General.

'His Grace ! impossible ! what, dead !
 Of old age too, and in his bed !
 And could that mighty warrior fall,
 And so inglorious, after all !
 —Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
 The last loud trump must wake him now ;
 And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer !
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the newspapers we're told ?
 Threescore, I think, is pretty high ;
 'Twas time, in conscience, he should die !
 This world he cumber'd long enough,
 He burnt his candle to the snuff,
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind *so great a s—k*.
 Behold ! his funeral appears ;
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse :
 But what of that ? his friends may say,—
He had those honours in his day !'

* Oldfashioned for doll's: perhaps still used in Scotland:—'Haud your tongue, Miss Menie, and I'll soon mend the baby's face,' says the old nurse in the 'Surgeon's Daughter.'

Stella's Birthday ; March 13, 1726.

'This day, whate'er the Fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with joy by me.
 This day then let it not be told
 That you are sick, and I grown old,
 Nor think on your approaching ills,
 And talk of spectacles and frills:
 To-morrow will be time enough
 To hear such mortifying stuff.
 Yet since from reason may be brought
 A better and more pleasing thought,
 Which can, in spite of all decays,
 Support a few remaining days,—
 From not the gravest of divines
 Accept for once some serious lines!

Believe me, Stella, when you show
 That true contempt for things below,
 Nor prize your life for other ends
 Than merely to oblige your friends;
 Your former actions claim their part
 And join to fortify your heart.
 For Virtue, in her daily race,
 Like Janus, bears a double face;
 Looks back with joy where she has gone,
 And therefore goes with courage on:
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.

O then,—whatever Heaven intends,—
 Take pity on your pitying friends!
 Nor let your ills affect your mind
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your suffering share,
 Or give my scrap of life to you
 And think it far beneath your due,—
 You, to whose care so oft I owe
 That I'm alive to tell you so.'

Perhaps it will here be said that some of the poems, named above or quoted, exceed the limits of *vers de société*, and that the comparison is unfair to Praed. It would, indeed, be so, if we were to take the phrase literally, and confine it to poetry which seeks its subject in 'society,' used in the conventional sense. Balls and picnics, the season and the seaside, flirtation and marriage-settlements, would then form the proper field of the versifier; and Praed would unanimously be recognised as *facile princeps* in his style. But we apprehend that the restriction

tion would not really be accepted by those who have written admiringly of this kind of composition. No one would wish to exclude either Swift's 'Lines to Stella,' or Præd's own 'Lillian,' from the class of *vers de société*. Hence we must now extend the name a little. *Vers de société*, to include all that seems naturally to fall under the title, will be poetry in which creative imagination, passions lying deep in human nature, scenes of universal interest, with whatever tends to break through *boudoir-decorum*, and requires a stronger attention than can be given during the intervals of fireside talk, will be generally out of place; poetry, not of that absorbing character which calls for solitude and study for its enjoyment, and, as Charles Lamb said of Milton, should 'have a grace said before it;'—poetry, in short, intermediate between the poetry of Shakspeare or Shelley, and prose.

It may be thought that the species of verse before us is reduced thus to a comparatively low level. Horace's famous lines may be quoted, or, as we should contend, misquoted against us. Is not this, (it might be argued), that mediocre poetry which *neither gods* (critics, of course), *nor men, nor booksellers, can put up with?* But such is far from our intention. Poetry, as Coleridge observed, is antithetical, not to prose, but to science. And pure science has its place in literature, to be found in those books which, like Euclid's 'Elements,' or the System of Linnæus, are simply records of ascertained natural law or natural phenomena. The name prose is almost inapplicable to them; they are often as much written in diagrams as in words. Prose pure, wherein the way in which the matter is set forth, is not less considered by the writer than the matter itself, comes next in the gradations of literature. Such prose is of every degree in merit, from the careless, irregular, style in which nineteenth-century English contemporary works are composed, or the inartistic heaviness too frequent in German, to the exquisite completeness, the clear-as-crystal arrangement and diction which have made modern French the international or cosmopolitan language,—as German is the language of the philosopher, and our own of the imperial race.

Undoubtedly at the head of the series,—by virtue at once of its greater thoroughness in art, of its concise and rememberable mode of putting thought or narrative, and of its sensuous hold upon human feeling; in a word, as the organ of the highest and most enduring pleasure,—will be poetry,—poetry in the sense of Homer, Dante, or Shakspeare. But there is much that their higher Muses cannot or will not efficiently deal with, which yet deserves, and gains by metrical form and that more imaginative

native treatment which metrical form permits. High poetry cannot give that minuteness of narrative detail which is so delightful in Miss Austen or Walter Scott. What it does give,—Tennyson's 'Maud' may be named as one of our choicest instances,—is indeed the most concentrated and valuable detail; but if it attempts more, the poem invariably loses caste, and falls at once into the prosaic. Great as Wordsworth is, he has not escaped,—nay, he has often lapsed before the danger. There is a sense in which the high imagination is too unbending, (although *unbending* is not the right word), too impatient, perhaps, for the representation of multitudinous fact. It is too elevated, also, not indeed for the smallest feelings or ways of real life, but for those which belong essentially to the life of civilised man,—especially that most conventionalised portion of it which is expressed by 'society.' Lamentable as the confession may be, we are bound to make it:—Except satirically (when the idea is to point out that the thing is unpoetical), as in some of the indignant phrases of 'Maud,' Poetry pure can hardly enter a 'good' house, or join in a valse;—she can *accept* kid gloves and tarlatan, suppers and dowagers, but in silence only; if she has to speak of them, it is too likely to be with something of the white and serene scorn which might wreath the lips of the Praxitelean Aphrodite. Next minute, perhaps, she will be seen talking, as friend with friend, to the Shepherd Michael on the hillside over Grasmere, or to Enoch Arden on his southern island, or to Robert Browning's poet in the Spanish town, whose coat was threadbare and shiny, who came

'On the main promenade, just at the wrong time,'
and died at last in perfectly decent and perfectly unpicturesque poverty.*

And what a different note from that of the *vers de société* does the Muse strike when it is of her own subjects that she is singing!

'Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin; and somewhat loudly sweep the string:'

or,—

'When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past:'

* Let us here, as space allows no more at present, draw attention to the lately published 'Atalanta in Calydon,' by Mr. Algernon Swinburne, as the most recent attempt in English literature within the precincts of what we have called the 'higher Muse.'

or,

or, once more, in her 'own ownest' tongue,—

‘Ἀναξίφορμιγγες ἔμνοι
τίνα θεόν, τίν’ ἥρωα, τίνα δ’ ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν;’

alas! these are no echoes from the ballroom; no strains which can be set to a three-time *motif* by the great Strauss, however perfumed and fashionable. In short, the Muse of lofty look and high imagination, despite her long robe and classical sandals, is not (you see) by any means at home in the right set. She has a wide range, indeed, and can sing of a god, or a hero, (not a novelist's hero, however), or a man; but he must be ‘man,’ simple,—not merely cultivated man, or ‘senator,’ or *belle* at a *thé dansant*, or young person thoroughly ‘as he ought to be.’

‘—Nos alio mentes, alio divisimus aures:
Jure igitur vincemur!’

Are we then to judge Poetry incapable, or civilization in the wrong? Poets have too often decided for the latter; not only declining to put the common incidents of their own or their contemporaries' lives into their verse, but speaking of the present as an essentially unpoetical age. Thus we see Scott, Byron, Wordsworth (to take men who had average experience of society), each flying from his own personality and class, and seeking subjects in the middle ages, in Turkey, or among the Westmorland ‘statesmen;’ or, if they touch on contemporary social ways, painting them with the stoical half-contempt of the ‘Excursion,’ or the wrathful wit of ‘Don Juan.’ Possibly the dominant genius of these great men,—great with whatever limitations truth must allow in each instance,—may have rendered such a tone inevitable.

‘I have not loved the world, nor the world me:’

‘—Great God! I'd rather be

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn:’—

Such may be the proper moral with which the imaginative mind must sum up its experiences:—yet there is much that the world may plead in its own favour. When we have recognised, ever so frankly, the grandeur of the naked passions of ruder ages, the simple nobleness of poverty, the enduring and transcendent charm of those spheres of action and of thought which ‘the vision and the faculty’ are wont, by Divine privilege, to unveil to us,—our own life, with its own ways, feelings, and incidents, will assert its claim, and even call sometimes on the Muse to quit those more distant, if more lofty, regions, interpret the present to itself, and give civilised society its share also in poetry.

Here,

Here, then, we should look for the field of that species of poetry which will range, as we said above, next to prose. All those aspects of contemporary life which are too immediate, or too temporary, or too nearly allied to the artificial and the conventional, for the exercise of the higher imagination, the severer forms of poetry proper, will fall to that mode of composition which has sometimes been called *vers de société*, or *occasional*, or *minor*, but which, if it were convenient to fix upon a single name, we might perhaps name simply Verse. Poetry; Verse; Prose; Science; these will then embrace the whole cycle of Literature, — Science being here used, of course, in the sense before indicated, as the written record of facts without any further aim than that of affording or preserving information. Leaving then all comparison between these several orders of literature, it requires no long argument to show the importance of the functions fulfilled by that which we have named Verse. The indication already given of them appears to us sufficient in itself to prove that writing of this nature has its own fit place, and to disarm those arguments which would rank it as second-rate, and therefore condemnable or contemptible. Life has not so many pure and elevating pleasures, that we can afford to miss one of them.

We wish that space permitted us to pursue the history of Verse, in the larger signification claimed for it, in England. A few of the specimens already quoted have been taken from the last century, when writing of this kind abounded, which is now (in our judgment) very much less known than it should be. So great is the *concentrating* power of poetical form, so much, even when engaged on what is more or less fugitive and trivial, does it eliminate the pettiness of its subject, so vivid is the picture which it is thus enabled to stamp on the mind, that we venture to put Verse, in real interest, above all prose but that of the first or most imaginative quality. Those who have read, and read for a second time with increasing pleasure, that vast series of the unjustly-depreciated English poets who lived between Dryden and Cowper, know with how strange and delightful a clearness the common ways and thoughts and fashions of our own ancestors and predecessors revive before us; how much good sense, and acute observation, and strokes of real beauty, are walled up, as it were, in the collections of Johnson and Chalmers, not to speak of the anthologies of Southey, Peartch, Dodsley, and many others; with how much more invigorated a mind we rise from an hour with these verse-writers, than from reading all but the hundredth among every ninety-nine of the 'books of the season.' Poetry has its 'schools' and its 'imitators,'

no

no doubt; yet it is singular how far less than in prose are we affronted and wearied by that pouring from one cup into another, that dead want of originality, which is the bane of our present prose literature.

Before quitting the eighteenth century, let us note that (according to the classification here suggested) by far the finest example of Verse that English literature presents will be found,—not in Swift or Prior, great as they were, in Praed or Hood or the ‘Antijacobin,’—but in Pope’s ‘Rape of the Lock.’ And it may be added, as a mere hint thrown out in faint hope that some one may be willing to undertake the labour of writing at least one chapter in our neglected literary history, that English Verse, in its earliest form, is to be looked for amongst the anthologies of the period from Edward VI. to James I. It has there a pastoral, occasionally a moral character, verging more and more, as politics became prominent in the national mind, on satire:—the larger part of which falls strictly within our definition of Verse. Herrick may be said to mark the boundary between the first and the second period. Many of his graceful little poems are quite ‘occasional’ in character. The school which follows is best known, or perhaps we should say, more commonly recognised as that in which *vers de société* became prominent. Through Waller, Cowley, and much of Dryden, it leads us to Queen Anne and the poets already dwelt on. This was the age when to throw every-day sentiments and words into light verse was esteemed a gentlemanly accomplishment; an age now (as we have said) unfairly decried. We only wish that there were more gentlemen among us who ‘wrote with ease,’ or anything like it! Verse in that century, like music in the sixteenth, reckoned as the natural accomplishment of people ‘comme il faut;’ the quantity produced, as we have said, was immense; nay, it is not to be denied that this form of literature at last overflowed, and that something like the stern protest of Wordsworth, or the fiery onslaught of Byron, was necessary to reinstate Poetry upon her proper throne among us. How nobly, in Cowper and Burns, she ascended that throne, we have tried to paint in a former paper; how long and how splendidly she held it, may be a fit subject for future writing. We resume to our proper task.

Praed’s style, both in his romantic and his every-day vein, was manifestly formed upon Scott and Byron, Moore and Heber. He represents thus the influences of the earlier part of this century; before the deeper melodies of Coleridge and Shelley, the less artificial language of Wordsworth, the colour and profusion of Keats were known; whilst, also, the greater liveliness and clearness in expression which mark the writers named

as

as Praed's models were required from poetry. Lord Houghton, who may be regarded as having in several ways taken up and carried on the poetical work of Praed, enjoyed the better fortune of growing up during the years when the more imaginative and richer poets had obtained the tardy recognition which waits upon more original gifts. It is also known that Mr. Monckton Milnes, whilst at Cambridge, was among that distinguished band of students, one of whom left a promise of future greatness such as youth can rarely give, whilst another consecrated his friend's memory in a series of elegiac poems which stands alone in our literature. Fortunate in the friendship of Arthur Hallam and of Alfred Tennyson, with others whose names will occur to some of our readers, and himself (it may be added) descended from families where intellect was held in honour, Lord Houghton affords one more proof of a truth which, though overwhelmingly proved by the history of poetry from the earliest ages, strangely needs to be reiterated in these days of the boasts of science and the glorification of the 'self-taught';—the truth that the highest and widest literary cultivation of his time is essential, if a poet is to do full justice to his gift. Granting, of course, the existence of an original or instinctive genius, nintenths of success in all the Fine Arts are demonstrably due to education,—education in the Oxford and Cambridge sense, old-fashioned, conventional, literary, classical, limited, if you will:—Lay on and spare not . . . but it is this which has given us England's poetry! Shakspeare, always exceptional, is the one just possible exception. But we will return to this question briefly at the close of the paper.

Having profited by these great advantages, Lord Houghton seems to have set himself from the first to the endeavour to throw into verse the emotions and the thoughts which society (in a less limited signification than Praed's) suggests to a cultivated man, who is himself an actor in what he describes. The experiences of foreign travel, the reminiscences of personal friends, viewed always in a similar frame of sentiment, may be added. We may here recall those limitations which have been noticed as attaching to verse thus conceived of. Deeper feelings and thoughts occur, indeed, in Lord Houghton's poetry than in Praed's; and he has, here and there, not been unwilling to give them expression; but in general he avoids more than a subdued rendering of the moment chosen. It is often rather a meditative echo of thought or passion which he presents, than a lyrical reproduction of them: he sets them to music, as people set Shelley or Tennyson, more rarely creating them again, as it were, in a song, as Beethoven did with Goethe's 'Egmont.'

Poetry

Poetry of the high imaginative kind might be thought of, (for illustration's sake), as a soliloquy; at most, as a dialogue between the poet and his reader. But Verse, as we have tried to define it, addresses itself rather to a circle of sympathetic friends, or to hearers harmonised in tone by the moderation and reserve which are a note of refined society. The larger portion of the selection which Lord Houghton has issued looks to such for its fit audience. Leaving the humorous side of life, which found an interpreter in Praed, Moore, Hood, and Byron occasionally, (but far most powerfully in Byron when he chose), the collection before us deals with the more emotional elements in English life, or those which invite reflection upon the contrasts of existence in the minds of cultivated men. What we move among are not the great elementary passions, but the more complex or subtle forms which they take under the sophisticating influences, as Lear might have named them, of civilization. Yet Lord Houghton's verse is singularly free,—whether in subject or in diction,—from the merely artificial colours of society, from painting fashion or frivolity. The notes of the world's great lyrical singers have a greater compass; but within the range adopted, —and it is no small range—Lord Houghton's are true notes: and he never strains them. There is a pervading tone of elegance; an entire freedom from affectation; the finish of a writer who knows the best models, and has put all he can into his work before leaving it. We might apply to his poetical aim the graceful words ascribed to the youthful Virgil:—

‘*Si laudem adspirare, humilis si adire camenas,
si patrio Graios carmine adire sales
possumus, optatis plus jam procedimus ipsis:
hoc satis est! . . .*’

A large number of pictures are thus presented from that experience which we all recognise, but which had not been put into verse, or not put so well, before. Such are the contrasted situations in the two poems following:—

‘They seemed to those who saw them meet,
The worldly friends of every day;
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.
But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and tame
Would struggle like a captured bird:
And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blistered with repeated tears—
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years!’

Alas

Alas that Love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas that they delayed so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!
Yet what no chance could then reveal
And neither would be first to own,
Let Fate and Courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.'

'The words that trembled on your lips
Were uttered not,—I knew it well!
The tears that would your eyes eclipse
Were checked and smothered ere they fell;
The looks and smiles I gained from you
Were little more than others won. . . .
And yet you are not wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.
You know,—at least you might have known—
That every little grace you gave,
Your voice's somewhat lowered tone,
Your hand's first shake or parting wave,
Your every sympathetic look
At words that chanced your soul to touch
While reading from some favourite book,—
Was much to me—alas! how much!
You might have seen—perhaps you saw—
How all of these were steps of hope
On which I rose, in joy and awe,
Up to my passion's lofty scope:
How, after each, a firmer tread
I planted on the slippery ground,
And higher raised my venturous head
And ever new assurance found.
—May be, without a further thought,
It only pleased you thus to please;
And so to kindly feelings wrought
You measured not the sweet degrees:—
Yet, though you hardly understood
Where I was following at your call,
You might—I dare to say you should!—
Have thought, how far I had to fall.
And thus when, fallen, faint, and bruised,
I see another's glad success,
I may have wrongfully accused
Your heart of vulgar fickleness:—

But

But even now, in calm review
 Of all I lost and all I won,
 I cannot deem you wholly true,
 Nor wholly just what you have done.'

Friendship in its different phases; tributary memorials to the dead, of which those 'Arthur and Ellen Hallam' and 'Mrs. Edward Denison,' strike us as the most tender and effective; a very graceful recollection of childhood, 'The Barren Hill,' and analogous themes, fill the first, and as we think, the most characteristic portion of the volume. There seems to us a too frequent recurrence to a strain which is not so much melancholy, as regretful; the contrast between youth and age is brought oftener than needful, oftener at least than is agreeable, before our eyes. We owe indeed to this one of the writer's best pieces, 'Second Childhood;' and we know how many poets, from Mimmermus downward, have touched on the theme successfully; but they were either the poets of sensuous gaiety, or else treated the inevitable flight of youth with a more intense seriousness. A gracious thoughtfulness might be named the characteristic quality of Lord Houghton's verse, as a winning and elegant playfulness is of Praed's; hence they satisfy less when they quit their own spheres, and move, Praed into the romantic legend, Milnes into the description of foreign scenes or into narrative incidents, in all of which the writer must be of a dramatic turn, or capable of the deeply imaginative word-painting of a Wordsworth, a Shelley, or a Keats, to vivify his material. Yet it is just to add that in the Houghton gallery of Eastern life occur many graceful sketches; and where the writer turns from his too charitable attempts to idealise the coarse materialism of Mahometan Turkey to the better and purer world of ancient Hellas, the 'larger air' of that immortal period which did so much for mankind, the 'Garden of the Soul,' as he justly names it, is felt at once in his verse. We quote a remarkable sonnet on what Lord Houghton terms the 'Concentration of Athens;' in which he anticipates in a few words the line of thought taken by Mr. Grote in his noble History, and by Mr. Freeman in that valuable recent contribution to the history of Federal Governments, which has not yet reached its due estimation in our light-literature-loving age:—

'Why should we wonder that from such small space
 Of earth so much of human strength upgrew,
 When thus were woven bonds that tighter drew
 Round the Athenian heart than faith or race?

Thus

Thus patriotism could each soul imbue
 With personal affections, face to face,
 And home was felt in every public place,
 And brotherhood was never rare or new.
 Thus Wisdom, from her neighbouring Parthenon,
 Down on the Areopagus could fix
 A watchful gaze : Thus from the rising Pnyx
 The Orator's inspiring voice could reach
 Half o'er the city, and his solemn speech
 Was as a father's counsel to his son.'

The most successful of Lord Houghton's narratives appears to us the one which closes his volume. Under the title 'The Northern Knight in Italy,' this recounts that famous legend of the Middle Ages which sets forth, with a vigour and an indifference to orthodox sentiment highly refreshing to those wearied by the stupid marvels and monastic morality of the ill-named 'Golden Legend,' the great conflict between the Old and the New Religions as it then presented itself to men's minds: Paganism in its sensuous phase, and the triumph of a too-ascetic Christianity. The Christian warrior Tannhäuser, wandering astray into a wild wood, is gradually drawn into the temple of Venus. There, under the magic influence of reviving faith, the image is reanimated with life; the ruined sanctuary blazes once more in the purple light of its august loveliness; song and flowers and beauty awake from the sleep of ages; the Goddess reasserts herself; and then But we must refer the curious to Heine's narrative for the ancient conclusion of the legend, which Lord Houghton has, we know not why, deprived of its full significance. The poet may have had his own reasons for this; but whichever treatment of the moral of the tale be the best, his 'Northern Knight' is written with great delicacy and grace; the struggle in Tannhäuser's mind, and the enchantment which falls on him, half hallucination and half witchery, are skilfully touched; and the whole poem has a fluent sweetness and evenness in the verse which incline us to regret that the author has not oftener employed the more sustained metre which we find here.

'By what deep memory or what subtler mean
 Was it, that at the moment of this sight,
 The actual past—the statue and the scene,
 Stood out before him in historic light?
 He knew the glorious Image by its name—
 Venus! the Goddess of unholy fame.
 He heard the tread of distant generations
 Slowly defiling to their place of doom:
 And thought how men and families and nations
 Had trusted in the endless bliss and bloom

Of Her who stood in desolation there,
 Now lorn of love and unrevered by prayer.
 Day dreams give sleep, and sleep brings dreams anew;
 Thus oft a face of untold tenderness,
 A cloud of woe with beauty glistening through,
 Brooded above him in divine distress,—
 And sometimes bowed so low, as it would try
 His ready lips, then vanished with a sigh:
 And round him flowed through that intense sunshine
 Music, whose notes at once were words and tears;
 "Paphos was mine, and Amathus was mine,
 Mine were th' Idalian groves of ancient years,—
 The happy heart of Man was all mine own;
 Now I am homeless and alone—alone!"

To another interesting aspect of Lord Houghton's verse we can only give a brief notice. It is, indeed, one peculiar and delightful privilege of the Poet that, whether his song be of that Shakspearian prodigality which seems to embrace every mode of thought and sentiment in its magnificent range, or of that smaller horizon which bounds human faculty in general, he admits the reader to a kind of personal friendship with himself: takes us into his familiarity, and confesses to us those finer and inner feelings which are ordinarily concealed under the reserve and reticent coldness of common life. Yet, whilst speaking of a man (happily), *adhuc vivo*, it may be best to leave his verse to raise its own more intimate impressions, after the author's own pleasure, on his readers: adding only that amiability and tenderness of nature are not less stamped on this collection than on that which Præd has left us. There is much here of that sympathy with the oppressed and the despised which gives such a peculiar and pathetic colour to Charles Lamb's wonderful 'Essays;' the relations of the poor to the rich are touched in the high spirit which, exhibited as it has been of late years by conspicuous men on both sides in our politics, we decline to identify with any party-name. We string together a few passages, more or less coloured by these sentiments, at random from the volume before us. The first is from the stanzas named 'Simple Sounds.'

'What love we, about those we love the best,
 Better than their dear voices? At what cost
 Would one not gather to an aching breast
 Each little word of some whom we have lost?
 And O! how blank to hear, in some far place,
 A voice we know, and see a stranger's face!'

Next, from a poem on the greatness of what we are apt to call little things:—

'A sense

'A sense of an earnest will
 To help the lowly living,
 And a terrible heart-thrill
 If you have no power of giving:
 An arm of aid to the weak,
 A friendly hand to the friendless,
 Kind words, so short to speak,
 But whose echo is endless.'

Or this, from the 'Lay of the Humble':—

'I almost fancy that the more
 I am cast out from men,
 Nature has made me of her store
 The worthier denizen:
 As if it pleased her to caress
 A plant grown up so wild;
 As if the being parentless
 Made me the more her child.'

Once more:—

'Amid the factions of the field of life
 The Poet held his little neutral ground;
 And they who mixed the deepest in the strife
 Their evening way to his seclusion found.
 There meeting oft th' antagonists of the day
 Who near in mute defiance seemed to stand,
 He said what neither would be first to say,
 And, having spoken, left them hand in hand.'

We suppose that these lines express what, in Lord Houghton's idea, is one of the leading functions of poetry: the mission of peace and reconciliation. It is a function to which no writer of our time has been more faithful: nor is there a more truly enviable fame than that of the poet who, so far as Nature has given him power, and Life opportunity, has accomplished it.

We are conscious that little has been done here towards a complete sketch of the curious subject before us. Much more might be said on the poets reviewed; and it would have been interesting to examine the other writers who, during this century, have distinguished themselves in what we have ventured to call Verse: Horace Smith, Thomas Hood, Captain Morris, Luttrell, F. Locker, the 'Ingleby' authors, the — Collins, whose sadly rare 'Scripsocrapsologia' is the delight of collectors, and many more good men and true. Lord Macaulay, Byron, and others known in different fields of literature—even the Poet Laureate himself, if rumour has not here indulged in one of her too common and regrettable flights—might be added. But we leave this wider view of verse, *vers de société*, occasional poetry, or whatever the reader

may prefer to name it, to the historian of English poetry—if English poetry is ever to find such a benefactor. A few words remain to bind together our brief notice of Præd and Lord Houghton.

By the classification we have followed, and the union of these names in one review, it is not intended, let us finally remind our readers, that the writers before us are of the same initial force and faculty, or that their spheres are precisely similar; still less the mood of mind in which their subjects are treated. Poetry, like every expression of human nature, at once depends on, and forms part of the great general development of the race. We have hitherto viewed it mainly as cause: let us now think of it rather as effect. Each of these poets represents, in fact, a phase in English thought natural to the century: Præd the conservatism of a generous mind under the reaction produced by the Reform movements of the Grey period; Lord Houghton, the liberal thinker, satisfied with the spirit and direction of recent politics. We have here, for the sake of clearness, ranked them according to their political sentiments; although the poems of each rather paint the social side of life, or the moral and religious feelings aroused by the aspect of the age, than give direct expression to politics. Each also—as befits poetry—has that truly liberal tone which England demands from the representatives of all her political sections: a tone which we trace, without hesitation, to the humanising and soul-enlarging influence of the ancient literature upon each. We must have one word more on this subject. Putting religion aside, what are the great intellectual stimulants of man? The sciences are the foundation of all knowledge: the contemplation of Nature consoles and delights; but it is chiefly by the mind of man that man himself is vitally and essentially influenced. However important or impressive, the laws and facts revealed by physical science are external to the soul; the lessons of nature reach us from another sphere of existence; mind only comes into absolute contact with mind. Hence, considering education as a direct process for forming the soul, literature and the fine arts, while humanity remains human, will necessarily form a large proportion of what is valuable in it. And in literature the ancient writers, by whom we here mean those of Greece, with the few Roman who were penetrated by the Hellenic spirit, will have the most bracing, the most elevating, and the most refining influence. Many causes unite in this; of which all that we can now specify are the greater perfection in form which distinguishes the Hellenic literature, the natural gifts in which the Hellenic race surpassed the other sons of men, and (perhaps most important) the fact that (thus gifted)

gifted) they approached almost all the problems of modern life from a point of view essentially different from, and independent of ours.

But we are wandering from our poets. To sum up the points in which we trace, or seem to trace, sufficient consanguinity of genius to justify our classification, it may be repeated that—judging by the results of their work—they chose verse rather as the fittest expression for their sentiments on subjects of the day, or for their thoughts as moulded by the immediate influences of the age, than moved by the more abstract and impersonal ‘ecstasy’ (to use Plato’s word) of imaginative poetry;—were rather governed by the material of song, than have given it absolute lyrical unity and individuality of form;—are rather *receptive*, in a word, than *creative*. Of the importance of verse in thus linking together prose and poetry by a medium which partakes in the powers of each, we have already spoken; and the specimens quoted will (it is hoped) afford satisfactory proof of our statement. It is of immense value to us that our immediate feelings and aspirations,—that our common social life and the little things which fill the day of almost all,—nay, perhaps, could we look closely into the days of philosophers, saints, and heroes, of all,—should be reflected for us, by these ‘representative men,’ in a mode of literature which can embody many of the literal details of prose in the far more brilliant, impressive, and rememberable forms of poetry. Yet we would add once more, as a final word, that the classification attempted, although (we think) not arbitrary, is not meant to be rigid or exclusive. The harsh territorial limitations of the world of ‘real property’ are not found within ‘the garden of the soul.’ Line here joins with line; boundary fades into boundary. In the realms of the mind, as in the kingdoms of nature, are no positive demarcations; no isolated facts. Everything is relative; everything plastic; ‘it no sooner comes into being than it forthwith ceases to be,’ and transforms itself into new manifestations: for such is the law of life. Within the domains of man, nowhere is this law more perceptibly operative than in the Fine Arts, which are the expression of the freest part of his nature, and exhibit the soul in the best and highest phase of its spiritual or ‘theoretic’ existence, giving and receiving pure, lofty, and active pleasure. And, among all the Fine Arts, nowhere do we find such plasticity, such elasticity, such life, in a word, as in poetry. Nowhere, at the same time, are there such definiteness of form, such essential divisions of subject-matter. The critic is hence equally in danger whether, with the school of the last century, he defines, or

or whether, after the fashion of our day, he declines altogether the 'labor improbus' of defining. We wish the reader to apply these remarks to what has been here said upon verse and science, prose and poetry. If he should allow any verisimilitude to the classification, he should remember also that it is but relative and general. As between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, so even between prose and verse, the line is not absolutely drawn. Much more is this the case between metrical writing in its different kinds. Nor do we think that the readers of Lord Houghton and Mackworth Praed will doubt that each has left more than one specimen of what will be handed down with that literature which is destined, at no very distant date, to be more than any other the world's literature—as genuine and delightful poetry.

- ART. V.—1. *The Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind.* Philadelphia, 1855.
 2. *Wilson's Biography of the Blind.* 1838. Fourth Edition.
 3. *An Essay on the Instruction, &c., of the Blind.* By Dr. Guillié, &c., &c. London, 1819.
 4. *The Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Pennsylvanian Schools.* Philadelphia, 1865.
 5. *The Sense Denied and Lost.* By Thomas Bull, M.D. London, 1859.
 6. *Essays and Historical Sketches.* By Viscount Cranborne. London, 1862.
 7. *Report of the Bath Blind School.* 1865.
 8. *Diderot's Letter on Blindness.* London, 1780.
 9. *Huber on Ants and Bees.* London, 1820. Translated by R. J. Johnson.
 10. *The Report of the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields.* London, 1864.
 11. *The Census of England and Wales.* 1861.

IN the year 1712, in one of the Fellows' rooms at Christ's College, Cambridge, sat three learned and famous men discussing a knotty point over the winter fire. Two of them were antiquaries, as well as scholars, and on the table before them lay a small drawer of Roman coins, concerning some of which the battle waxed hot. Over one headless emperor, whose very name and date none but the initiated could guess at from the coin before them, the discussion grew especially fierce. It had been purchased as a rare and matchless gem by the elder of the two collectors,

collectors, who both agreed as to its extreme value, but differed as to its exact date. Their friend by the fire took no part in the discussion, but, at last, when the coin was handed to him for examination and judgment, his answer was prompt and decided enough. Strange to say, he did not glance at the medal, but having felt it over very carefully with the tips of his fingers, he next applied it to his tongue. This done, he quietly laid the headless Augustus down on the table, saying as he did so, '50 B.C., or 88 A.D., the thing isn't worth a shilling; I doubt very much its being gold, and I'm sure it isn't Roman;' and the next day proved that he was in the right.* The thing that had been shown to him and detected was a clever counterfeit, got up for the occasion of an antiquarian sale, just as Roman coins were dug up a month or two ago in making the Thames Embankment. Yet this keen judge was a blind man, and had never set eyes on a coin good, bad, or indifferent; having lost not only his eye-sight, but even his very eye-balls, by the small-pox in 1682, when but a twelvemonth old. He was now Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the first University of the World, a friend of Whiston, Halley, and Sir Isaac Newton, whose 'Principia' formed the chief subject of his public Lectures. His whole life from boyhood had been one of striking interest, though we can do no more than touch on the few salient points which startle us in the career of a blind man. At the Free School of Pennistone, in Yorkshire, and with the help of a reader and such few books as his father, an exciseman, could procure for him at home, by dint of unwearied perseverance he managed to acquire such a knowledge of the Classics as to master the works of Euclid, Archimedes, Diophantus, and Newton, in their original Greek and Latin. This was all done before he was twenty; at twenty-five he was a famous teacher in Cambridge; at thirty, Lucasian Professor, M.A. by royal mandate, lecturing on the solar spectrum, the laws of light, and the theory of the rainbow,—none of which he had ever looked on.

His genius as a mathematician, his keenness of judgment, his accuracy as a reasoner, and his dexterity and quickness in performing arithmetical operations, naturally lead us to the question of how far the sense of touch in the blind, as well as the mental powers, can be so educated as to atone for or supply the place of the sense that is gone. The common notion is that when a child loses his sight, the other bodily and mental powers are all stimu-

* Thus, oddly enough, fulfilling the old Portuguese Proverb, '*Achoo o cego hum dinheiro.*' 'The Blind man has picked up a Coin.'

lated

lated and sharpened to such an increase of new and keen life as to supply the deficiency—touch, hearing, taste, and intellect all becoming doubly acute. But this is only one of the plausible fancies by which people relieve their minds from the uneasiness caused by the contemplation of a hopeless calamity; for, on the contrary, wide and long experience has established that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the loss of sight for a greater or less time shatters the whole framework of mind and body, and the remaining senses and powers, instead of springing into new life, are weakened and depressed. A man does not become blind by merely shutting his eyes. His loss of vision seems to affect every part of him.* If it befalls him suddenly, when grown up, he is for a time utterly prostrated; and many a long weary month may pass before he can so far rouse himself as to set to work at any task with hope or spirit. But if born blind his lot is still worse. He is from the first more or less cut off from the rest of the world, treated in some respects as an inferior, weaker and less capable than his friends and companions; and though most unwilling to believe this himself, he at last sinks into a state of isolation in which ‘the darkness may be felt.’ If his friends are well off, and educated people, all the appliances that education demands and money can procure are at once brought to bear upon him. The hand of love leads him to the tree of knowledge, proves that it is within even his reach; shows to him a spark of light in the darkness, how the spark may be fanned into a flame, and the flame made to shine cheerily on the up-hill path. But if his friends be poor, or uneducated, the whole treatment is reversed. Too often he is pushed aside into a corner as an encumbrance, or at all events one for whom little or nothing can be done; treated perhaps not unkindly, but gradually spoiled in the worst sense of the word by a mixture of careless neglect and more worthless indulgence. In this case the boy sinks into a condition little better than that of an animal, vicious or mischievous, amiable, lazy, or apathetic, as the case may be, but probably into darkness moral as well as mental, greater or less according to the light about him. Bodily pleasures are his main thought; he becomes selfish; selfishness at times makes him talkative, but as often moody; he grows silent, reserved, nervous, timid, opinion-

* ‘Blindness’ says Guillié, ‘not only deprives a man of the sensations which belong to sight, but modifies and distorts all his thoughts. Untrained, he has no idea of decorum, of social propriety, or of modesty.’ Strongly put, but essentially true. *Du Puisseaux* used to say, that he could not understand why one part of the body should be covered more than another.

ated,

ated, and discontented. These are too often (whatever optimists may imagine to the contrary) the characteristics of poor blind children.

With some such qualities as these we will suppose a boy to be sent up from the country to some Blind School—say that for the Indigent Blind in St. George's Fields.* Let us see what becomes of him, a boy of average ability. He is brought into an extensive and rambling building, containing a large number of rooms, and enclosing two good-sized playgrounds respectively for girls and boys. This building stretches over nearly two acres of ground; and with almost every part of *his* † side of it—all its outer shops and dependencies—he has to become acquainted almost entirely by touch and ear, with a little help from a companion's longer experience. It is all so utterly new and strange to him that for the first day or two he is entirely dependent on some pupil's or teacher's hand to get as far as the school-room, the chapel, dining-room, or basket-shop, all of which are widely apart. But within a week the chances are that out of his eighty blind fellow pupils he has chosen one as a companion, and probably his friend, for several years to come, ‡ who, if need be, conveys him across the open yard to any special point—to the dormitory, or through the more intricate navigation of staircase leading to the band-room.§ In a month all the plain sailing is fairly mastered. He can find his way from the dining-room to the basket-shop, and down that shop, 150 yards long, just to the very site of his own box on which he sits to split the withies for basket-work. He knows his own box, too, from Smith's and Brown's on either side of him. In a year he will know probably his own tools from theirs by some little flaw or feature not patent to the eye of a looker-on; in a couple of years he will know the handle of the door to music-room No. 5 from that of No. 6; he will run quickly with a half-finished basket in his hand from the workshop across a wide yard exactly to the very door-step of the open shed in which is a tank for soaking his willow-work. His senses of touch and hearing are being silently and surely educated; as their education progresses they become keener—hearing as a sharp and watchful sentinel, guide, and spy; touch

* Vide 'Jurors' Report,' Great Exhibition, 1861. Educational Works and Appliances, p. 19.

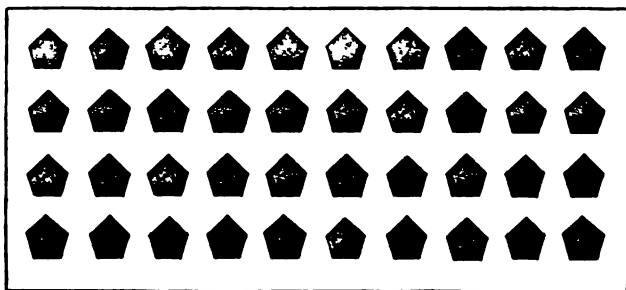
† It is divided into two distinct wings, one exclusively for males and the other for females.

‡ First impressions with the blind are all in all.—*Guillie*, p. 47.

§ This band consists of about thirty instrumental performers, violins, flutes, and brass horns, &c., and manages to play well such music as one hears from a good German band.

as his servant-of-all-work and detective. To the seeing touch is an auxiliary, but to the blind boy it is the primary sense of all. By it he knows his own clothes, and almost all the property that he possesses *—his tools, box, bed, hat, fiddle, cupboard, seat in chapel, school-room, and workshop; by it he reads his chapter in St. John or in Robinson Crusoe;† he plays chess or dominoes; works a sum in long division or writes a letter home to his mother which she can read with her eyes, and he with his fingers. By the help of touch he weaves a rug of coloured wools embracing every variety of scroll-work, or of those peculiar flowers and fruits which grow only on carpet-land, or fringes with delicate green and red a door-mat for a lady's boudoir; by touch he *sees* any curiosity, such as a lamp from the Pyramids, or a scrap of mineral, which you describe to him, and which, having once handled, he always speaks of as having been seen.

Our present object is to illustrate for our readers the way in which a blind boy of fair ability manages to accomplish by touch some one or two of those tasks just now enumerated. We will select three of the more curious ones as types of the rest; how he does a sum in long division, how he writes a letter, and weaves a rug. His slate is a board of about 12 inches by 10, bound with metal round the edges, and containing about 190 pentagonal holes a quarter of an inch apart, arranged in the following fashion:—



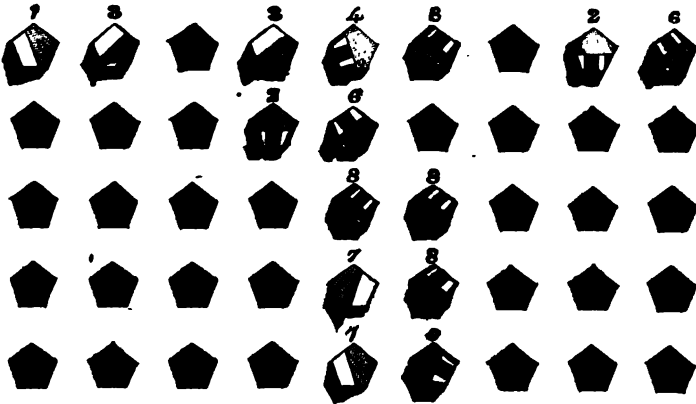
Into these holes he inserts a five-sided metal pin, which, according to its position, and the end kept uppermost, repre-

* A blind boy sent by his master to sell fish in the village, cut certain nicks or notches in the head or tail of each cod, and thus wrote down the price of his goods where his finger could feel it: and yet not to be detected by the eye of the customer.

† Thanks to the Society for Printing Books for the Blind, both these are now within his reach.

sents

sents the numerals from 1 to 0. The pin is of this shape and aspect, under its two positions. When used with the obtuse end upwards, the pin in its five different positions represents the five odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9; when reversed, and with the bifurcated end upwards, it represents 2, 4, 6, 8, 0, any of which the blind boy easily and rapidly reads by running his finger along the tops of the pins. A long division sum would be represented thus:—



$$\begin{array}{r}
 13 \overline{) 348} \quad (26 \\
 \underline{26} \\
 88 \\
 \underline{78} \\
 10
 \end{array}$$

the two pentagonal holes without numbers marked over them being blanks, left so purposely by the arithmetician instead of the curved lines drawn by his rival with eyes to separate divisor, dividend, and quotient. It is obvious, therefore, that all ordinary sums in arithmetic may be worked by a blind boy almost as quickly as, and far more plainly than, by the schoolboy on his greasy slate.

The board on which Saunderson performed his arithmetical calculations is a far more complicated affair, and although we have a woodcut of it, its exact nature and use are hard to be understood. No account of it we have met with offers a clear explanation of the various parts; but we will do our best to condense and improve that written by Hinchcliff, his pupil and successor.

The

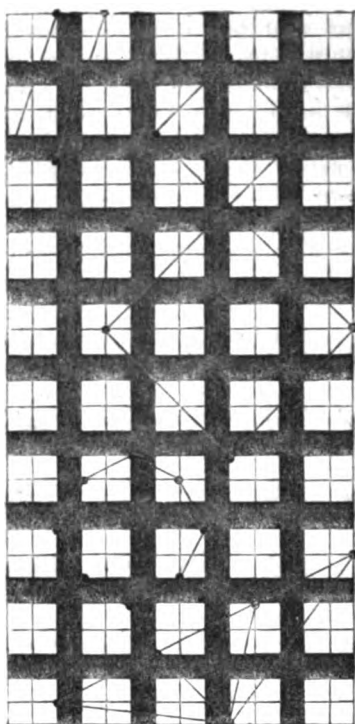


Fig. 1.

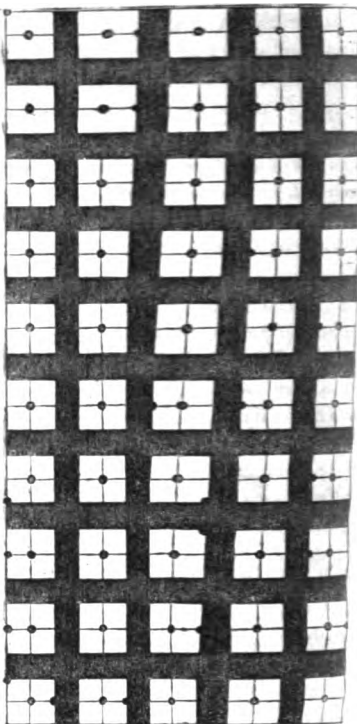
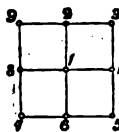


Fig. 2.

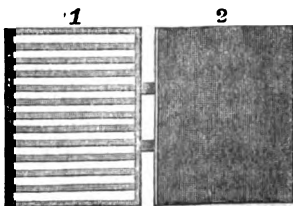
The board was thin and smooth, and rather more than a foot square; fixed in a narrow frame slightly raised above it, containing a great number of cross parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other. The edges of the board had grooves about two inches apart, and to each groove belong five parallels, each square inch being subdivided into one hundred smaller squares. At every point of intersection was a small hole, to receive a peg or pin. Saunderson always kept two boxes of pins by his side when at work, and these, by difference of position or head, expressed to him the various numerals; a larger peg in the centre of each little square standing for zero, a smaller one for 1. The other numerals stand thus—

and were at once detected by their relative position or 1, the greater pegs (for 0) being always in their place when not needed for 1; serving him for guides to prevent other mistakes. Saunderson placed and displaced the pins with inconceivable quickness, but the exact way in which he



he used them in performing his arithmetical calculations is altogether a mystery. We imagine that by far the larger portion of his work must have been done mentally, and that he used groups of pins from time to time, in certain relative positions, to express certain stages in the operation, as memoranda to which he could refer again and again with a touch, and thus verify his work. Be this as it may, however, there is no doubt that he worked problems of every possible kind, both in common arithmetic, fractions, decimals, or algebra, with great rapidity and equal accuracy. A glance at that part of the board marked Fig. 1 will show how easily he adapted it for the working of geometrical problems by placing pins at the angular points, and surrounding them with a silk thread, so as to form any figure which he required. Genius as he was, and full of resources which genius alone can devise and use, he would doubtless have rejoiced to possess one of the plain and simple arithmetic boards now in use at St. George's Fields.*

Embossing a letter is a far easier task than a sum in arithmetic, and the horrors of spelling are less than those of Long Division. When once a boy has learned to read a chapter of Robinson Crusoe in Alston's type (the Roman letter), he is very soon able to write home and tell of his accomplishments. The process is just like that which children call pricking a pattern in paper, except that instead of being managed with a single pin-point, an entire letter of pin-points is pierced by one single pressure. The embossing frame consists of two parts, one a plain slab of wood about 14 inches long by 8 wide, covered on one side with a thick layer of flannel or velvet; and the other of a plain framework of horizontal bars about half an inch apart; the two being connected by hinges which join them together as a slip of leather does the two covers of a book. When the blind boy wishes to write a letter, he lays his sheet of paper on side 2, and folds over upon it side 1, through the bars of which he presses small wooden types, each bearing on one end a Roman letter formed of projecting pin-points.



These he forces steadily home through the paper into the flannel or leather below, placing each letter as he does so the reverse way, so as to make the embossing correct on the other side of the paper. The process is a slow one, as every letter has to

* Saunderson, with all his cleverness, was never able to write.

be

be separately stamped down and held in its place till its next neighbour is introduced, that not a grain of precious space be wasted ; but at last, duly reversed and in good order, appear the pleasant words,

MY DEAR FATHER

And proud enough, we may well imagine, is Sam Trotter, the village blacksmith, when he gets his first letter from 'our blind Johnny in London ;' it goes the round of the whole community, and in spite of some grievous lapses in orthography, is fairly worn out at last with continual handling, unless locked up by the good wife as too precious a document for the perusal of ordinary mortals. Their wonder will be doubled when Johnny comes home next year at the Midsummer holidays, and reads off his own epistle with the tips of his fingers.

The weaver sets to work with a loom of the ordinary kind, which we therefore need not describe, and the only problem is, how shall the blind workman accurately follow a pattern of which he cannot see a single step, in colours which he cannot distinguish. We pause only for a moment, by the way, to notice one common and popular error still afloat, viz., that some clever blind people have the power of detecting colours by the touch. All we can say is, that those who have had the experience of many years, and opportunities for the personal examination of many hundreds of blind persons, of all ages and ranks, including some of remarkable ability, have not been able to find the remotest trace of such a power. There is no more resemblance now between sounds and colours* than in the time of Guillié, fifty years ago ; so that no description will enable a blind man to discern between a crimson poppy and the azure corn-flower ; nor can there be any perceptible difference of texture in one morsel of wool, paper, cloth, or feather stained red, and another of grassy green. Dr. Moyes, indeed, who lost his sight at three years of age, says that 'red gave him a disagreeable sensation, like the touch of a saw,†' and that as other colours became less intense they decreased in harshness, until green conveyed to him an idea like that which he felt in passing his hand over a polished surface. But we suspect that Dr. Moyes was only trying to rival the happy shot of another blind man, who, says Locke, declared that scarlet was to him 'like the sound of a trumpet.' Trumpets and scarlet go well together, and were

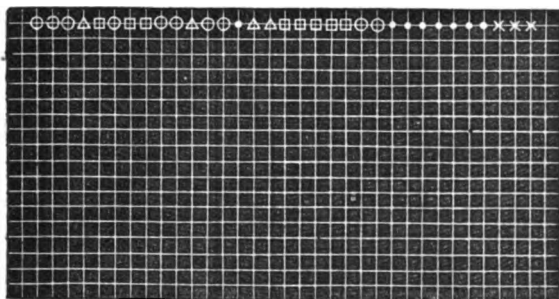
* *Vide* Guillié's Essay, p. 3.

† 'Life of Moyes,' by Wilson, p. 172.

perhaps

perhaps even more frequently heard of and met with seventy or eighty years ago than they are now, and the name of one might well suggest the other.*

Touch, therefore, which can do so much for the blind workman, can do nothing for him here; but nevertheless, as the Great Exhibition proved, he can weave you a rug bright with all the colours of the rainbow, exactly after the pattern which you prescribe: scroll-work, leaves, fruit, flowers, lozenges, stars, or cross-bars. In the first place, his threads of wool are all placed for him by his side, in one exact order, say white, crimson, blue, yellow, and maroon. They are always in the same order and place, so that he takes up whichever he needs with unerring certainty. Hung up to the beam in front of him, but easily within reach of his fingers, is a square of smooth, thin deal, on which is traced the pattern of his rug in nails with heads of every possible variety of shape—round, square, diamond-shape, or triangular; tacks, brads, and buttons; some driven home to the surface of the board, others raised one-tenth of an inch above it; but all telling their own story of red, green, white or blue. The board is ruled thus with cross-bar lines, and at every point of



intersection a small hole is bored, into which is slipped a nail with its head square, round, or triangular, as the pattern requires. The boy reads his pattern along the horizontal lines from left to right, and according to the teaching of the nails weaves in the gay scroll-work of brilliant colours as deftly as if he saw every tint. A glance at the above cut will show the first line of a nail pattern; ○ standing for red, △ for white, □ for blue, ● for

* A pupil of Guillié's, at the Paris Blind School, translated *rubens dextera*, from Horace's Second Ode, by 'flaming right hand.' Being pressed to translate literally, he gave as an equivalent 'red.' When asked what he meant by 'a red arm,' he said that he did not think, like Locke's blind man, that the colour red was like the sound of a trumpet, but he had translated it 'flaming,' because he had been told that fire was red; whence he concluded that heat is accompanied by redness; which determined him to mark the anger of Jupiter by the epithet flaming, because when irritated one is hot, and when hot one must be red.

maroon,

maroon, and X for green; for the arrangement of which in due order the weaver has of course to depend on his teacher with eyes. But if his touch is keen, and his finger not hardened by work, his pattern can be set for him in a far easier and simpler shape by the help of a few embossed letters and figures on a sheet of thick paper. The line of nails in the above cut translated into letters, would run thus, B standing for red, D for white, C for blue, A for maroon, and R for green :—

B.3 : D.1. C.1. B.1. C.2. B.2. D.1. B.4. A.2. D.1. C.4. B.2. A.7. R.3.*

These letters and figures the blind weaver quickly reads with his finger; and then readily takes from his row of *arranged* colours the number of threads or strands requisite to bring to light those curious flowers that grow in the meadows of carpet-land; or the still more curious squares, triangles, lozenges, curves, and scrolls, that crop out among the blossoms; weaving on, unconsciously, yet correctly in the dark, with quiet, patient, skill that well deserves the word of praise from his teacher for which he gladly looks.

Touch, then, does much for the blind boy, but brings him not a single grain nearer to the discerning of colours. As the eye of the deaf mute can never hear, so the fingers of the blind will never see. The cessation of resistance may be to the touch of a blind boy what 'the cessation of colour is to the eye of the seeing;' † but it was no mean authority who said, '*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu,*' and the words apply with double force in the present instance. Where, therefore, touch fails him, he can gain little external help, and may presently be altogether at sea. Things apparently identical in form may differ in size, and differing in size, may also totally differ in essence and in nature; and of this difference he may be wholly unconscious. He may form, and does form, the most outrageously incorrect ‡ ideas on some common matters, though he may continually amuse and surprise you by clever guesses, or gleams of what seems like intuition. Du Puisieux, the son of a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, was in

* This ingenious system is the invention of Mr. Matthew Morgan.

† Guillié, p. 73.

‡ Locke, Condillac, and Molineux, disputed warmly whether a man restored to sight could distinguish a cube from a globe with his eye, although he might have done so by touch when blind. Locke thought that he could not, the fact being that the power of vision in such cases is extremely faulty, and has to be regularly educated till it gradually becomes accurate and trustworthy.

A prodigious variety of sensations, says Sydney Smith, which we suppose we derive from the eye, are really derived from the touch. 'We can neither see the distance of any object, nor its size, nor figure. The eye originally sees nothing but surface and colour.'—*Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, p. 64.

some things one of the shrewdest men of his day, having attained considerable proficiency in botany and chemistry; but he was blind. He had a wonderful memory for sounds, and could, it is said, recognise by their voice persons whom he had only once heard. He could tell if he was in a street or a blind alley, in a large room or a small one; but he believed that astronomers were the only people who saw with telescopes, and that they had their eyes differently formed from other men. Nor was his notion about eyes in general a whit less incorrect. 'The eye, said he, is an organ on which the air should have the same effect as my stick on my hand.'* The boy, upon whom Cheselden operated for cataract, had clearly been of the same opinion. Even when restored to sight, he believed that the objects he looked on touched his eyes, as those which he felt touched his skin; and he consequently had no true idea of distance. He asked 'which was the sense that deceived him, the sight or the touch?'† He wondered how a likeness of his father's face could be got into so small a space as his mother's watch-case; it seemed to him as impossible as getting a bushel into a pint measure. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when some one asked Du Puiseaux if he 'would not be very glad to have his sight?' he replied, 'If it were not for curiosity, I would rather have long arms; it seems to me that my hands would teach me better what is passing in the moon than your eyes or telescopes; and, besides, the eyes cease to see sooner than the hands to touch. It would therefore be as well to improve the organ I have, as to give me the one I want.' Abundant evidence of a similar kind might still be adduced, but this seems enough to prove that even among educated blind people there must be a large section of the physical and metaphysical world of which their idea is to a great extent vague and worthless.

Next in importance to the sense of touch comes that of hearing. The blind boy knows the step of his friend in a trice, decides quickly or even instantly which way that step is moving; and, if it be coming towards him, exactly at what angle to run across the room, or yard, to meet it. He will even distinguish a certain footstep, at times, among others, especially if it be one that he either loves or fears. Let us glance for a moment into the

* Guillié, p. 56.

† See 'Philosophical Transactions of Royal Society.'

Speaking of the education of the sense of touch, Sydney Smith whimsically conjectures as to the possibility of educating the taste and smell to an equal degree of keenness. As the blind child feels certain marks raised on paper, which he calls A B C, why should not the alphabet be taught by a series of well-contrived flavours? Why should not men smell out their learning, and why should there not be a fine scenting-day for study?—*Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, p. 62.

Basket-shop in St. George's Fields. It is a large and lofty room, some 20 feet wide by 150 feet long, and in it are now at work on basket-making about fifty boys and men. There is generally a teacher, with sight, at either end of the room; but one is now just gone to fetch some osiers from another part of the building. Our friend little Trotter is at work halfway down the room, but has met with some trifling difficulty not to be solved without his teacher's help. The fifty boys and men are almost all talking as they work, or perhaps humming a tune, or beating their work with a bar of iron; and some are crossing the room in search of tools, help, or advice; so that, altogether, the scene is full of noisy life, and as unlike a shop full of blind people as may well be imagined. But, in the midst of all the noise, Trotter sits quietly waiting; he knows that the master went out of the room five minutes ago (*he* will tell you he *saw* him go), and, though several persons have since come in at that door, he knows that his teacher is not one of the few. All at once he starts up, as the door shuts with a bang—and the pupil walks quickly up the room,* in a direct line, as if he saw the table at which his teacher now sits. As he goes back to his place another person enters by the same door, and makes his way hastily towards the other end; but he has not gone a dozen steps before more than one voice among the basket-makers is heard to whisper, 'Here comes the Chaplain,' or 'There goes Brown.'

Or, glance into the same room an hour later, and the whole scene is changed. The bell has rung for leaving off work; but, as it is a wet wintry day, some fifty or sixty of the pupils are here under shelter, walking two-and-two, arm-in-arm, round the room, whistling, chatting, singing, or shouting most uproariously—but all promenading as methodically, and evenly, as if every one there had sight. Not a single boy ever strays out of his rank, no one runs against his neighbour; though, at the first glance, it appears only like a noisy and confused crowd. There are three doors to the shop, one at either end, and one in the centre; every two minutes some boy darts out from the crowd, or rushes in to join it, by that middle door; but in neither case does he jostle friend or foe. Here comes Trotter himself. He is in search of his friend Jones, who, driven in by the rain, left him ten minutes ago at the swing, and is now the solitary unit in the long chain of couples. As tramp by tramp it works its slow way past the

* If any one with sight imagines this to be an easy matter, let him shut his eyes when 40 yards from, and opposite to, his own door, and make the rest of his journey in the dark. The chances are 1000 to 1 against his arriving anywhere near the well-known threshold.

door

door where he stands, Trotter, 'with his face all eye,'* watches to pounce on his friend as he goes by. In spite of all the din he hears him when some yards off, seizes on his arm, as if he saw it, passing, and away they go, to join steadily in that jolly unbroken march till the glad sound of


'That tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell'

send them flying out into the colonnade to muster for cold beef, bread, and beer. Stand still for a moment, and you will hear the deep roll of their chanted grace, with its pealing Amen; if not quite so smooth and rounded a cadence as it might be, at least with a deal of heart and reality in its final chord. While they are at dinner we will glance into one or two of the work-rooms, now silent and empty enough. This on the left, under the archway, is the Brush-shop, fitted up with a central table and forms, on one side the teacher's bench, and on the others a longer bench cut up into little sections, each fitted with drawers and tools for learners, all precisely as if the workmen had sight. In this room are made, entirely by blind boys taught by a blind man, brushes of almost every possible description. After 6 P.M. this shop serves as a Club-room for the Upper Twenty; here they play chess or draughts, emboss letters to country friends, or now and then, if lucky enough to get hold of a stray teacher, listen to the pages of some special book. In the drawers of the centre table are now locked up the boards for draughts, bagatelle, or chess; all curious enough in their way, but which space will not permit us to do more than mention. A good game of chess will last a month or six weeks.† Work-room No. 2 is the Mat-shop, much larger and loftier than No. 1, and fitted with mat-frames and looms, all of the ordinary kind. Here are made rugs, mats, and miles of cocoa-nut matting, of every texture, quality, and pattern. Dainty little mats of the finest wool or fibre, fringed with pink or white for a boudoir, or thick and gigantic enough for Brobdingnag; triangular, square, or oblong, to fit into the bottom of a carriage, or the corner of a hall; thin enough for the door to swing over without brushing, or thick enough for the boots of a regiment of Grenadiers.

As we cross the open yard from the mat-shop, the boys and men are coming out from dinner, and at once diverge in all directions; some three or four off to the swings, some to the

* Coleridge 'Biog. Lit.'

† Sir Kenelm Digby says, in his 'Treatise on Bodies,' 'that his son's tutor, a blind man, could beat the cleverest players of that day.'—P. 17. Ed. 1660.

A small point on the top of the men e.g.  distinguishes for the blind boy his opponent's pieces from his own.

range of music-rooms above the workshop, in each of which is a piano to be diligently sounded till 6 P.M.; some for a stroll round the grass-plat, and one or two to the club-room; but each and every one going on his way as calmly and clearly as if he saw every inch of it mapped out before him; never running against friend or foe, never stumbling over door-step, and rarely missing the handle of the door for which he steers. As we thread our way, however, through the noisy, straggling crowd, our irregular, unbusiness-like style of march is suddenly interrupted by a shot across the bows in the shape of a loud 'holloa!'—as much as to say, 'who goes there? and why don't you look where you're going?' Our best answer to this shot is to stand still until most of the cruisers have swept by; and then—with one more peep into the brush-shop, which, till work begins again at 2 P.M., serves as a sort of house of call—we will quit this part of our subject. Our friend Trotter has just set off in a great hurry for that door-way; he seizes the handle, opens the door hastily, shouts out one or two lusty words, waits for no answer, but rushes off again elsewhere. Ask him what this pantomime means, and he will tell you that he was in quest of a certain trio of boys who promised to meet him there; that he '*looked*' into the club-room and found that they were not there; at least he *thinks* not, as, judging by the sound of his own foot against the form on which they usually sit, and of his own voice, the room seemed empty. And empty it really is. The well known story told by Mr. Anderson of a blind messenger at Edinburgh, entirely corroborates this fact. 'I had occasion,' he says, 'to send out one of these blind men with a mattress. I gave him the bill with it, that he might receive payment. But, to my surprise, he returned with the account and the mattress too. "I've brought back baith, ye see, Sir," said he. "How so?" "Indeed, Sir, I didna like t' leave't yonder, else I'm sure we wad ne'er see the siller—there's nae a stick of furniture within the door!" "How do you come to know that?" "Oh, Sir, twa taps on the floor wi' my stick soon tell't me that!"' And true enough was the blind man's guess; for guess it must still be called, though in both the cases cited it was shrewd enough to pass for wit. He educates his senses of touch and hearing into a state of exceeding acuteness,* till they almost begin to atone to him for that one which is denied; but, after all, they cannot do for him what a single ray of vision will do by one swift glance. By dint of long experience, and after an

* The eye itself is educated. 'It sees,' says Carlyle, 'what it brings power to see.' Thus, the sailor at the mast-head describes a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Faquimaux detects a white fox amid white snow; the astronomer a star where others see only an expanse of misty light.

infinite series of mistakes—of many of which he is unconscious—he manages to see with his fingers, and now and then to do more than hear with his ears; but a shrewd boy of his own age, with a good pair of eyes, will give him twenty or thirty in every hundred yards, and yet win the race. A blind boy's face may be, as Coleridge describes it, 'all eye,' and learn to beam with brightest intelligence; he may be an apt scholar where many a youngster fails; his remaining senses, if rightly trained, seem, by that merciful law which rules God's kingdom, to put forth new blossom and fruit as every year rolls by, to be gifted with new vigour and keener life, and thus save him from the full pang of knowing all his loss; and yet, the result if tried sharply will too often be found imperfect and incomplete. It has been up-hill work all the way through, accomplished only by incessant and patient toil, by perseverance and unwearied ingenuity, and on this ground admirable and worthy of praise. For though Huber, in spite of the darkness about him, managed to make and to record some striking discoveries in the domestic life of ants and bees, he would have done far more with his own eyes than with those of his faithful servant, or even of his clever and sparkling little wife Marie Lullin.* And had Didymus of Alexandria, the friend of Rufinus and Isidore, A.D. 350, mathematician, linguist, and theologian, not been blind, he would have left behind him far more trace than a slight mention in the pages of his famous pupil St. Jerome. Saunderson would have left behind him some imperishable record of his genius; his manhood would have been saved from many an excess, and his old age have been preserved from the deadly taint of scepticism. John Stanley, the organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn† (1730), to whose playing Handel often listened with delight, would have been known to all England, instead of to one parish in London. Blacklock might have written poetry instead of rhyme

* A single quotation, taken quite at random, from Huber's charming book on *Ants*, will prove to what a good use he put their eyes, and how acutely he describes what he never saw. 'I noticed these ants (brought home from a wood) four months, without allowing them to quit my study; and then wishing them to be nearer a state of nature, I carried the *ruche* into the garden, about ten paces from the natural ant-hill. The prisoners, profiting by my negligence in not renewing the water which blockaded their passage, escaped and ran about. The ants near the chestnut-tree came and recognised their former companions, fell to mutual caresses with their antennæ, took them up by their mandibles, led them to their own nests; next a crowd came up to the Bell-glass, and searched out every fugitive, to be carried away with joy.'—P. 173.

† So great was Stanley's skill that he is said on one occasion, when the other instruments were too sharp for the organ, to have transposed one of Handel's 'Te Deums' into the key of C \sharp major, rarely used on account of its excessive difficulty; and that, too, at once, without time for premeditation.

of the very mildest order,* and a host of would-be poets, philosophers, musicians, and prozers, would never have afflicted mankind with their various melancholy performances.

So far, therefore, for the difficulties and obstacles which blindness entails. We have now to glance at one or two special advantages which it is commonly supposed to confer. Cut off as the blind man is, in a measure, from the rest of the world, and from many channels of light and information open to others, his isolation is said to give him special power and aptitude for the study of abstract things: of philosophy and of mathematics. And the assertion will, to some extent, hold good. A wounded finger will make a man careful in handling edged tools, he will be more skilful than he was; a man who falls and breaks his leg, walks more warily ever after; but neither wound nor fracture is the cause of skill or safety. So with blindness; it must first be regarded as a loss. It isolates a man, no doubt; when he wishes to think, it saves him from the intrusion of external objects and the busy crowd of ideas which wait about on the world of visible things; it may free him from some illusions of the senses, and the snares of outside appearance; he easily becomes abstracted, where a man with sight would often find it hard: so far, therefore, his way towards deep, inward, thought is cleared; wind and tide seem in his favour. But he must know how to manage the sails, and to steer the ship; he must have clear power of thought, and be trained to use it; be able to concentrate his attention on the given idea, and willing to work at it, or his own peculiar world will steal in upon him—the things which he can handle, taste, and hear; the things which feed his appetites, or gratify his passions; his amusements, pleasures, and regrets; his failures, peculiar sorrows, trials, and disappointments. If the blind boy has courage and moral strength to banish *these* intruders, 'the doors of Geometry open to him on an oily hinge,' the fatal '*Pons Asinorum*' is easily crossed, and the silent domains of metaphysical speculation invite and gratify his careful, inquisitive approach. So acutely has this been felt in every age, and so favourite has the dogma become, that more than one philosopher is said to have plunged himself into darkness for the very purpose of more intense, abstract thought. We can readily believe that *Malebranche* may, with this object have closed his shutters against the daylight; that *Bourdalone* preached eloquently, or *Diderot* reasoned acutely, with his eyes shut; this might happen to

* Guillié, in his 'Essays,' amusingly says of Blacklock, 'In England he is considered a great poet.'

ordinary mortals such as 'Jones' at Clapham thinking out his Sunday sermon, or 'Robinson' in Capel Court speculating on the possible contingencies of settling day. Shutters are readily unclosed, eyes are easily opened. But when we read* that Democritus, of Abdera, put out his eyes for the purpose of philosophizing, we begin to doubt. In the first place, Democritus was hardly the man to cut himself totally off from all the sights of folly, show, and care, that he rejoiced to laugh at, though a poet has said of him—

‘ad ridendum curas et inania mundi
Splenis Democritus non satis unus habet.’

An hour's darkness he might have chuckled over, but a lifetime is a totally different thing.† Cicero, who is always dragged in as a witness on this point, says nothing to corroborate such a view. His words are: ‘*Democritus impediri etiam animi aciem aspectu oculorum arbitrabatur*’;‡ clearly meaning nothing more than that Democritus, like any other Abderite philosopher of his day, now and then put up his shutters in the blazing weather, or perhaps dreamed for an hour with his eyes closed. Next we have Diodotus, the Stoic, who, when he became blind, is said to have applied himself to mathematics with greater success than ever, and become famous as a teacher; but this was simply because he worked harder in the darkness than in the light. Every year may have given acuteness to his inner sight, keenness to his touch, and possibly eloquence to his words, not in consequence of his blindness, but in spite of it. So, also, Tiheckius, of Thorndorf, who taught medicine and philosophy with success for thirteen years at Tübingen, and becoming blind in the fourteenth year, is said to have refused the help of an oculist who offered to restore his sight. Perhaps he knew the oculist to be an impostor, and his sight once gone to be irrecoverable; in any case, he was a humourist, and we can quite believe him when he said, ‘he had seen many things in his life which he would rather not have seen, and on some occasions had even wished that he were deaf.’ Which of us, if he spoke truthfully, would not agree with the philosopher of Tübingen? But this is a very different thing from fancying that loss of sight gave him increased skill or wisdom in healing the bodies or minds of his fellow men. The truth is, he was doctor

* Guillié, quoting Diderot, p. 53.

† Milton, who only knew half its bitterness, calls it

‘To live a life half-dead, a living death.’

—*Samson Agonistes*, 39.

‡ ‘Tusc. Disp.,’ v. 39.

enough

enough to know that his loss was irreparable, and philosopher enough to make the best of it. It was in much the same spirit that *De Puisieux* used to say, 'that he was always meeting with seeing persons of inferior intelligence to himself.'

Nor must it be forgotten that the darkness which isolates the blind man, and saves him from the intrusion of unwelcome images, tends also to narrow the vision which it concentrates. He rarely, if ever, takes a broad view of things. If he thinks intently on any given point, he is apt to forget, or fails to see, some one other of equal weight and close at hand. This makes him one-sided, and ready to hug his own judgment to the very death; slow to receive the opinion of others, captious as well as cautious, a temper which easily hardens into narrow prejudice. These are heavy drawbacks to the supposed advantages of ready abstraction and aptitude for metaphysics. Nor are they to be wondered at, when we consider from what infinite sources of beauty, grace, and truth the blind man is cut off. To him are unknown all the countless evidences of an Almighty hand which speak to us from earth, sea, and sky; the smooth and immeasurable expanse of summer seas, the silent grandeur of the blue sky above, with all its wealth of palaces and towers of fleecy cloud, the golden glory of morning, the gorgeous dying splendour of setting suns, the soft haze of twilight, the solemn watches of starlit night, the living, speaking beauty of the wide-spread landscape,* the flowing sweep of the everlasting hills, the proud, calm, majesty of snow-clad mountains, the green and purple outline of the forest, the beauty of waving corn, and the grace of flowers, of sloping valley, and of winding stream,

'And all the thousand sights that crown this earth with joy.'

No description can paint these things for the blind man more than words can paint music for the deaf mute. But even above all these, is the loss to him of all the infinite grace and beauty of the human face. Who shall tell him of the tender love that beams from a mother's eye, or the rippling sunshine that lights up the face of a happy, laughing, child? The rosy brightness

* The youth restored to sight by Cheselden, when brought to a wide prospect of hill and dale, called it 'a new kind of seeing.'—*Philosoph. Trans.*

Nothing, indeed, can be more striking or solemn than the first sight of a mountainous country to one used to the sleepy flatness of the plain. The abruptness and audacity of the whole scene, the swelling magnitude of nature, the appearances of convulsion, the magnificent disorder and ruin, astonish a feeling mind; 'filling it with grand images, rousing its dormant life, and telling those made orators and poets that it is time to fulfil the noble purpose of their birth.'—*Sydney Smith, Lectures*, p. 89.

But to this touching appeal, and to the whole world of kindred associations, the blind man is actually dead.

of the lips that kiss him, of the cheek which offers a ruddy welcome at his coming, the saucy smile of a dimpled chin, or the rapture of sudden joy that beams from every feature? To *him* all this beauty and all this joy are but a darkened, dreary, blank. And though he may be unconscious of the greatness of his loss, it is hard to exaggerate the gain—

‘Since light so necessary is to life,
Nay almost life itself—’*

which light brings to the rest of the world. It is a loss which, unless he be roused out of the gloom, and taught to find light in it—in *tenebris servare fidem*—may well shatter or dwarf his whole mental and spiritual powers, and not seldom points the way to doubt, distrust, or denial of Him to whom darkness and light are both alike. It is said to have been so in the case of more than one famous blind man. When Saunderson lay dying he sent for a clergyman, one Dr. Holmes, who seems, however, to have brought him little comfort; so far at least as Diderot’s manifestly imperfect account tells what really passed. As death drew nigh, the great shadow which had darkened all the sick man’s life grew deeper and darker. He began to doubt, once more, the existence of his Creator. ‘If,’ said he, ‘you would have me believe in God, I must feel him.’ ‘Touch then your own frame,’ was the reply, ‘and find God there in His noble handiwork.’ ‘All this,’ said the dying mathematician, ‘may be very well for *you*, but it is not so for me; what relation is there between his handiwork and God? You call everything you cannot understand a wonder, and therefore divine. I myself am a wonder; people come from all parts of England to see me. Every phenomenon, you say, is from God. Why not have a little less pride, and a little more philosophy in your talk and reasoning?’ To this thrust the worthy Doctor seems to have made no adequate reply, but proceeds to set before him the examples of Newton, Leibnitz, and Clarke, men of profound thought and acute reason, who were nevertheless believers in Christianity. ‘This,’ replied Saunderson, ‘is strong evidence, but not strong enough for me; the testimony of Newton cannot be to me what all Nature is to Newton;’ a remark which appears to have closed that part of the conversation. But the patient again rallied, and returning to his old vein of thought, rambled off to discuss the present state of the world. ‘It is,’ said he, ‘I will allow, at present what you describe it to be, a world of order and method, in which certain laws and order hold good and prevail;

* ‘Samson Agonistes,’ 90.

but,

but, as to the most primitive times, the first beings who then lived may have been utter monsters, without the higher functions, nay, without stomachs, and the universe about them a mere chaos. There are informous things enough in the world even now. For example, I have no eyes; what had either you or I done to God, that one of us should have that organ, and the other be without it?' As he uttered these sad words, an earnest, solemn, and deep concern spread over his whole face, as if the terrible problem that had haunted him all his life long and received no solution, to the very last was to be unsolved by the dying man. He had, as yet, drawn neither hope nor comfort from the Master's words: '*neither hath this man sinned nor his parents;*' and though he had found for his hand a great and worthy work, had never learned to do it to a greater glory than his own. As he grew weaker, his thoughts became more confused, and his words less coherent. He spoke only at intervals, but once again rambled back to the cloudland of doubt, 'The world eternal? so it seems to you, as you are eternal to the insect.' Again, after a silence—'Time, matter, space, are but a point. I am going whither we must all go. Let there be no lamentation or mourning; it is a pain to me.' And then, last of all, came the yet sadder cry of agony, 'God of Newton, give me light!' as the shadows were all coming to an end, and the great mystery of life was about to be unlocked in the things unseen and eternal. We must hope that his last despairing cry to the Being,* of whose existence he just before seemed to doubt, was heard in the very climax of his need.

The whole picture, even in the words of sneering Diderot, from which we have mainly condensed it, is full of touching interest; and though it may perhaps exaggerate the weary clouds which beset the death-bed of the blind man, it may be taken as a type of what to some degree befalls him if not well-trained in early youth. 'The world is too much with' him; and though 'heaven,' too, 'lies round about him in his infancy,' he is unconscious of it. But once rouse him from this unconsciousness, once convince him that he has his place in the world, and that He who gives to kings and beggars alike their place and work, has given work, a place, and ability to him, and the whole scene begins to change. Light begins to steal in,† and the youth who once fancied that life was but a dreary blank,

* 'Unbelief of God is rather in the lip than in the heart of man.'—BACON.

† 'The sense of Power is freedom, warmth, and light;
The sense of Weakness, gloom and chains and blight.
The sense of Power is Life's immortal breath;
The sense of Weakness is the touch of death.'—FRASER.

without

without hope, meaning, or use, soon—perhaps too soon—appears to think his abilities of the very highest order. In music he will rival Mendelssohn or Mozart, and out-sing Incledon or Braham; in poetry equal Milton; and in the making of baskets vie with the deftest craftsman in Greenhithe.* These amusing little conceits the world soon takes out of him, and by and bye the residuum is a very useful and honest amount of self-confidence, without which the keenest sight and the shrewdest ability are almost sure to fail. It is this consciousness of power which inspires genius itself. It was this which led Milton, smitten down as he was in the full power and flush of his genius,† to say in his darkened estate—

‘Yet I argue not
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart, or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.’—*Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner.*

These are the opening words of one of his finest sonnets, and form one of the few passages in which he alludes to his blindness. The concluding line in another sonnet, which he wrote soon after this—in memory of his wife—

‘I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night,’

leads us to another point immediately connected with the one which we have been discussing, and that is, how the blind man dreams. Milton, of course, having but just lost his sight, dreamed precisely as other men dream—the remembrance of the visible world being still with him bright and vivid as before. But into the vision of the blind boy no visible image from the outer world, no shape of beauty, no ghastly form of horror, can possibly come. Whatever comes to him by night—to him no darker than the day—must come by touch or hearing. ‘I dream,’ said a blind boy, ‘I often dream about people; I dream of my brother (also blind); I know he is with me, I hear his voice; I am in the places where we used to go before he died.’ ‘But how do you know that you are in a certain place?’ ‘The impression of the place is with me—I feel I am there; *I am sure* I am, some-

* Greenhithe, the head-quarters of the basket-makers.

† Blindness befel him in his 42nd year; but he can never rightly be counted a blind man, for his stores of learning were then all laid up, his powers matured, and his genius was in all its pride of strength, though he certainly wrote by far the greater part of his ‘Paradise Lost’ after his sight was gone. He became totally blind in 1652, and the poem was finished at Chalfont in 1665, where he had taken refuge from the plague. The opening sublime passage on Light, in Book III., proves at least that from Book II. the poem was written in ‘darkness.’

times,

times, till I wake. Sometimes I dream that I am walking in the fields; I tread on the grass, I smell the fresh air.' 'If I dream,' said another young man, 'that I am in the great basket-shop, I know I am there by the size of the room—the length of it.' 'But how can you judge as to the size or length of what you cannot see?' 'Oh! the sound tells me pretty well; I am in my own old place, where I work.' 'You sit on your box, then?' 'Yes, I touch it, and if the dream goes on I get my tools out.'

The dream, in fact, is but a hard, bare, and indistinct fragment of everyday life, untouched by a gleam of fancy or imagination; in both of which qualities the great majority* of the blind are evidently deficient. The things which the seeing can touch, hear, or taste, are comparatively few in number, and do little to feed the fancy or to rouse the imagination; and yet on these alone the great mass of the uneducated blind have mainly to depend. The world of books is all but closed to them; friends are few, and readers are still more rare. The experience, therefore, of a blind man must be more or less grounded on faith—faith in many things which he can realise but imperfectly, and in some of which he can form no conception. And this, again, tends to harden and petrify the whole tone and habit of his daily life. If, as in the case of Blacklock, he has a turn for versifying, he may produce in abundance feeble imitations of such popular poets as may chance to be read to him, catching here and there a phrase, a cadence, or an echo of the metre; but for the most part what he writes is absolutely without salt, colourless to the mental eye, and tasteless to the critical palate. He may have certain ideas of warmth, sound, and society as belonging to 'the day;' of silence, solitude, and melancholy as connected with night; he may talk of 'glory' as belonging to the sun, and 'fainter radiance' to the moon. But this, after all, is no proof that he understands the images which he uses, any more than Blacklock did when he assigned 'paleness' to grief, 'cheerfulness' to green, or chattered of 'ruddy' gems and 'glowing' roses. He uses such words and phrases pretty much as the school-boy does the adj. '*purpureus*,' which he hunts out of his *Gradus* as a jolly epithet for '*Olor*,' and '*purpureum*' for '*Mare*;' never perhaps having seen any but white swans or green waves; and possibly never having had

* It must not be forgotten that all general remarks of this kind apply only to those who are born blind, or lose their sight in early childhood. Mr. Frantz tells us of a youth whose sight was restored by an operation. While blind he often dreamed of his parents; he felt them, and heard their voices, but never saw them; but when once he had seen them with the bodily eye, he beheld them also in his dreams.—*Philosophical Trans.*, 1841.

a glimpse of either. A single specimen from Blacklock's loftiest poem will more than suffice to show our meaning :—

' Arise, my soul ! on wings seraphic rise,
And praise the Almighty Sovereign of the skies,
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heaven of heavens, nor boundless space confines.
When darkness ruled with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day ;
First, fairest offspring of the omnific word,
Which like a garment clothed its Sovereign Lord,
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies.' &c. &c.

This is cited by his critics,* themselves blind, as something quite Miltonic, 'truly sublime,' and full of 'bewitching beauties.' So much for his poetry. But he is also claimed as a philosopher ; and what his philosophical attainments must have been may be easily imagined from his poetical description of Aristotle :—

' The Stagyrte whose fruitful quill
O'er free-born nature lords it still,
Sustained by form and phrase
Of dire portent and solemn sound,
Where meaning seldom can be found,
From me shall gain no praise.'

This choice stanza is from his poem entitled 'Refinements in Metaphysical Philosophy,' and is supposed—it is impossible to conceive why—to be in the style of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' with all Byron's wit and none of his bitterness ! Nor can we perceive anything more encouraging in recent versification by the blind.

But if the blind boy cannot write poetry, he can learn it by heart ; for his memory, when cultivated, is peculiarly retentive, and in all books on Blindness is spoken of as possessing far more than ordinary power. 'The memory of the blind,' says Guillié, 'is prodigious ;' and he rightly traces much of its power to the habit of preciseness and order which many attain when roused to the work of education. He gives us, indeed, no instances of famous memories from the Annals of Blind Men, but rambles off to talk of Seneca, who says—of himself—that he could repeat two thousand detached words in the same order that they held when read over to him ; and of a Corsican, who could master even

* James Wilson, clever and ingenious as he is, and one Mr. B. Bowen, who dates from New York in 'A Blind Man's Offering' of prose and verse : all very sad stuff.

three thousand words, Greek, Latin, or Barbarian, sense or nonsense, and repeat them either backwards or forwards after once hearing them read—for which we have the authority of Muretus. But, whether these be Munchausenic feats, and whether the Japanese savages at Yeddo have, according to Father Charlevoix, their public records committed to memory by chosen blind men, or not, there is no doubt that their peculiar isolation gives both strength, readiness, and accuracy to their memorial powers. Gos-sipping old Bishop Burnet tells of his meeting at Schaffhausen with a Miss Walkier,* who had mastered five languages and knew all the Psalms and New Testament by heart; and there is no doubt that the case is a genuine one; for a large number of the pupils in St. George's Fields during their six years' stay manage to learn the Psalter, and there is at this time among them a young man who can repeat not only the whole of the hundred and fifty psalms, and a large number of metrical psalms and hymns, as well as a considerable amount of modern poetry, including Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' but—incredible as it may seem—the whole of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' with marginal notes and a biography! Few blind persons, and still fewer with sight, could accomplish so herculean a task as this, simply because few, if any, would set to work for years with such incessant, unwearied application and love for the task, as he did. Such was his dexterity, and so retentive was his memory at last, that he could easily learn one hundred lines of Milton in little more than an hour and a half—a period which barely admits of their being read aloud twice, and allowing little time for getting up the lesson. This, no doubt, is a case of remarkable proficiency; but it is more than probable that similar cases are to be found in other schools, both at home and in America, where the education of the blind is carried on with an amazing amount of noisy vigour,† if no better symptoms of real work; and what Daniel Brown has achieved may to a certain extent be done, and is done, by his fellow-sufferers elsewhere. It must be remembered, too,

* Burnet's 'Travels,' i. p. 218.

† Vide 'Report of Pennsylvania Blind School for 1855,' where the manager complacently contrasts the American school with that in St. George's Fields, 'and cannot help pointing out with pride the list of subjects taught in our institution, and contrasting their teaching to read, write, and cipher, and to understand their Bible, with our orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic (mental and on slates), geography, maps and globe, history United States and general, synonyms (*sic*), rhetoric, natural history, philosophy, astronomy, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physiology, moral and mental philosophy, geology, and biblical literature.'

How many of the points in this long array are utterly beyond the reach of poor blind children, Mr. Dungleison does not tell us.

that

that the blind youth is compelled to derive nearly all his knowledge from books that are read to him (his embossed books being very few in number, very expensive, and almost entirely on religious subjects). While his friend reads, he listens most intently; he is now all ear—not a word, not a syllable, escapes him. He cuts off every channel of communication with the outer world, and opens but the one inlet to the wave of sound. Much depends, of course, on the fluency and distinctness of his teacher, but far more on his own habit of fixed and undivided attention. Here, in the mere task of learning by heart, he has to listen acutely and patiently to all—even to every word—and this by dint of practice becomes comparatively easy. When he comes to the facts and dates of History, he learns to sift the chaff from the wheat, and burdens his memory only with the important items worth retaining,* content ‘to let the little fishes slip through the meshes of the net, provided the big ones be retained.’ In this way he rouses, vivifies, and strengthens his memory—culling a flower here, or perhaps a weed there—adding gradually yet surely to his store, and at last reaping the certain fruit of all honest toil; not because his powers of memory are keener or stronger than those of seeing men, but because he has spared neither time nor labour to put them to their utmost and best exertion. He labours under a host of disadvantages. No local association can help him, as it does every other student; no memoranda can be consulted; not one single fact can be recalled by the presence of any one person, or by the sight of a place. Yet, in spite of these difficulties, an educated blind man will acquire a knowledge of ancient and modern history, as well as of modern literature; and a glance at Lord Cranborne’s ‘Essays’† (No. 6 in our list) will show how wide and how accurate that acquaintance may be. We notice this volume because the author is one of the few educated blind men in England who have of late years printed anything. There was, indeed, a brilliant little sketch written in 1861 by a gentleman well known in Hertfordshire, entitled, ‘How a blind man saw the Great Exhibition in 1861;’ but the author devotes himself almost

* It would be well if those who see were less burdened with the idle yet laborious accumulation of useless matter. ‘Make not so faithful a servant a slave,’ says witty old Fuller. ‘Remember, Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, and rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory is like a purse, if it be over full, that it cannot shut, all will drop out.’—*Holy State*, p. 166.

† Since these words were written, Lord Cranborne, the eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury, has been cut off, after a few hours’ illness, in the prime of life; a deep loss not only to many attached personal friends, but specially to the blind, whose interests were ever near his heart.

entirely

entirely to reading and to music, in which he is a masterly proficient, and, to the regret of his friends, rarely uses his pen. With these exceptions, we have found trace of no literary work done by blind men of late years, except a volume or two of dreary rapid rhyme, or of querulous, discontented repining at the neglect with which the authors have been treated. Dr. Bull, from whose work on Blindness we have already quoted, was a physician in good practice when he lost his sight, and therefore does not fall within our list.*

We are acquainted with other blind men of rank and education, and fully entitled to take a place among those above named; and there are, of course, scattered through England a much larger number well known by their friends to be possessed of like attainments. These form a separate and distinct body, apart by themselves, and to them our general remarks do not apply. But out of the 30,000 blind people in Great Britain, a very large proportion belong to the middle and lower classes, where there are indeed many mothers of shrewd wit and loving hearts, who have all the wish but none of the power to educate the blind child, and where also, as statistics tell us, blindness specially prevails because smallpox and fever go hand in hand with impure air and scanty food; and many a little one whom disease spares, some chance blow from a stick or a stone, a sudden fall, cold, exposure, or neglect, dooms to life-long darkness. The 30,000 are scattered over Great Britain very unequally; in England and Wales the ratio of blind to the seeing is 1 in 1037; Scotland gives 1 in 1086; Ireland 1 in 843; the Channel Islands 1 in 728. Blindness is far more prevalent in rural districts than in those devoted to manufacturing and mining. In Wilts, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall the ratio is 1 in 793; but in the Eastern Counties 1 in 902; in Cheshire and Lancashire, 1 in 1253; in Bedfordshire, where the young people are chiefly busied in straw-plaiting, it falls to 1 in 1325; while in Herefordshire, with its noble woods, rivers, mountains, and valleys, it suddenly rises to 1 in 693. The Registrar-General endeavours to account for some of these differences in statistics by saying that the rural districts contain a larger number of persons in advanced life than in towns and manufacturing districts; while the young and healthy migrate into the manufacturing districts as apprentices, artisans, and servants. This is

* Prescott is no exception, because, although his gradually failing sight at last ended in almost total blindness, he was an educated man before his trouble befel him, and then nobly toiled on in spite of it. Nor is Mr. Fawcett, the present Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, whose stores of learning, like Milton's, were laid up before he lost his sight, a few years ago.

not

not quite a sufficient cause for the great difference of ratio ; but the increased number of blind people in Ireland since 1851 (though before that date she had been visited by several fierce outbreaks of epidemic ophthalmia) is clearly explained by the fact that while the population in the ten years (1851-1861) has fallen, chiefly by emigration, by 750,000, blindness, which cannot emigrate, has kept to its usual proportion of victims, and the ratio is now 1 in 843, higher in fact than in any other part of Great Britain, except the Channel Islands, where coarse and scanty food, dirt, and defiance of all sanitary laws among the poorer classes, are bearing their usual deadly fruit. If statistics, always treacherous in matters of age, can be trusted, it seems that out of the 20,000 blind persons in England, about one-seventh are under twenty years of age ;* a large number of whom must be of a right age to enter a blind school. Yet of these, only 760 are now actually under instruction, and the thirteen existing schools provide accommodation only for about a thousand pupils. The schools are scattered over England in a defective ratio, as a couple of examples from the Census will show. In the wide-spread county of York, with its population of 2,000,000, and 2630 blind persons (of whom at least 260 are under 20 years), there is but one school for 65 children ; while in the South-Midland and Welsh divisions, with a population of 2,600,000, and 2630 blind people, there is neither school nor asylum. The list of schools, as the Registrar gives them, is as follows :—London (2), Brighton, Norwich, Exeter, Bath,† Bristol, Birmingham, Nottingham, Liverpool (2), Manchester, York, Newcastle-on-Tyne ; to which must be added two small but flourishing schools at Plymouth and Devonport, as

* The statistics of blindness in England are of the scantiest kind : in America, in spite of all the horrors of civil war, they manage to be more explicit.—*Report of Pennsylvanian B. School*, 1865.

Ages.	Whites.	Free Coloured.	Slaves.	Total.
Under 10 ..	763	21	111	895
10 to 20 ..	1,494	30	124	1,648
20 ,, 40 ..	2,381	55	250	2,686
40 ,, 50 ..	1,202	46	172	1,420
50 ,, 60 ..	1,227	60	154	1,441
Over 60 ..	3,644	202	699	4,545
Total ..	10,711	414	1,510	12,635

† The Bath School, though one of the smallest, is certainly one of the most efficient schools in England ; mainly owing to the unwearied exertions of the Secretary, Miss Elwin, and the Committee of Ladies who work with her.

well as the Manufactory for the Blind at Sheffield, employing twenty-nine workers, at an average of about 7s. per week. The earliest of these was founded at Liverpool, in the year 1791; then came Edinburgh and Bristol, and next, in 1799, the School for the Indigent Blind, in St. George's Fields, the largest in England, and in point of education, mental, moral, and industrial, to be fairly taken as a type of what can be, and ought to be, done for blind children of that class. In some of the other schools a greater stress seems to be laid on the industrial work, and in one or two, work in the school-room seems to be almost omitted. But industrial work alone, without mental instruction, will have even a worse effect on a blind boy than on one with eyes. It will slowly and gradually tend to degrade him to a mere working machine; whereas, the grand object is to prevent this degradation, to lessen in every possible way his isolation, to bind him fast to the rest of the world by every tie of community of feeling, as far as may be by community of knowledge, thought, and action; and to crown the whole work with the happy truth that all are the children of one Father, to whom He has given each his own toil, capacity, place, and reward. No exact rule as to the precise proportion of mental to industrial work, in all cases, can be laid down. Much must depend on the ages of the pupils, the number of teachers and of scholars, as well as the variety of work. But the two occupations should act and re-act on each other; the making of a mat or a basket be a relief after the horrors of Long Division, or the toil of embossing; and a chapter of English History, of St. Mark, or Robinson Crusoe, give spirit to the busy craftsman at his manual work; and that of course, in addition to the daily chapel service in which he takes a vital part, as well as to the more direct moral or religious class-teaching of the chaplain.

A single sentence will tell the various kinds of industrial work carried on in English schools, and nearly all of them to be found in operation at St. George's Fields—basket-work, mats, rugs, and cocoa-nut fibre matting of every description; brushes, sash-line, knitting, netting, crochet, hair-work of great beauty and strength; chair-caning, mattress-making, and twine, with a few others which have some local cause and value. The great passion, however, in the life of a blind man once roused to work is music. Here he thinks he can achieve, if not immortality, at least renown and certain independence. It is to him a source of the highest, purest pleasure, a solace under all his troubles, almost light in his darkness. It rightly occupies a considerable place in the school we are considering; and the surprising efficiency

efficiency attained is sufficiently proved by public concerts, at which sacred music, vocal and instrumental, of the highest class* is performed by a large blind choir, under the guidance of a blind organist. An instrumental band of thirty performers also executes secular music of a lighter kind with remarkable cleverness. But few blind men ever go beyond a certain amount of proficiency. To guide and accompany an intelligent choir through an ordinary service and simple anthem, or the chanting of the Psalms,—they are quite able, and able to do it well; and this, and even more than this they do, in turn, in their own solemn and striking chapel service. But unfortunately for the blind musician, churchwardens and trustees in want of an organist are slow to believe in his powers, no matter how well attested;† and in a large number of cases, though his love for music still continues deep and unbroken as ever, once outside the school gates his practical acquaintance with music is over; or almost limited to such wooden strains as can be pounded out of some excruciating instrument which Mozart himself could not make endurable.

The twelve chief schools in England at present will accommodate only about 900 of the 2700 said to be under twenty years of age; and even this limited accommodation is not always put to its full test; for on the day of the census, April 8, 1861, only 760 were found to be under instruction in public institutions. The precise cause of this slackness in availing themselves of the chance of instruction it is difficult to ascertain; the expense of getting a child into one of the schools is small, and in most cases the education is free; so that apathy, neglect, and poverty are probably the greatest obstacles. Of those blind people above twenty years old, able and willing and having need to work, about 2350 are employed in general occupations, and chiefly among those who have sight, as labourers, miners, farmers (340), blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, &c.; while about 700 men carry on with greater success the more special work of blind men, as basketmakers, makers of mats, rope, and sacks, brushes, and brooms. Of the women, 200 are employed as domestic servants; for though a blind girl would hardly be a safe or efficient cook, she can, as experience has shown in

* It will be sufficient merely to name such compositions as 'The Messiah,' 'Creation,' 'Elijah,' 'St. Paul,' 'Bach's Fugues,' and 'Mozart's Masses and Anthems.'

† Where they have a chance of setting to work as organists, they have succeeded admirably, as at Richmond, Battersea, Blackheath, Burneston, Bedale, North Mimms, Cobham, Shrewsbury, Balham, Yarmouth, and other places where old pupils are still at work.

many of the schools, be a first-rate hand at a broom, do all a housemaid's work (when the geography of the house is once known), make the beds, lay the dinner and breakfast-table,* shake the carpets, and help at the washing-tub; about 100 work as dressmakers and seamstresses, a point which, incredible as it may seem, is corroborated by the fact that almost all of the linen garments worn by the girls in St. George's School are made by themselves.† The remaining 400 get a scanty living as makers of stays, knitted stockings, baskets, and brooms—doubly scanty because the beggarly pittance paid as wages to women with sight who work at these trades is, in their case, even lessened on the false plea that the work of the blind *cannot* be equal to that of the seeing. Thus we have a poor and industrious class of about 4800 who resolutely hold themselves above the degradation of begging in the streets, and in spite of all obstacles do their best to keep the wolf from the door. Of the stratum below these, who make begging their regular profession, and haunt the streets of London in every variety of miserable destitution and whining imposture, the census says nothing. They amount to many hundreds in number, and are for the most part well known to each other, and to some of their fraternity in the provinces. The most skilful in their profession of course find the best market for their talents in the great metropolis, of whom a tall, upright young man in rusty black clothes and kid gloves is probably one of the most successful. He, as many of our readers must remember, plants himself with his back firmly against the wall at the foot of the National Gallery, or in some other great thoroughfare, and appeals to the ceaseless multitude as they pass, either silently or, in pleasant, sunny weather, in a short discourse, flavoured with religious phraseology of a highly unctuous kind, but mainly consisting of his own reflections on things in general. He wears hung round his neck a small, neat placard, informing us that he has been 'respectably brought up and educated, but driven by dire necessity to appeal to the bowels of compassion,' &c. &c. &c. In fine weather he makes his four or five shillings a day, and, not keeping any canine establishment, nor apparently any human guide, can live in comparative clover. The lower grade of performers, far below him as artists, is sufficiently represented by a few well-known examples, such as the stout, elderly, good-natured looking man who sits in one of the recesses of Waterloo Bridge, and professes to be reading, in a loud, strong

* This is done in St. George's Fields.

† They also hem all sheeting, handkerchiefs, and towels. A special needle has been invented for the use of the blind, but these children use one of the common kind.

voice,

voice, some page of St. Paul, in Frere's system. Whether he is reading it or not is entirely another question. At all events he has learned a good many pages by heart most correctly; and so reads on glibly enough in all weathers, rain, east wind, or snow, when the finger of an unprofessional blind boy would be utterly disabled. Next come such as the youth who blows into a tin flageolet one long, crazy attempt at a tune which he never finds; the three young, unkempt, grimy minstrels who sing alternately snatches of funereal psalmody and 'Old Dog Tray' as a trio;* the soldier without a hat, who invokes blessings on all passers by who have eyes, and especially on those who remember the defenders of old England; another hatless sufferer, a big-faced, tall fellow in a white smock-frock, who boldly steers his way along the most crowded pavement under the guidance of a sturdy bulldog; the whining outcast, near St. Giles', Endell-street, who is one day silent and still as a blind and deaf mute, and the next day moaning and shaking with St. Vitus's dance; and lastly, the old, red-haired, freckled Scotchman, who, under the inspiration of a frowsy old woman, expends himself with desperate energy on a hopeless clarionet with absolute and hideous success. Of such as these there are probably some hundreds in London dragging on a miserable existence in a mixture of want, extravagance, privation, and dirt. Then, far above these dreary spectacles, come the blind adults belonging to the middle and upper classes, among whom are 43 clergymen and ministers, 17 physicians and surgeons, 11 barristers and solicitors, as well as 32 officers in the army and navy; all of whom have probably become blind after entering on a profession; besides 80 described as teachers, many no doubt driven by necessity to embrace pedagogy for a living; and 600 musicians and teachers of music. Fifty-eight old 'salts' have, after long years of service afloat, found a quiet haven in Greenwich Hospital, and about an equal number of rivals on shore are Chelsea pensioners. How far the clergy, barristers, and physicians are still able to carry on their professional duties we have no data to help us to decide; though we are aware of more than one clergyman in the neighbourhood of London still most efficient in the desk and pulpit. All parochial work of course is out of the question.

We come now to the last point of our subject, the different rival systems of embossed printing, which have unhappily been

* These three were at Brighton in August, 1865, and were making about 10s. a day.

invented

invented for the use, we had almost said distraction, of blind people. So fierce and so bitter has been the war waged over the knotty problem, and so eager have the partisans of each new invention been to claim for themselves the discovery of the one, sole, best method, that the blind man's library now consists of a very few volumes, only to be had at a price which puts them entirely beyond the reach of the class who most need them. The four chief systems,* all that need our notice here, are those of Frere, Lucas, Moon, and Alston, each claiming to be the one infallible method of reading for the blind. Mr. Frere's system is, he tells us, based entirely on the phonetic principle, or combination of elementary sounds, and is conveyed to the touch of the blind reader by a series of stenographic signs or symbols. Thus instead of the four letters, T, N, D, R, he substitutes four lines, |, —, \, /, respectively named *Teh*, *Un*, *Deh*, *Ur*; while F, G, J, and B, are metamorphosed into Geh ꞑ, ꞑ Uf, ꞑ Jeh, and ꞑ Beh; and so on through the rest of the alphabet, in a series of sounds, "guttural," "hissing," and "gushing," with hard and soft breathing, and aspirations. All this, be it remembered, is to teach a poor, ignorant, blind child the names and meaning of his letters, which are supposed to be too hard for him in their ordinary shapes and names. He is accordingly introduced to angles \angle , crooks ꞑ, crescents \smile , dots . . . (which latter stand for vowels); dots final, dots upper, middle, and lower, upwards, downwards; angles, with points forwards or backwards; to straight lines downwards or sideways; long vowels, and short vowels; in all, 29 signs; each accompanied by a rule in prose, or still drearier verse, of some three or four lines, to be learned by heart by the hapless disciple, to whom A B C is a mystery. All that can be said of this method is that it is a very ingenious and elaborate system of shorthand, very difficult—we speak from positive experience—to be understood by a person with eyes, and

* We omit all mention of the host of minor systems which have from time to time been found out by private friends of the blind, at least ten or a dozen in number. The last new one has just been put into our hands by the inventor, B. Mitford, Esq., of Cheltenham. It is in the Roman letter, and has no peculiarity whatever but that of forcing blind people to read in perpendicular columns of words, from the top to the bottom of the page, instead of from left to right as the rest of the world do. The alphabet stands thus:—

A	F	F	E	D
B	G	O	B	
C	H	R	L	
D	I	T	I	
E	I &	H	N	

hopelessly

hopelessly bewildering to any one without them. It is said that many blind people have learned to read by Frere, and truly, no doubt; for time, money, skill, and love have been expended on its behalf with lavish generosity. Armed with the same weapons, we would undertake to teach half a dozen such scholars Polish or Scandinavian.

Next we have Lucas's system, still more arbitrary in character, and more purely stenographic than Frere. Instead of a simple character for each of the elementary sounds of the English language, he gives us an alphabet redundant in eight characters, and deficient in ten; he makes no distinction between long vowels and short ones. F appears in four different disguises as f, ff, ph, and gh; final ees are abolished, and we meet with such strange monsters as *fac*, *accurat*, *censur*, and *tim*, for time, censure, face, and accurate; we find people "*laffing*" without *noing* it, at being *cawt*, and not *abl* to *giv* a *reson*; "because when the sound of a word is different from the spelling, the spelling is altered;" until at last, in utter bewilderment with the long list of contractions and omissions, we are at a loss to know whether our respectable old friend Q stands for queen, quaker, or question; or why H should not stand for horrible, as well as P, for puzzle, instead of for "have," "hither," "he;" "put," "patience," or "upon," according to Rule in "Table 1, for learners." A single line in the Lucasian dialect will probably explain its full beauty more clearly than any words of ours.

1. *Pure Lucas.*

l̄a ī x̄ c̄ ḡ ī 7 -) 7 6 7 7) - 7 (3 1 2

2. *Translated into Letters.*

If. t. bl. bi. hs. p. h. wh. v. b. pzld. u. t. ed.

3. *Translated into Words.*

If the blind Boy has patience he will verily be puzzled unto the end.

4. *Various Readings.**

If two blind Boy house upon have with unity the
his put hither which vanity be puzzled you to end.
9th

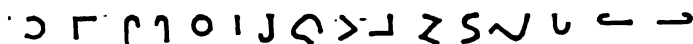
So much for short, simple, and common words, as in the above example; but if the learner meet with any longer ones, he is more mystified than ever. *Nos* stands for *nevertheless*, *kd* for *kingdom*, instead of *kid*; *nsg* for *notwithstanding*, *pr* for *prayer*, while *fr* stands for *friend*, and *thf* not for *thief*, but *therefore*; *tables* becomes *tabs*, and *overtake*, *otak*; while *elasti wrnss* stands for *everlasting weariness*. Our readers will be able to judge from

* 'Various Readings;' because most of these signs have two or more distinct meanings; hs = his, has, house; u = unity, you, and unto, &c. &c.


this

this how far such an elaborate, complicated, and purely arbitrary system is likely to help the blind boy over the miseries of the Alphabet and the Spelling Book.

The third of the arbitrary systems is the invention of Mr. Moon,* and he naturally considers it to be more perfect than perfection. He claims to have avoided "the complicated form of the Roman letter, and the still less discernible angular type," by a revised alphabet, each letter of which is 'formed of one line, or at the most of two, having a *partial resemblance* to those in common use, and allowing only of five contractions, *ment, ing, tion, ness*, and *and*, each of which is represented by its final letter. A dozen letters of this alphabet will show how far intricacies have been avoided, or likeness to the ordinary letter kept up.


 D. E. F. G. H. I. J. W. X. Y. Z. &c. N. B. P. Q.

We must agree with him that the resemblance he speaks of is partial enough, but we are at a loss to discover in what way our respected old friends Z, and K, N, U, and J are more complicated than the half-barbarous looking symbols Z, S, <, ~, U, J. One *lunar* line will suffice to show the aspect of the whole system to the eye of the seeing, and to the finger of the blind boy:—

A MAN'S OWN GEESE TO HIM ARE ALL SWANS.


Whatever claims these arbitrary systems may have on the blind boy's notice, one fatal defect runs through them all, viz., that they tend to cut him off more than ever from the rest of the world, and especially from those who are able to read, and to *help him when he comes to a hard word*. The task of learning Moon, Frere, or Lucas, would be to him like learning a new language; with this difference, that when he has learned it, and hard work in the course of years has deadened his sense of touch, not a single friend or companion *at home* will understand it, or be able to read with the eye the mysterious symbols which his reading-finger can no longer discern. Twenty years ago shrewd, old Abbé Carton spoke to this very point: 'En effet,' he says, 'si un caractère, connu des clairvoyants, est employé dans l'impression en relief pour les aveugles, ces infortunés sont plus rapprochés des autres hommes que s'ils se servaient d'un caractère inconnu

* Mr. Moon deserves infinite praise, as a blind man, for his labours on behalf of himself and his fellow-sufferers; but it is to be wished that he had never meddled with the alphabet but to print it in the old Roman letter.

de ceux qui les entourent. Diminuer la difficulté qu'auraient les clairvoyants à connaître l'alphabet des aveugles, est réellement travailler en faveur des aveugles. Le plus grand malheur des aveugles est leur isolement.' Common sense ought long ago to have stepped in and settled this question, but she has had the door shut in her face by prejudice; and the strife still goes on. Meanwhile the old Roman letter, in spite of all patent inventions, manages to hold her own; to print books far less expensive and less bulky than Moon's, and, if the testimony of a large number of blind children is to be believed, quite as easily read; the New Testament in Alston costing 2*l.*, that in Moon's type 4*l.* 10*s.** The use of the Roman letter helps the blind boy to read as all the rest of the world reads; to spell and to write as they do. The other three systems absolutely prevent his doing so, and inflict upon him the intolerable hardship of learning a semibarbarous jangle which no one with eyes can understand, and which he himself is unable to express in writing. Sooner or later (the sooner the better) some one system of embossed printing will be generally adopted, and it must embrace at least the following features:—1. It must resemble as nearly as possible the type in use among seeing men; that the blind scholar, in learning to read, may have every possible help from his remembrance of letters he *may* once have *seen*, but which now his fingers must see for him; or from any one who can read an ordinary book; or, if need be, that a friend may read to him. 2. The words must be *correctly* spelt in full; that when he learns to write, others may read his written words. And 3. All must agree on a clear, sharp type, which the finger of the adult, hardened by rough work, and the keen touch of the child, may be alike able to discern.† It is to be hoped that science, which has done so much for all other readers, will in due time provide for the dwellers in the land of darkness a literature and a typography which will help to make them wiser, better, and happier. Many earnest men are working in this good cause. It is to be hoped that, as '*pax paritur bello*,' differences will some day be laid aside, and the work be crowned with that strength and success which unity of action as well as purpose alone can give.

A single word on two final topics—the general Statistics of European Blindness, and the Educational status of the upper and middle class—and our task is done. Blindness has been supposed to become gradually more prevalent as we get nearer

* See 'Catalogue of the Society for Printing Books for the Blind.'

† See 'Johnson's Tangible Typography,' p. 36.

to the Equator, and fixed ratios of the blind to the seeing have even been given to different parallels of latitude. But, however ingenious or curious such a speculation may be, there are at present no sufficient data to go upon. There are other causes, far more powerful than climate, at work in tropical countries; such as bad food, unhealthy lodging, disregard of all sanitary laws, and ignorance of ophthalmic surgery. And a glance at the accompanying table from the last census returns will show that all reasoning from mere geographical position is absolutely futile.

Countries.	Number of Blind.	Ratio to Population.	Countries.	Number of Blind.	Ratio to Population.
Norway	2,759	1 in 540	Savoy	614	1 in 884
Sweden	2,566	„ 1,419	Piedmont	5,683	„ 887
Denmark	1,710	„ 1,523	Belgium	3,675	„ 1,233
Prussia	10,205	„ 1,738	Holland	1,990	„ 1,663
Saxony	1,606	„ 1,386	United States of America .. }	12,635	„ 2,470
Hanover	1,196	„ 1,579	Newfoundland ..	86	„ 1,426
Wurtemberg ..	1,198	„ 1,436	Nova Scotia ..	185	„ 1,788
Hesse Darmstadt	696	„ 1,231	Prince Edward's Island .. }	43	„ 1,880
Oldenburg ..	167	„ 1,720			
Bavaria	2,362	„ 1,986			
France	38,413	„ 938			

For example, why should the ratio in Norway be 1 in 540, while in the adjacent country it suddenly sinks to 1 in 1400? or in poor little Denmark* to 1523? Why should Newfoundland, again, be so widely apart from Prince Edward's Island as 1400 from 1880? And why should the United States of America enjoy an immunity from blindness such as, we believe, no other country in the world can boast? the ratio of blind people to those with sight—if American statistics are not worthless—being 1 in 2970; not one-half that of Great Britain.

The gist of our previous remarks has mainly applied to the lower and less-educated class of blind persons. We have endeavoured to give our readers some notion as to their numbers, occupation, and general status, to show what has been done, and what remains to be done, for them. Blindness in the United States† seems just now to be on the increase; and though in England it would for the time appear to be on the decrease, it may possibly again mount to the ratio which it maintained twenty years ago, two of its staunchest allies, typhus and scarlet fever, being almost as deadly as ever. In the mean while, how-

* It would be a curious point to inquire how far the common belief in the strength and endurance of dark blue and grey eyes, over brown and light blue, affects the light-haired, blue-eyed Norsemen.

† See 'Report of Pennsylvania Institution for 1864,' p. 13.

ever,

ever, no provision whatever appears to be made for the education of blind children of the upper class, who stand in need of special teaching almost as much as their poorer fellow-sufferers. The want of it condemns them to many a long, weary hour of darkness and idleness which the poorer blind boy escapes. 'Never,' says a blind man, 'is labour more laborious, never is patience more tried, than when a blind child sits with his hands before him in ever-during darkness.'* What is really needed is a well-organised school or college† for the education of children of both sexes from the upper ranks of life, where they may be not only thoroughly trained in all the special acquirements of the blind, but, as far as possible, in all the other branches of that wide and liberal education which is the heritage of the seeing. The want of some such institution is a very great and serious one, when it is remembered to what utter shipwreck of all power, heart, and hope in life blindness condemns its victims—so great and so intense that wise and good men in every age have for a time given way to it; and even John Milton, who grandly claims for himself and all his fellow-sufferers, that they are the special care of the Almighty, 'dwelling under the shadow of his wings,' yet mourns the loss of light in words of pathetic and unequalled tenderness. To him the sun is dark and silent as the moon,

'Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.'

Years come and go, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night; but to him day returns not, nor golden dawn nor summer eve, nor spring flowers, nor living creature, nor human face divine,

' But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank.‡

Thousands are still to be found in the same cloud of darkness which fell about the pathway of his life; some few possibly with genius of the same kindred power as his; but many doubtless of fair and goodly talents, waiting, hoping, for some real work in life which may never come. Our object has been to show that their hope is a just one, that the need is vital; of what kind that work should be, and the noble fruit it will surely bear. It would be hard to exaggerate the value, the beauty, and the

* Bull, p. 172.

† Such a college has, we believe, been at last just started under the able direction of the Rev. W. Taylor, near Worcester.

‡ 'Paradise Lost.' Book iii., 45.

interest of such work when once achieved. None indeed but He who made the eye can give sight to the blind ; but human hands and human hearts* may do much to help them to find out their share in all the privileges, joys, and responsibilities of human toil, and in it to discover Him who has 'set up his present kingdom here in this world of work, given to every man his task, and, when evening is come, will give to each labourer his due wage of reward.'†

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- ART. VI.—1. *Xenophontis Opuscula Equestria et Venatica cum Arriani Libello de Venatione*, &c. Vol. VI. J. G. Schneider. Lipsiæ, 1815.
2. *Pindari Epinicia*. Edidit C. H. Weise. Lipsiæ, sumtibus et Typis Caroli Tauchnitii. 1845.
3. *Pausaniæ Græciæ Descriptio*. Lib. V. et VI. in Vol. II. Lipsiæ, 1829. Tauchnitz.
4. *Ovidii Halieuticon Fragmentum*.
5. *Gratii Falisci et Olympii Nemesiani Carmina Venatica, cum duobus fragmentis de Aucupio*. Edidit Reinhard Stern, Halis Sax. 1832.
6. *Oppiani Poetæ Cilicis de Venatione, Libri IV., et de Piscations, Libri V., cum Paraphrasi de Aucupio*, curavit J. G. Schneider. Argent. 1776.
7. *Arrian on Coursing; the Cynegeticus of the Younger Xenophon*. Translated from the Greek, with Classical and Practical Annotations; to which is added an Appendix, containing some account of the Canes Venatici of Classical Antiquity. By a Graduate of Medicine. London, 1831.
8. *Prose Halieutics, or Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle*. By the Rev C. D. Badham, M.D. London, 1854.
9. *An Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, or complete Account (Historical, Practical, and Descriptive) of Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Racing*, &c. &c. By D. P. Blaine, Esq. London, 1858.

‘THE invention of the art of hunting,’ says an ancient Greek sportsman, ‘is from the Gods.’ Nestor, Amphiarus, Meleager, Theseus, Ulysses, Æneas, Achilles, and a host of other worthies of ancient classic fable, all owed their celebrity to the attention which they gave to dogs and hunting. ‘These

* The useful little industrial shop in the New-road, founded by the unwearied exertions and generosity of Miss Gilbert, and managed by Mr. Levy, himself an old pupil of the School for the Indigent Blind, is alone a proof of what can be done for the welfare of the blind by a few earnest people resolved for work.

† ‘Sirion.’

are the men,' continues Xenophon, 'whom the good still love and the bad envy. If any calamities happened to city or king in Greece these men were the deliverers; if any quarrel or war arose between Greece and the barbarians, the Greeks conquered by means of such men as these, and Greece became invincible. My advice, therefore, to the young is that they should not despise hunting nor any other training, for by such means men become good soldiers, and excel in other accomplishments by which they are of necessity led to think, speak, and act rightly.'

There is good sound practical sense in these remarks of the son of Gryllus, who was at the same time a clever general, a brave soldier, a man of letters, and a thorough sportsman; and no one can for a moment doubt that ancient Greece and Rome did owe to a considerable extent their courage and skill in war to the attention they bestowed upon field sports and athletic exercises.

The importance of a training in field sports is acknowledged by Aristotle, Plato, and Cicero; indeed the voice of classical antiquity is almost universally in favour of manly games. Horace, with his usual felicity, has shown the connection between the hunting-field and the field of battle in the well-known lines:—

'Romanis solemne viris opus, utile famæ
Viteque et membris; presertim cum valeas et
Vel cursu superare canem vel viribus aprum
Possis. Adde, virilia quod speciosius arma
Non est qui tractet (scis quo clamore coronæ
Prælia sustineas campestria); denique sævam
Militiam puer et Cantabrica bella tulisti.' *

A few uncongenial souls, however, regarded field sports and other manly exercises as altogether a mistake, and spoke of them with most sublime contempt. Foremost amongst these complainers we find the name of Euripides, who, in a lost play called 'Autolycus,' thus expatiates on athletic games:—

'And much I blame the present fashions, too,
Which now in Greece prevail; where many a feast
Is made to pay great honour to such men,
And to show false respect to vain amusements.
For though a man may wrestle well, or run,
Or throw a quoit, or strike a heavy blow,
Still, where's the good his country can expect
From all his victories, and crowns, and prizes?
Will they fight with their country's enemies

* Epist. i. 18.

With quoit in hand? or will their speed assist
 To make the hostile bands retreat before them?
 When men stand face to face with th' hostile sword,
 They think no more of all these fooleries.
 T'were better to adorn good men and wise
 With these victorious wreaths; they are the due
 Of those who govern states with wisdom sound,
 And practise justice, faith, and temperance.*

Athenæus, who gives us this information, tells us also that Euripides plagiarised these verses from the 'Elegies' of Xenophanes, whose lines on the uselessness of all athletic exercises are also quoted by the author of the 'Deipnosophistæ.' If Athenæus is correct in ascribing the 'Autolycus' to Euripides, we may perhaps assign the poet's contempt of athletic games to the fact of his having once offered himself as a candidate at the Olympic Games and having been rejected on account of some dispute about his age. But let us bid farewell both to eulogists and oppositionists, and endeavour to set before the reader some account of the sports and sportsmen of ancient Greece and Rome, noticing among the numerous passages in the classical writers which bear upon this subject such as appear to afford the most practical information.

As to the different breeds of sporting dogs used by the old Greeks and Romans it is not possible to come to any very definite conclusion. Of the *canes venatici* some pursued their game by scent, others by sight. Figures of dogs on ancient monuments show a considerable resemblance to the greyhound: there is no doubt that the greyhound was widely used to course hares, and Arrian has written a very interesting book on this subject. It seems probable that the beagle was known to Oppian, and that some kind of mastiff was used to hunt savage animals; but as the ancients often crossed their breeds, an ancient pack of hounds was often composed of what modern sportsmen would regard as rather a mongrel lot. But we must return to this subject by and by.

Hare-hunting was principally practised on foot, and though the horse was employed for the purposes of the chase, the ancient huntsman was more frequently to be seen unmounted, with light dress and shoes, and a thick staff in his hand, accompanied by a man who had the management of the nets, for without nets no sport was anticipated. The modern sportsman will regard such accessories as belonging rather to the poacher than to the hunter, but we must remember that in ancient times when fire-arms

* Athenæus, 'Deipnosophistæ,' l. 5, Ynge's translation.

were unknown, and such animals as the hare, wild boar, and stag were in much request as articles of food, it would not be an easy task in a thickly-wooded country to capture many of these creatures without the aid of nets and such like poaching gear. These nets were of different kinds, according to the game pursued. In hare-hunting three sorts are especially mentioned by Xenophon; one was a large sean-like net used for surrounding coverts, another was a small kind for catching the hare in narrow tracks and paths and openings between bushes, and a third was made in the shape of a purse, the mouth of which was kept open by placing in it branches of trees, which served as a decoy. The following are Xenophon's instructions to the hare-hunter:—

‘The huntsman (κυνηγέτης) should go to the chase in a plain light dress, with shoes of a similar description, and with a thick staff in his hand: the man who manages the nets should follow him, and they should proceed to the hunting-ground in silence, lest the hare, if she happen to be near, should run off on hearing their voices. Having tied the dogs to trees, each separately, that they may be easily unfastened, let them fix the smaller and larger nets, as has been said; and then let the net-keeper continue on the watch, while the huntsman takes the dogs and proceeds to bring the game towards the net. Next, vowing to Apollo and to Diana the Huntress to offer them a share of what is captured, let him loose that one of his dogs which is most skilful in tracking; and let this be done, if it is winter, at sunrise; if summer, before daybreak; and at other seasons between the two. When the dog, out of all the tracks that intersect one another, has found the right, let the hunter set loose another dog, and when this one has gained the track, let him loose the others one by one, at no long intervals, and follow them, not urging them, but calling each by name, yet not frequently, lest they should be excited before the proper time. The dogs will hasten forward with joy and spirit, discovering two or three tracks, as the case may be, proceeding along and over them, as they intersect, form circles, run straight or winding, are strong or weak, recognised or unrecognised; the animals passing by one another, waving their tails about incessantly, hanging down their ears, and casting bright gleams from their eyes. When they are near the hare, they will make it known to the huntsman by shaking not only their tails but their whole bodies, advancing as it were with hostile ardour, hastening emulously past each other, running resolutely in concert, coming quickly together, separating and again advancing, till at last they will hit upon the hare's hiding-place, and rush towards her. She starting up suddenly, will raise behind her, as she flies, a loud barking and clamour from the dogs; and then let the men call after her, as she is pursued, “Forward, dogs, forward! Right, dogs! Well done, dogs!” (ὦ κύνες, ὦ κύνες, σαφῶς γε ὦ κύνες, καλῶς γε ὦ κύνες), and then let the huntsman, wrapping his cloak round his hand, and taking his staff, run along the track of the dogs toward the hare, taking

care

care not to come in the teeth of them, for that would perplex them. The hare running away, and soon getting out of sight, will in general come round again to the place from which she started.* "At him, boy, at him, boy! now boy, now boy!" and the lad must intimate whether she is caught or not. If she is caught in the first run, he must call in the dogs, and seek for another; if not, he must still run on with the dogs with all possible speed, not relaxing, but hurrying forward with the utmost exertion. If the dogs, as they pursue, fall in with her again, he must shout, "Bravo, bravo, dogs! forward!" (*ἔρεσκε*), and if the dogs get far before him, and he is unable, pursuing their track, to come up with them, but misses the way which they have taken, or cannot see them, though they are running somewhere near, or yelping, or still on the scent, he may, as he runs on, call out to any one that he meets, "Have you seen my dogs anywhere?" When he has discovered where they are, he may, if they are on the track, go up to them and encourage them, repeating as often as he can the name of each dog, and varying the tones of his voice, making it sharp or grave, gentle or strong. In addition to other exhortations, he may, if the pursuit is on a hill, call out, "Well done, dogs! well done!" but if they are not on the track, but have gone beyond it, he must call to them, "Hark back, hark back, dogs!" After they have come upon the track, he must lead them round, making many and frequent circles, and wherever the scent is obscure, he ought to take a stake as a mark for himself, and draw the dogs round by this, cheering them and soothing them until they plainly recognise the track. They, as soon as the track is clear, will throw themselves forward, and leap from side to side, will seem to have a common feeling, and to be forming conjectures, making signs to one another, and fixing as it were recognised bounds for themselves, will start forward quickly in pursuit; but while they thus run hither and thither over the track you must not urge them or run on with them, lest through eagerness they should go beyond it. But when they are close upon the hare, and make it plain to the huntsman that they are so, he must take care lest through fear of the dogs the hare dart off in advance. The dogs themselves, whisking about their tails, running against and frequently leaping over one another, yelping, tossing up their heads, looking towards the huntsman, and intimating that these are the true tracks of the hare, will rouse her of themselves, and spring upon her with loud cries. Should she run into the nets, or flee past them, whether on the outside or the inside, let the net-keeper who is stationed at each of these parts call out that such is the case. Should the hare be captured, the huntsman may proceed to seek another; if not, he may still continue to pursue her, using the same incitements to the dogs as before.†

Although by a modern sportsman this mode of hunting a hare

* The Greek word for a hare (*λαγός*) is masculine; but we have used the feminine pronoun in accordance with the English custom.

† The translation given above is from Bohn's 'Classical Library.' We have compared it with the original as we proceeded.

by tracking her to her form, and then, if possible, 'chopping' her, or making her rush frantically into the nets, will be regarded perhaps as tame work compared to a day with a good pack of harriers; still it is easy to see in the above remarks of Xenophon the spirit of a real lover of the chase, as well as to recognise in them much good advice.

On the difficult question of scent, Xenophon says that the spring and autumn are the best seasons for finding it; that in summer the scent is uncertain, for the ground being warm absorbs the warmth which the scent has; that in winter, when there is hoar-frost or ice, there is no scent; that much dew dulls the scent by keeping it down; and that southerly winds make it faint; thus reversing the Englishman's notion that

'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning.'

The moon often comes in for blame in causing some disaster or other. Not only does the full orb make lunatics, but it sadly interferes with hare-hunting: 'Scent is most scarce when the moon is full, for the hares, pleased with the light, and jumping up as they sport together, place their steps at long intervals.' The ancient sportsman of Scillus, however, rightly says that the scent is perplexed when foxes have crossed the ground previously.

Xenophon, we doubt not, must have had a keen eye for marking a hare in her form; coursing was not known in his days, nor practised till long afterwards; otherwise no one, we suspect, would more often have halted the advancing line by the well-known Soho! supposing that word had been Greek. Here is his description of a hare in her form:—

'The hare, when it is disposed to settle, makes her form (εὐνή) for the most part in warm spots, when it is cold; when it is hot, in shady ones; in spring and autumn in places exposed to the sun. . . . As she reclines, she draws the inner part of her thighs under her flanks, putting the fore-legs together, for the most part, and stretching them out, resting the chin on the tips of the feet, and spreading the ears over the shoulder-blades, by which means it covers the soft parts of the neck.'

Xenophon gives a very good description of the different parts of the hare's body, and sums up with the remark that it is impossible that an animal composed of such parts should not be strong, agile, and extremely nimble. He had, however, some odd notions about certain particular uses to which parts of its body were occasionally applied. The tail of the hare is too short to allow of its being used as a rudder, so the animal steers itself by

means of its long ears, turning one or the other obliquely to one side, according to the direction which it desires to take. (!) *

Hares in the winter time, and when snow covered the ground, were caught in the following manner. Dogs were not to be used, as the snow 'parched' (*καίει*) their noses, and the scent was excessively bad; but the hunter was to go out with a companion to the hills, taking with him his nets, and was to search for marks of the hare's feet in the snow. 'When the track shows itself plainly, the hunter may proceed straightforward, and it will lead him either to a shady or to a steep place, because the wind carries the snow over such spots. When the foot-tracks lead to these places, he must not approach too near lest the hare should start, but make a circuit round her; for it is to be expected that a hare is there, and it will presently become certain, since there will be no track from such spots leading out in any other direction.' The hunter was then to leave the place and look out for further tracks, according to the time of day, before they became obliterated. He was next to surround the different places with his nets, and arouse the hare into them. If she escaped the net he was to run on her track again, till he arrived at her lair, which he was to surround with nets; at length the hare would be caught, either in a net, or from exhaustion in consequence of the weight of snow that would attach itself to her legs and feet. Callimachus† alludes to hare-tracking in an epigram which Horace‡ has translated. Oppian§ also recommends snow-tracking in winter, which, he says, is attended with no great difficulty, because all marks in snow are readily recognised, and the soiled foot-prints remain visible for some time. Virgil seems to allude to tracking when he speaks of sundry winter occupations:—

'Tunc gruibus pedicas et retia ponere cervis,
Auritosque sequi lepores.'—(Georg. i. 308.)

It is by no means an easy matter to make out, with any degree of certainty, the form of some of the implements employed by ancient sportsmen. The *laqueus* of the Latin writers was clearly an instrument for strangling the game: the word was probably not used in any very definite sense. It would appear that the *laqueus*, as used in war, was a long noose-rope, like the lasso still in use for catching wild horses in America; but there is no evidence, as far as we have been able to ascertain, that wild

* Elian thought that the hare when chased lashed the back of her neck with her ears to impel her to greater speed (*κρίχρηται αὐτοῖς πρὸς τὸ μὴ ἐλυνθεῖν μηδὲ ὀκνεῖν, ὅσον μωψήϊ*, 'Nat. Hist.' xiii. 14).

† Callim. Ep. 33.

‡ Sat. I. ii. 105.

§ Cyneg. i. 454.

animals were captured by the sportsmen of ancient Greece and Rome with this noose-rope. Hares and cranes were caught by the *laqueus*,* so that the snare, in all probability, was identical with the 'grin' or 'gin' of the modern poacher. Grattius speaks of *laquei curraces*, which we feel sure denote such snares as we have alluded to; the words, 'running nooses' speak for themselves, and it is altogether a mistake to refer the adjective to the game, and suppose the *laquei* to be attached to the feet of running animals. Large game too, such as stags, were caught by means of these *laquei*, and we can easily understand how a strong 'noose' set carefully in the runs and amongst the bushes frequented by these animals would capture them just as readily as smaller game. A very simple method of taking a hare—though we might be inclined to think not a very effective one—was to knock her over as she fled along, by a well-directed 'shot' with a crooked stick. The Greek *λαγωβόλον* denotes etymologically 'something to throw at hares'; it is used by Theocritus and other writers to signify 'a shepherd's staff.' We are unable to give further information as to its success in hare-hunting; but the Scholiast on Theocritus (*Id.* iv. 49)

'Αἶθ' ἦς μοι ῥοικὸν τὸ λαγωβόλον, ὥς τυ παράξω
Would I had my crooked staff that I might hit you,'

is an authority for its use in sporting.†

Oppian‡ speaks of a three-pronged fork for killing hares (*λαγωφόνος τρίαινα*); what was the particular use of this murderous implement we cannot tell, and leave the solution of the question to the reader's ingenuity.

'The many wily inventions,' says the learned translator of Arrian's "Treatise on Coursing," 'devised by man's ingenuity of old for ensnaring noxious and timid animals, appear to us more like instruments of lawless poaching, than fair hunting, and fully justify the conclusion of Arrian's 24th Chapter de Venatione; wherein, with the spirit of a genuine coursing he exclaims, "there is as much difference between a fair trial of speed in a *good run*, and ensnaring a poor animal without an effort, as between the secret piratical assaults of robbers at sea and the victorious naval engagements of the Athenians at Salamis, at Psyt-

* Hor. Epod. ii. 35.

† † 'The *Lagobolon* is a piece of wood with which hares, as they run away, are struck.'—Schol. Theoc. ad loc. There is no reason to doubt that the ancient Greeks acquired considerable skill in the use of the *lagobolon*. It is well known that the modern Bedouins in Palestine and Syria are very dexterous and successful in the capture of partridges and small bustards by means of their throw-sticks, which they use pretty much after the fashion of an Australian boomerang. Kiessling, in his note on Theocritus (*Id.* Sup. Cit.), refers to Spanheim ad Callimachi H. in Dian. v. 2, for further information on this subject.

‡ Oyneg. i. 154.

talía, and at Cyprus." In defence of Xenophon, however, "the most accomplished of ancient sportsmen," the same writer continues, "and in contradistinction of his habits in the field to those of modern poachers, whom in some of his predatory tackling it must be allowed he resembled, we may observe that he orders all the apparatus to be taken away when the sport is over—ἀναλείναι χρεὶ τὰ περὶ κυνηγέσιον πάντα—a clear indication that though he and his compeers used nets and dogs together, forestalling their prey, contrary to the custom of the more enlightened moderns, who hunt at force, κατὰ πόδας,—yet it was held illegal, or at least unsportsmanlike, to have snares on the ground longer than the time of the actual chase."

Ælian has written a spirited, and, on the whole, accurate description of the hare's manœuvres to escape the dogs; he makes especial mention of the many 'doubles' she has recourse to when pressed, and of her attempts to gain rocky or woody places, where dogs and riders cannot follow or find. He rather amusingly observes that the hare, after having outstripped her pursuers in the chase—leaving them far behind—betakes herself to some slight eminence, and, erecting herself on her hind legs, takes a survey, as from a watch-tower, of the contest of speed, and ridicules her beaten adversaries! It is time for us to leave hare-hunting for the present, and notice the chase of other animals.

On the sport of deer-hunting Xenophon lays down rules to be observed, both for the capture of the fawns and the adult animals:—

'The very young fawns,' he says, 'should be hunted in the spring, for it is in that season that they are born. The huntsman should first go into the grassy glades where the deer are most numerous, and survey the ground; and wherever they are seen, he should come to that spot with his dogs and spears before daybreak, and should tie the dogs to the trees at some distance off, lest, if they should see the deer, they should begin to bark; and he himself should keep on the watch. At dawn he will see the hinds bringing each her young one to the place where she is going to let it rest. Having lain down and given their young ones suck, looking round at the same time, lest they should be seen by any one, they will go off severally to the parts opposite their young, still keeping watch over them. The huntsman, on seeing them in this condition, must go and let loose his dogs, and taking his spears in his hand, must advance towards the first of the fawns, at least to the part where he has seen it lying, taking careful note of the ground, for places often assume a different appearance as a person draws near them from that which they presented when he was at a distance. When he has caught sight of the fawn, he must go close to it, for it will remain quiet, crouching as it were upon the ground, and will let the huntsman take it up, making at the same time a loud noise, unless it be wet with rain, since if such be the case, it will not lie still,

still, as the moisture which it has in it being condensed by the cold, will soon make it move off. But when the huntsman has got possession of it, he must give it to the net-keeper; it will utter a cry, and the hind seeing and hearing what is going on, will rush upon the man that holds it, and endeavour to take it from him. At this juncture the huntsman must cheer on the dogs, and use his spears, and when he has captured this animal, he may proceed to take others, adopting the same means for getting possession of them.'

Another method of taking deer which Xenophon recommends was to place a number of traps (*ποδοστράβαι*), of a peculiar construction, on the hills, meadows, woods, and about the streams frequented by the deer. On the following morning the hunter was to go and keep watch with his dogs in the neighbourhood where the traps were set, and to examine the ground to see where the soil was turned up and the trap missing, for these *podostrabæ* were not intended to retain the game, but to catch the feet and to cling closely to them, in order to impede the animal's progress. The dogs were then to be unslipped and placed upon the scent; the hunters were to follow up, cheering on the dogs, and helping them when at fault, till they overtook the encumbered animal, which was to be despatched by means of the spear.*

But of all kinds of hunting pursued by the ancients, the chase of the wild boar is perhaps the most celebrated. So fierce an animal could not help kindling the sportsman's ardour; the danger that accompanied his capture enhanced the pleasure of the hunter, so that not all the earnest entreaties of the Goddess of Love could turn Adonis from his favourite sport. Wild boars were hunted with large and strong dogs. Xenophon recommends Indian, Locrian, Cretan, and Spartan breeds; the

* The *podostrabe* was made of twigs of yew twisted together in a circle. Spikes or rods of iron and wood alternately were fixed in this circle, probably in such a manner as to present the appearance of a grating. To the upper part of the trap a rope with a clog attached was fixed by means of a noose. The clog was about 22 inches long and 3 or 4 broad. A round and even circular hole was dug in a vertical direction, as broad as the trap near the surface, and gradually narrowing towards the bottom. An opening in the ground in an horizontal direction was also made to receive the rope and clog. The whole was carefully concealed by dried sticks, leaves, and earth. As the deer trod upon one of these traps, the weight of his body would wedge in his foot between the iron and wooden spikes. In the animal's struggles to free his foot he would pull up the trap with the attached clog, which latter would greatly incommode him in flight as well as furnish indications to the hunter as to the direction which the game had taken, the bark peeling off as the clog was struck upon rocky ground. The *podostrabæ* were probably identical with the *dentatæ pedicæ* of Gratius, 'Carm. Venat.' 92, 93. Virgil speaks of nets set for deer with coloured feathers attached, which, waving in the wind, frighten the animals and drive them into the toils, —

'Inclusum veluti si quando infumine nactus
Cervum aut puniceæ septum formidine pennæ,
Venator cursu canis et latratibus instat.'—(Æn. xii. 749.)

two former being more especially celebrated for their courage and strength, the latter for their excellent scenting powers. Very strong nets were also necessary, besides javelins and spears furnished with guards at the juncture of the iron and wooden parts, in order to prevent the stricken animal from pushing along the handle till he reached the hunter; foot-traps also, similar to the *podostrabæ* we have already spoken of, were used. The hunters were to go in company, for the sake of mutual protection in so hazardous a chase. But let us have Xenophon's own words on boar hunting:—‘In the first place, when the hunters have come to the place where they suppose that there is a boar, they must bring up the dogs quietly, letting one of the Spartan dogs loose, and keeping the others tied, and go round about the place with the loose dog. When this dog has found traces of the boar, they must continue their course along the track which is to guide the whole train. There will be also many indications of the boar to guide the huntsmen,—marks of his footsteps on soft ground, pieces of the shrubs broken off in the woody parts, and where there are large trees, scratches of his tusks upon them. The dog pursuing the track will generally come to some woody spot, for the animal commonly lies in such places, as they are warm in winter and cool in summer. When the dog comes to the beast's lair it begins to bark, yet the boar will seldom rise on that account.’ Xenophon then adds, that the nets were to be spread widely around this spot, and the ropes of the nets to be attached to some strong tree. The open places near the nets were to be stopped up. These preparations being completed, the dogs were to be let loose, and the men to advance cautiously with their spears in their hands; the huntsman was to lead the way, cheering on the dogs, the rest of the party were to follow at some intervals of space between them. When the dogs come near the lair of the boar, they will start forward and drive him out, the wild animal occasionally killing one or two of the dogs. Now the exciting sport begins. The hunters were to throw their javelins at him, and pelt him with stones. Should the boar press forward into the net, so as to pull the net-rope to the utmost stretch, the most expert hunter was to advance, spear in hand, and pierce the boar in the front part of the body; if he would not stretch the rope, but turned back upon his enemies, one of the party was to advance to meet him with left foot and left hand in advance, watching every movement of the animal's head, and looking into his very eye, and endeavour to thrust his spear into the throat just above the shoulder blade. This was a most hazardous matter, for a strong and sudden movement of the head would turn the hunter's spear aside, and prevent his dealing a thrust, or might

might wrest it out of his hand, in which case the hunter is recommended to throw himself down flat upon the ground, for 'if the boar fall upon him in this position he will be unable to seize his body, on account of his tusks being turned up, but if he attack him standing erect, he must necessarily be wounded.' We are then told 'that the boar will try to raise the man up, and that if he cannot do this, he will trample upon him with his feet.' Few modern sportsmen, we suspect, would be inclined to adopt the method of avoiding the animal's tusks which Xenophon here recommends. When the man is on the ground, one of his companions must come to the rescue, and endeavour to draw the boar's attention off the prostrate hunter on to himself, when the former is to jump up with spear in hand and rush to the attack again, and to the help of his brother sportsman. Xenophon then treats us to a little bit of the fabulous: 'The boar's tusks are so hot when he is just dead, that hairs when laid upon them actually shrivel up, and when he is alive they are absolutely on fire when he is irritated, because if this were not so he would not singe the tips of the dogs' hair when they come near him.'

Ovid gives us an admirable picture of a wild boar in his animated description of the Calydonian hunt, and sings graphically of all the preparations for and incidents of that celebrated chase. The mighty forest, rising from the plain, its trees growing for ages, never thinned by man,—

'Silva frequens trabibus quam nulla ceciderat ætas,'—

amid whose tangled brushwood the great wild boar had his lair; the neighbouring valley, with its rivulets of water and pool surrounded by willows, sedges, rushes, and tall reeds, to which place Meleager and his comrades (*'lecta manus juvenum'*) tracked the monster; the placing of the nets, the unleashing of the dogs, the search for foot-tracks, the ardour which filled the hearts of the hunters, the sudden rush of the wild boar from the marshy places of the pool, the breaking and crashing of the trees of the wood by the animal's impulse, the shout or 'view hollo' of the party as he started off, the casting of javelins, the dispersion of the dogs, are all most charmingly described by this prince of Latin poets. Echion was the first to hurl his javelin at the beast, but he only grazed the bark of a tree; the next was Jason, and he aimed well, but his javelin, though it looked as if it would surely strike the wild boar's back, overshot the mark. Ampycides breathed a sacred prayer to Phœbus that he would guide his weapon aright; the javelin flew true, and struck the animal, but alas! the spear head broke as it was being hurled through the air; the hog,
now

now rendered more furious than ever, suddenly attacks his pursuers, and knocks over Eupalamon and Pelagon, who are at once taken away from the hunting-field. Poor Enæsimus was more unfortunate still, for his courage forsook him, and as he turned to flight, he received a mortal wound on his thigh. And the terror of Calydon whets his tusks upon the trunk of an oak tree and wounds another hunter. The twin brethren, Castor and Pollux (*'nondum cœlestia sidera'*) are conspicuous in the hunt, mounted on their snow-white steeds, and their unerring javelins would certainly have given the death-stroke to the beast had he not rushed into the thickest parts of the covert, impervious to darts and riders. Telamon, too impetuous, stumbles over the root of a tree, and falls to the ground. Atalanta, most swift-footed of mortals, is conspicuous in the chase; she bends her bow, and is the first to draw blood. Meleager, the fair maiden's lover, rejoices more than herself at her success, and is the first to see and point out the blood to his comrades. The rest of the sportsmen blush for shame to see a woman give the first wound, and being very angry,—ungallant gentlemen,—now throw their javelins promiscuously and without effect. One of them, an Arcadian youth, more jealous and boastful, and less pious than the rest, bids his fellow hunters see how man's skill shall prove superior to a woman's, and with his two-edged axe attacks the furious beast. Alas for the ill-fated youth! his blow merely falls upon the foot of the boar, which immediately seizes him and inflicts a mortal wound, and the ground is covered with his blood. Enraged on account of the death of Ancaeus, Pirithous madly rushes to attack the beast, brandishing in his right hand his hunting spears; but he is stopped by the remonstrances of Theseus, who bids him remember the rashness of the slain Arcadian. So Pirithous hurls a javelin from a distance, well poised and well directed, but it is stopped by a branch of a Tuscan oak; Jason is more unlucky still, for his weapon pierces the sides of an unfortunate hound and pins him to the ground. And now the great Meleager, the director of the hunt, steps forth and hurls one after the other a couple of lances; the first strikes the ground, the second is better aimed, and pierces the boar right in the middle of the back. Without waiting a moment, Meleager rushes upon the wounded animal as he turns his body round in a circle and pours from his mouth foam mixed with blood; and engages him in close fight. By a well-directed thrust with his boar-spear he buries the head deep into his shoulder, and the scourge of the fields of Calydon lies prostrate on the ground. Shouts of triumph rend the air, and hearty congratulations greet the successful hunter, while the carcass of the huge

huge wild boar lies extended upon the ground; but even yet he is scarcely considered safe, and each man buries his own spear deep into the warm body of the creature.

Lions, leopards and bears entered into the list of animals hunted by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Lions have long since disappeared from Europe, and we have no historical evidence to show that they were ever common over Greece; but there can be no doubt whatever that they were found in one district of Thrace, within the tract lying between the rivers Nestus and Achelous, as Herodotus and other ancient writers have told us. In Asia Minor they were more common, as the frequent allusions to them in Homer would seem to indicate. Lions and such like large beasts of prey were sometimes destroyed by armed men, who watched for their nocturnal visits to the plains and then attacked them. Pitfalls were frequently made for their capture. A large round and deep hole was dug in the ground, having a pillar of earth in the middle, upon the top of which an unhappy goat was fastened as a bait. The whole was surrounded by a high hedge, to prevent the wild beasts seeing over it. The lions hearing the bleating of the goat during the night, would run round this fence, and, seeing no opening in it, would leap over it and be caught. They were also hunted by men on horseback armed with spears, and were sometimes taken in strong nets. Illustrations of this mode of hunting them may be seen in Montfaucon's 'Antiquities,' in which work may be especially mentioned one very curious plate representing a lion standing with his fore-feet upon a large circular shield, under which crouches a fallen hunter. Several men, with spears, and shields as tall as themselves, stand in a row close together, each with his head appearing over the top of the shield. Another hunter is kneeling, guarded by his shield, expecting the lion to attack him next; another runs away with shield on back. The lion is evidently puzzled and much disappointed that he cannot get at the hunter, who is completely protected by his immense shield, which he has contrived to throw over his body as he fell.

Xenophon says that leopards, lynxes, and panthers, used to be caught about the mountains of Pangæus and Cittus beyond Macedonia, about Olympus in Mysia, and on Mount Pindus. From the numerous allusions to these animals that occur in Classical authors it is evident that they were well known to the Ancients, though the terms *πάρδαλις*, *πάνθηρ*, *tigris*, and *lynx*, &c., are by no means easy to identify exactly. The tiger could not have been known to the Greeks before Alexander's Asiatic expedition. The Roman Emperor Claudius exhibited four tigers at one time on the stage of the amphitheatre, but with these
animals

animals as beasts of the chase neither Greek nor Latin sportsmen had any practical acquaintance, though they were aware of the methods to capture them employed by the people of India, where tigers were and are still deplorably numerous. The chase of the leopard with the mirror (*venatio cum speculo*) is represented by Montfaucon, and alluded to by Claudian, who speaks of the hunter barely escaping from the mouth of the enraged animal, by its beholding in a mirror, placed for the purpose, an image of itself, which arrested its attention:—

‘Jam jamque haustura profundo
Ore virum, vitreae tardatur imagine formæ.’

It is said that this strange method of hunting is still pursued by the Chinese.

We learn from Oppian, who was both poet and sportsman (given occasionally, we must own, to ‘draw the long bow’), that porcupines were animals of the chase, but that their pursuit was attended with so much danger to the dogs that they used generally to be taken by stratagem; he promises to give us a description of porcupine-hunting in another part of his ‘Cynegetics,’ but as no account is to be found in the four books which have descended to us, it is probable that the poem, as we have it, is incomplete. The story about the porcupine shooting out its quills at its pursuers—as old as Aristotle—is expressly mentioned by Oppian as a proof of the danger of this kind of sport. The fact that a loose quill sometimes becomes detached from the skin as it contracts to erect the spine, is probably at the base of the belief in the marvellous shooting powers of the porcupine.

We must not dwell longer upon the chase of savage animals, but proceed to notice a field-sport still familiar to Englishmen, and much prized by many,—we mean Coursing, as practised by the old Greeks.

The earliest systematic account of coursing greyhounds in pursuit of the hare is to be found in Arrian, the younger Xenophon, as he is sometimes appropriately called. His treatise is intended to supplement Xenophon’s book of hunting; he bears ample testimony to the excellence of that author’s remarks on the sports of which he has treated; but as coursing was not known in Xenophon’s time, Arrian proceeds to write of, and give instruction in this *ars venatica*:—

‘The omissions of Xenophon’s works,’ says Arrian, ‘(which do not appear to have arisen from negligence, but from ignorance of the Celtic breed of dogs and the Scythian and African horses), I shall endeavour to fill up; being his namesake and fellow-citizen, of similar pursuits with himself, as a sportsman, a general, and a philosopher—writing under the same feeling that actuated him, when he thought fit to

to amend the imperfections of Simon's work on horsemanship, not out of rivalry with its author, but from a conviction that his labours would be useful to mankind.'

Arrian's treatise is replete with useful instruction and thorough good sense; whether he speaks of the qualities of greyhounds, their rearing, training, or general management, he is equally at home, and his observations may be read with pleasure by every modern lover of the leash. The best seasons for coursing were the spring and autumn; Arrian considered the heat of summer too oppressive for the dogs; 'for greyhounds are impatient of heat, and often, when pursuing a hare with all their might, have been suffocated from a stoppage of the wind.' On no account was it right to course when the ground was frozen hard, 'for dogs bruise themselves in frost, lose their nails, lacerate the soles of their feet, and, if very high couraged, break even the bones of their toes against the frozen ground from running with excessive eagerness, whereas the hare is light, with woolly and soft feet, and trips along without injury in frost.'

The ancient method of coursing hares was very similar to the one still in use. The wealthy Celts used to employ hare-finders (*τοὺς κατοπτεύσοντας*), who went out early in the morning to spy for hares on their forms; they brought word how many they had found, and where they had marked them: and then the sportsmen started to the field, put up the hare, let slip the dogs, and followed on horseback. 'But others,' says Arrian, 'who have no hare-finders, go out on horseback, collecting a large party of fellow-sportsmen together, and coming to a likely lying ground, when a hare is started, they slip their dogs. While others again, who are more of workmen at the sport (*ὅσοι δὲ ἐτι μᾶλλον αὐτουργοὶ εἰσι κυνηγεσίων*), sally forth on foot, and if any one accompanies them on horseback it is his duty to follow the dogs.'

The 'beating' was performed precisely as at present. 'They beat the ground in regular array, with an extended front, proceeding in a straight line to the completion of a certain extent of country, and then wheeling about in a body, return in the same way by the side of their former track, omitting as far as possible none of the likely lying.' † The

* *εἰ δέ τις αὐτοῖς ἐφ' ἵππου ἐφομαρτεῖ, καὶ οὗτος διώκειν τέτακται ἅμα ταῖς κυσίν*, cap. xx.—Mr. Dansey translates, 'it is his duty to keep up with the dogs'—a somewhat difficult task, and not enjoined by the Greek writer.

† 'We here see,' says Mr. Dansey, 'the military tactician. After the lapse of nearly seventeen centuries, no improvement has taken place in the mode of beating for a hare. One of our best English manuals of coursing, whose author was probably as expert in the field as his predecessor of Bithynia, thus describes the plan adopted in the days of good Queen Bess:—"To course ye hare, you must send

The strictest order was enforced to prevent confusion and unfair play, and a judge (*ἄρχων*) was appointed to couple what dogs were to run, and to give other orders; otherwise so eager was every ancient sportsman to see his own dog run, that a number would be slipped together, and the poor hare caught in the midst of the crowd and confusion, without a race, and the sport quite spoiled,—(*καὶ τοῦ θαύματος ὃ τι περ ὄφελος ἀπολλύειτο*). 'If the hare start on this side, *you* and *you* are to slip, and nobody else; but if on that side *you* and *you*, and let strict attention be paid to the orders given.'*

Arrian's instructions to the courser about 'slipping' the dogs are admirable:—

'Whoever courses with greyhounds should neither slip them near the hare' [he does not tell us what 'law' he allowed] 'nor more than a brace at a time; for though the hare be remarkably swift-footed and have often beaten many dogs, yet being just started from her form, she cannot but be fluttered at heart, and terrified at the hallooing and the hounds pressing close upon her; and in this way many a noble hare has often ignobly perished without an effort, showing no sport worthy of the name.'

The hare was therefore allowed to creep away from her form as if unperceived, so that, by recovering her presence of mind, she would be able to show a good course; and then she would prick up her ears and bound away from her form with great strides, 'and the dogs, twisting about their limbs in a dancing fashion, will stretch out at full speed in the pursuit:' 'a spectacle,' adds the ancient courser, 'worthy of all the trouble bestowed upon the dogs.'

The trial of speed and skill on the part of hare and greyhound, the one to catch, the other to avoid, has been graphically described by Ovid in the few following lines:—

send either harefinders before you to find some hare sitting, or els yourself with your company may range and beat over the fields until you either find a hare sitting, or start her. . . . He that will seeke a hare must go overthwart the lands; and every land that he passeth over, let him beginne with his eye at his foot, and so looke downe the land to the furlong's end, first on one side and then on the other; and so shall he find ye hare sitting in her forme; as soone as he espyeth her he must cry, *Sa how*. Then they which lead the greyhounds may come near, and you may appoint which greyhounds shall course. Then let him which found the hare go towards her and say, *Up, püsse, up!* until she rise out of her forme."

* From the above passage it would appear that each greyhound was held in a single slip and collar; but the Greek expression (*συνδύαζτω τὰς κύνας*) 'let the judge couple the dogs,' which occurs in the same chapter, would imply that the dogs were put in a double slip. Mr. Dansey says that the modern method of slipping a brace of greyhounds at the same instant of time, from double spring or wedge collars, is of recent introduction, having its origin, probably, at the institution of public coursing meetings.

'Ut

‘Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
 Vidit; et hic prædam pedibus petit, ille salutem :
 Alter inhæsuro similis jam jamque tenero
 Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro :
 Alter in ambiguo est, an sit deprensus, et ipsis
 Morsibus eripitur; tangentialque ora relinquit.’

—Met. i. 532.

Those hares which had their forms in open and exposed places were considered to give the best sport; when coursed, such hares do not fly to the woods or plantations, but stretch away into the open country. If the hare succeeded, after many doubles, in escaping to a covert or other place of refuge, this was to be taken as a proof that the hare was beaten by the dog. ‘For true sportsmen (οἱ τῇ ἀληθείᾳ κυνηγετικοί) do not take their dogs out for the sake of catching a hare, but for the contest and sport, and are glad if the hare escape; and if she fly to a few thorns for concealment, though they may see her trembling and in the utmost distress, they will call off the dogs, and more particularly so if they had run well.’

Another passage will show even more forcibly that Arrian coursed simply from love of the sport:—

‘Often,’ he says, ‘when following a course on horseback have I come up to the hare as soon as caught, and myself saved her alive; and then having taken away my dog and fastened him up, have allowed the hare to escape. And if I have arrived too late to save her, I have struck my head with sorrow that the dogs had killed so good an antagonist.’

Like every sportsman worthy of the name, both Xenophon and Arrian were kind to their dogs, paying every possible attention to them, and seeing that their orders relative to the kennel were duly carried out. A little encouragement to the successful greyhound was very advisable:—

‘When the greyhound has caught the hare, or been otherwise victorious in the course, you should dismount from your horse, and pat your dog and praise him, kissing his head and stroking his ears, and speaking to him by name, “Well done, Cirras!”—“Well done, Bonnas!”—“Bravo, my Horne!”’ * calling each hound by his name;
 for,

* Horne (‘Impetuosity’) was Arrian’s favourite greyhound. He thus speaks of his much-prized animal:—‘I have myself bred up a hound whose eyes are the greyest of the grey; a swift, hard-working, courageous, sound-footed dog, and in her prime, a match at any time for four hares. She is moreover (for while I am writing she is yet alive) most gentle and kindly affectioned, and never before had any dog such regard for myself and friend and fellow-sportsman, Megillus. For when not actually engaged in coursing she is never far away from one or other of us. But while I am at home she remains within, by my side, accom-

panies

for, like men of generous spirit, they love to be praised; and the dog, if not quite tired out, will come up with joy to caress you.'

Stags and other large animals were sometimes coursed with dogs of great strength, size and courage; it is not improbable that the dog used in this sport was not unlike our deer-hound, for both the rough and the smooth greyhound were known to Arrian.

We have already stated that it is no easy matter to make out the different breeds of dog which the ancients used in the pursuit of wild animals. Mr. Dansey, in his valuable Appendix on the 'Canes Venatici of Classical Antiquity,' has quite exhausted the subject. According to this writer, the hunting dogs of the ancients may be grouped in three divisions—1. *Canes pugnaces* or *bellicosi*; 2. *Canes nare sagaces*; 3. *Canes pedibus celeres*—a classification apparently recognised by the ancient authors themselves. Thus Ovid, or rather Gratus (for we cannot think that the former poet is the author of the 'Haliuticon,' although Pliny ascribes this fragment to him), makes this division:—

'canum quibus est audacia præceps,
Venandique sagax virtus, viresque sequendi.'

Similarly Seneca: 'In cane *sagacitas* prima est si investigare debes feras; *cursus* si consequi; *audacia* si mordere et invadere.' But Xenophon and the early Greek writers recognised only a two-fold division, the *pugnaces* and *sagaces*; the *celeres*, in which division the greyhound alone was placed, were unknown to the Greeks of Xenophon's age. Mr. Dansey is of opinion that the greyhound, Celtic or Gallic hound, as he is also called, was not introduced generally into the more southern parts of

panies me on going abroad, follows me to the gymnasium, and while I am exercising myself there sits down near me. On my return she runs before me, often looking back to see whether I had turned anywhere out of the road; and as soon as she catches sight of me, showing symptoms of joy, and again trotting on before me. If I am going out on any government business, she remains with my friend, and does exactly the same towards him. She is the constant companion of whichever of us is unwell; and if she has not seen either of us for only a short time, she jumps up repeatedly by way of salutation and barks with joy as a greeting to us. At meals she pats us with one foot and then with the other, to put us in mind that she is to have her share of the food. She has also many tones of speech—more than I ever knew in any other dog—pointing out in her own language whatever she wants. Having been beaten when a puppy with a whip, if any one even at this day does but mention a whip, she will come up to the speaker cowering and begging, applying her mouth to the man's as if to kiss him, and jumping up, will hang on his neck, and not let him go until she has appeased his angry threats. Now really I do not think that I should be ashamed to write even the name of this dog, that it may be left to posterity, that Xenophon the Athenian [he means himself] had a greyhound called Horne, of the greatest speed and intelligence, and altogether supremely excellent!—'Arrian, Dansey's translation,' p. 78-82. [We consider Horne to have been a female.]

Europe

Europe till after the dissolution of the commonwealth of Rome. In the first division, then, the *pugnaces* or *bellicosi*—‘pugnacious dogs of war’—will be included the Median, Indian, Albanian, Iberian, Lycaonian, Arcadian, Libyan, Molossian, Acarnanian, Magnesian, and other varieties of some large and savage dog. In the second division, *canes nare sagaces*—‘keen-nosed dogs of scent’—are to be placed the Spartan—so celebrated for its scenting powers—Cretan, Carian, Gelonian, Umbrian, Tuscan, Armenian, Agassæan, and others. The third division contains the greyhound alone, or those dogs which run on sight of their game. The *canes pugnaces* were principally used in hunting savage beasts, such as the wild boar, lion, wild bull, and stag. The Indian dog was very celebrated, it was probably some kind of mastiff, and was, like our British bull-dog, memorable for never quitting its hold. The Molossian, Albanian, and Hyrcanian, were breeds much prized by ancient sportsmen in the chase of large animals. The epithets applied to the *Canis Molossus* all indicate his fire and resolution. Ælian calls him *θυμικώτατος*. Virgil, ‘acer Molossus,’ and Seneca uses the same epithet, ‘teneant acres lora Molossos.’ The Molossian dog was generally hunted as a mute limehound not giving mouth until the game had started:—

‘*muto legit arva Molosso*
Venator, videat donec sub frondibus hostem.’

He was, however, compelled to yield the palm in strength and ferocity to the British bull-dog.*

The *canes nare sagaces* were used principally in the chase of the hare; but some of the strongest of the dogs of this division, as the Spartan dog, were employed in hunting the wild boar. The last-named dog was used as a limehound in tracking the boar to his lair.† He was then let loose with the rest of the pack to bay the started quarry.

With his wonted spirit, Ovid has sung of the chase of the wild stag in the verses which describe the sad fate of Actæon, who was torn in pieces by his own pack. These lines are curious, as they contain several names of ancient sporting dogs.†

There is good reason to believe that the beagle, in one of its varieties, was known to the ancient lovers of the chase. Oppian has given a description of a dog which he says is a native

* See Grætius, ‘Carm. Ven.,’ 179-181.

† Xenophon says that short names ought to be given to dogs, that they may be more readily called. We give some that he recommends with their meanings. Psyche (spirit), Lonche (lance), Phrura (guard), Phylax (guard), Taxis (order), Alce (strength), Orge (anger), Hebe (youth), Stichon (goer), Spende (haste), Gethous (joyous), Crange (yelper), Stibon (tracker), Gnome (prudence).

of

of Britain, and known to the wild tribes of the speckle-backed Britons by the name of *Agassæus*. It is small, but strong, and in high repute as a tracker, on account of its extremely keen scenting powers, being able to find animals not only from the scent as it lies on the ground, but as it rests in the air. Oppian further describes this little hunting-dog as crook-backed and lean, dull-eyed and rough-haired:—

‘*γυρὸν, ἀσαρκότατον, λασιότριχον, ὄμμασι νωθόν.*’*

The ordinary beagle of pedestrian sportsmen is the smooth-haired variety, the rough-haired beagle being seldom met with. Mr. Blaine says this latter kind was a hardy and altogether a vermin-loving breed, and very strongly formed. Oppian's breed was the rough-haired or terrier beagle. Arrian appears to have been acquainted with these little hounds, which, he says, are called Segusians (*ἐγούσιαι*), deriving their name from a Celtic people.

‘These dogs,’ he adds, ‘manifest nothing different from others in their mode of finding or hunting their game, having no peculiarity, unless one were inclined to speak of their shape, which I scarce think worth while, except merely to say that they are shaggy and ugly, and such as are most high bred are most unsightly; so that the comparison of them to mendicants on the highways is popular with the Celts. For their voice is dolorous and pitiful; and they do not bark on scent of their game as if eager and savage, but as if plaintively whining after it.’†

We must bid farewell to these ancient Hunting scenes, of which we have endeavoured to give some general sketch in the foregoing remarks, and proceed to notice another diversion, in deservedly great reputation with British sportsmen, namely, the art of Fishing.

The old Greeks and Romans, having a ‘particular weakness’ for fish, were ardent followers of the gentle sport. ‘The existence of proficient in the art of angling,’ says Dr. Badham, ‘is com-

* *Cyneg.* i. 476.

† An extremely minute variety of beagle was at one time bred by English sportsmen of former days:—‘It is to Gervase Markham,’ Mr. Dansey writes, ‘our English master of economical philosophy, as Wase calls him, that we are indebted for the fullest description of “the little beagle which may be carried in a man's glove.” “Bred,” says Gervase, “for delight only, being of curious scents, and passing cunning in their hunting; for the most part tiring, but seldom killing the prey, except at some strange advantage. Their musicke is very small, like reeds, and their pace, like their body, onely for exercise and not for slaughter.”’ Mr. Blaine (quoting from Browne's ‘Anecdotes of Dogs’) says, ‘the late Colonel Hardy once had a pack of beagles amounting to ten or twelve couples, and so diminutive in size, that they were always carried to and from the sporting field in a large pair of panniers slung across a horse.’—‘Appendix to Arrian,’ p. 283.

petently

petently attested from the scattered hints of contemporaries, and from frescoes, gems, bas-reliefs, and coins.' Athenæus mentions the names of several writers who had written treatises or poems about fishing, as Cæcilius of Argos, Numenius of Heraclea, Pancrates the Arcadian, Posidonius the Corinthian, and Oppian the Cilician. With the exception of this last-named poet, all these writers' works have perished. Seleucus of Tarsus, Leonidas of Byzantium, and Agathocles of Atracia are also enumerated by the author of the 'Deipnosophists,' as having written prose essays on this subject. Angling with line and hook, trolling, and even fly-fishing after a rather primitive fashion, were practised by the ancients; netting of course was in great vogue, while meaner devices to catch the finny tribes were sometimes resorted to, such as poisoning the water with different herbs. Homer refers to the art of taking sea-fish with hook and line:—

'As when an angler on a prominent rock
Drags from the sea to shore, with hook and line,
A weighty fish.' *

A rod was sometimes used in sea-fishing; the lines, the materials of which were hemp or horsehair, must have been strongly made for the capture of large fish. A leaden weight was attached to the line to make it sink.

'The angler at sea who used no rod,' says Dr. Badham, whose interesting book evidences considerable knowledge of ancient piscatorial lore, 'either wound his line round the left wrist [rather a dangerous proceeding should a mighty conger swallow the bait], and manœuvred with the other hand, or else attached it to a boat-peg, with a number of hooks disposed at intervals, in a similar manner to our hand-lines; but when he ventured small fish for great ones, only a single large hook, called *καθέτης*, was fastened to the end of it. Of the third requisite to the angler's craft—fish-hooks—an abundant assortment, now in the museum at Naples, was disinterred at Pompeii; they vary extremely in form, size, and mode of adjustment, and are manufactured of two different metals, some like our own, of steel (*nucleus ferri*), others, as we read in "Oppian," of bronze,—

"His hooks were made of hardened bronze and steel."

These ancient hooks, some of which were two-barbed, (*διχαγλωχίνες*), bore considerable resemblance to the modern kinds; some of the larger of these hooks were leaded, 'the leads being formed into conico-cylindrical lumps shaped like dolphins, and named Delphini, after a certain rude resemblance to that fish.' Of this delphinoid lead Oppian speaks in the following

* 'Iliad,' xvi. 471. Lord Derby's translation.

lines, which describe the ancient Greeks' mode of sea-trolling, apparently almost identical with the modern gorge-bait trolling for pike:—

'He holds the labrax, and beneath his head
Adjusts with care an oblong shape of lead,
Named from its form a dolphin: plumb'd with this
The bait shoots headlong through the blue abyss.
The bright decoy a living creature seems,
As now on this side, now on that it gleams.'

Fly-fishing is generally considered to be an invention of quite modern days, but it is certain that the device of taking fish by means of an artificial fly was known and practised by the Izaak Waltons of classical antiquity. Martial, in one of his Epigrams, alludes to the art in the following lines:—

'Odi dolosas munerum et malas artes,
Imitantur hamos dona; namque quis nescit
Avidum vorata decipi scarum musca?'

'All treach'rous gifts and bribes I hate,
For gifts, like hooks, oft hold a bait; -
Who has not seen the scarus rise,
Decoy'd and caught by fraudulent flies?'

And that the people of Macedonia practised fly-fishing we learn from Ælian, who gives the following account of the art:—

'There is a river called Astræus, flowing midway between Beroa and Thessalonica, in which are produced certain spotted fish (ἰχθὺς τὴν χροάν κατάστυκτοι)—the Macedonians must give you their name—whose food consists of insects which fly about the river. These insects are dissimilar to all other kinds found elsewhere; they are unlike wasps, nor would one naturally compare them with the flies called ephemera, nor do they resemble bees, but they possess characters common to all these creatures; for they are as impudent as flies, as large as "the anthedon,"† of the same colour as wasps, and they buzz like bees. The natives call this insect the hippurus. As these flies float on the top of the water in pursuit of their food, they attract the notice of the fish which swim upon them. When a fish spies one of these insects on the top of the water, it swims quietly underneath it, taking care not to agitate the surface, lest it should scare away the prey. So approaching it, as it were under its shadow, it opens its mouth and gulps it down, just as a wolf seizes a sheep from the flock, or an eagle a goose from the yard; and having done this, it swims away beneath the ripple. The fishermen are aware of all this, but do not use these flies for bait, because handling would destroy their natural colour, injure the wings, and spoil them as lure. On this account the insect is in ill repute with the fishermen, who cannot

* Lib. v. Ep. xviii. 6.

† We have been unable to identify this insect.
make

make use of it. They manage to circumvent the fish, however, by the following clever piscatorial device (*σοφία ὑδροθηρικῇ*): they cover a hook with purple wool, and upon this they fasten two feathers of a waxy colour, which grow underneath a cock's wattles; they have a reed six feet long, and a fishing-line of about the same length; they drop this bait upon the water, and the fish being attracted by the colour, becomes extremely excited (*οἰστρούμενος*), and proceeds to meet it, anticipating from its beautiful appearance a most delicious repast; but as, with extended mouth, it seizes the prey, it is held by the hook, and, being captured, meets with a very sorry entertainment.*

The spotted fish here spoken of are doubtless of the salmon family, and very probably trout. It is a pity Ælian did not remember the Macedonian name. Such is the earliest account of the art of fly-fishing, which, from Ælian's words, it is clear was not generally practised by Greek sportsmen of his age.

It is no part of our subject to speak of ancient poachers, or we could tell how certain unworthy marauders used to fill their baskets with the victims of the poisoner's trade; how various intoxicating preparations of cyclamen, aristolochia, and lime used to be thrown into the water, and the poor drugged inhabitants of river, pond, and sea, became an easy prey.

Of the various modes of catching birds by means of nets, bird-lime, decoys, and other implements of the ancient fowler, we have not space to speak; but there is one interesting question connected with the subject which must not be passed over without a few remarks. Did the ancient sportsmen of Greece and Rome pursue the exciting art of falconry? The earliest Greek writer who apparently mentions the employment of birds of prey by the fowler is Aristotle, who thus speaks of it:—'In the city of Thrace, formerly called Cedropolis, men are assisted by hawks in pursuing birds in the marshes. They strike the reeds and wood with sticks, in order that the birds may fly up, and the hawks appearing above pursue them: the birds then fall to the earth through fear, when the men strike them with their sticks, and take them and divide the prey with the hawks; for they throw away some of the birds, and the hawks come and take them.'† There is no proof, however, to be found in this passage that the people of Thrace employed a tame or trained falcon; it would rather seem that the hawks which are described as assisting the bird-catchers were wild, and that they had learnt to know, from observing a number of beaters amongst the bushes, that the sport was one in which they might profitably join. But from a passage in a treatise

* 'Nat. Animal.' xv. 1.

† 'Hist. Anim.' ix. 24. 4.

which has been by some authors ascribed to Aristotle, it would appear that the Thracian fowlers did employ trained hawks, for the writer says that the bird-catchers 'call the hawks by their names.' Ælian speaks of hawks and eagles as being, of all birds, the tamest and fondest of man, and gives the same story about the Thracian mode of employing them, only adding that nets were used, into which the terrified birds were driven. Antigonus and Pliny relate nearly the same story. Although these writers distinctly mention the employment of falcons, whether wild or trained, in the capture of other birds, we strongly suspect that something of the kind was known even as early as Homer, if we do not mistake his meaning in the following passage :—

‘οἱ δ’ ὥστ’ αἰγυπιοὶ γαμφώνυχες, ἀγκυλοχεῖλαι
ἐξ ὀρέων ἐλθόντες ἐπ’ ὀρνίθεσσι θορῶσιν
ταὶ μὲν τ’ ἐν πεδίῳ νέφεα πτώσσουσιν ἵενται,
οἱ δέ τε τὰς ὀλέκουσιν ἐπάλμενοι, οὐδὲ τις ἀλκή
γίγνεται, οὐδὲ φυγή· χαίρουσι δέ τ’ ἀνέρες ἄγρη.’*

Why should the men rejoice at the prey killed by the crooked-clawed vultures, unless they got a share of it? Beckmann conjectures that the Greeks received from India and Thrace the first information respecting the method of fowling with birds of prey, and says there is no evidence to show that this practice was introduced among them at a very early period. The Romans were certainly acquainted with the art of falconry. Martial calls the hawk the fowler's servant in the following epigram :—

‘Prædo fuit volucrum, famulus nunc aucupis; idem
Decipit, et captas non sibi mæret aves.’ †

‘It cannot be said,’ Beckmann remarks, ‘that this art was ever forgotten; but like other inventions, though at first much admired, it was afterwards neglected, so that it remained a long time without improvement. It is, however, certain that it was at length brought to the utmost degree of perfection. It is mentioned in the Roman laws, and in writings of the fourth and fifth centuries.’

We must now proceed to notice another favourite sport of the Ancients, which excelled all others in importance and in the pleasure and excitement which it afforded—we mean Horse and Chariot Races. It is probable that the earliest manner of testing the speed of competing horses was by the chariot race, the riding race coming into vogue at a later period. The ‘Grand National’ races took place on the occasion of the great games or public festivals, and it is to these that our attention must be principally directed; but it would be unpardonable were we to pass by

* Od. xxii. 302-306.

† Ep. xiv. 216.

unnoticed the animated description of a chariot race as sung by the immortal Homer.

The race-course is nearly a level plain, but with irregularities of surface here and there, caused in some places by rain-torrents. The race is round a certain landmark, conspicuous in the distance by two white stones leaning against it—which the charioteers were to leave on the left hand, returning to the place from which they had started: we are not told what was the length of the course. The spectators, no doubt, chose the most exalted natural spot the better to see the race, for there is no mention of a grand stand in the Homeric poem. Five charioteers sprang up to contend—Eumelus, Diomedes, Menelaus, Antilochus, and Meriones—and as there were five prizes, all five must be gainers, though not victors. The chariots were drawn by two horses, which were driven by their respective owners. The choice of position was decided by lot, the chariots starting in a line. At the goal or turning-point an umpire was stationed by Achilles to see that all was fair, and to make his report. The difficulties and dangers of the race were greatest at the goal, the turning of which was a very critical point, and required great skill. The charioteers are encouraged and exhorted by their different backers. Antilochus is a splendid driver, and can turn the goal to a hair's-breadth; but his horses are the slowest of all, and so his gallant old father Nestor gives him some excellent advice before the start, though he confesses the youth required it not.

As the goal is safely passed by all, and the horses are making their run in, the excitement amongst the spectators becomes roused to the highest pitch. Eumelus is first round the goal, but followed closely by Diomedes, whose Trojan steeds seemed 'to leap upon his car.' Eumelus feels on his shoulders the warm breath of the panting horses, and the trial of skill and speed is at its height. But, alas! Diomedes drops his whip, and Eumelus gets well in front. But a more disastrous accident befalls the unhappy Eumelus. The chariot-yoke breaks in two, the horses separate, the pole falls to the ground, and the unlucky charioteer gets a frightful fall. The fortune of the race is turned, and Diomedes well ahead, followed by Menelaus, who again is followed by Antilochus, that splendid 'whip,' with his bad team. Antilochus is running hard for a second, knowing that his old horses are no match for Diomedes' swift pair, who are evidently going to win the race if no accident happens. But he will not be beaten by Menelaus if he can help it; so he incites his horses to use their utmost speed. There was a rough bit of ground in front, caused by a winter torrent; this Antilochus had his eye upon, thinking that if he
could

could be well up with Menelaus at this point his superior driving would soon put him in the front. 'Gently over the stones,' thought Menelaus; but

'madlier drove Antilochus,
Plying the goad;'

and to no purpose did the angry Menelaus chide the son of Nestor:—

'Antilochus, thou most perverse of men!
Beshrew thy heart! we Greeks are much deceiv'd
Who give thee fame for wisdom! Yet ev'n now
Thou shalt not gain, but on thine oath, the prize.'

The spectators were greatly excited, and the anger of some stirred up. Idomeneus, who had a capital position from which to see the race, observed that a different chariot from that which was first as the goal was turned was now in front, and acquainted his companions. But Ajax tells him he knows nothing about the matter, and insists that Eumelus is still first. Idomeneus replies in not very courteous language, and offers to bet a tripod or a caldron that he is right. Ajax is up again, and probably these two noble chieftains would have shortly come to blows had not Achilles stopped the unseemly quarrel.

The race is now over: Diomedes an easy first, Antilochus second, followed closely by Menelaus. Had the course been twenty yards further the position of the two last chariots would have been reversed, so uncommonly well did that beautiful animal of Agamemnon's behave—the swift Aethe. Meriones comes in fourth, and, last of all the unlucky Eumelus, 'dragging his broken car.' The decision of Achilles and the other judges relative to the prizes is peculiar. Antilochus was second, but the second prize is adjudged to the charioteer who came in last of all! Noble Nestor's son very naturally objects to this proceeding, but Achilles promises to give another prize to Eumelus, and that dispute is at an end. But Menelaus is by no means pleased; he feels sure he has been 'jockeyed' out of the second place by Antilochus, and refers the matter to the other Greeks. Will the son of Nestor take his oath that he has beaten Menelaus by fair driving?

Antilochus acknowledges the vehemence of youth, his quick temper, and weak judgment; he would not for a moment think of offending the illustrious King, and begs he will take the prize-mare, and if there is any little property of his that Menelaus would like to have, by all means let him say so, and he is quite welcome to it. All this extreme kindness has the effect of softening the heart of the illustrious chieftain; he won't take the prize, but

but bids Antilochus be less 'tricky' in future. And thus the incidents of this celebrated chariot-race, told in such minute and vivid detail by the author of the 'Iliad,' come to an end. We may look in vain amongst the records of antiquity for a more graphic description of an ancient chariot-race.

The Grand National Horse and Chariot Races of the ancient Greeks took place, as we have already observed, on the occasions of the great Festivals,—the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. The first of these Pan-Hellenic games being the most important, we shall confine our remarks on ancient horse-racing to the contests exhibited at that one. The Olympic festival took place after an interval of every four years, and was celebrated at Olympia in Elis in the Attic month Hecatombæon, answering to the latter end of our July. It lasted, after all the contests had been introduced, five days. The numbers of people who, in the later Olympiads, flocked from all quarters, from the distant colonies in Asia and Africa, and from the whole of Greece, were very great, and added to the importance of the occasion. Of the various gymnastic games that took place it is no part of our subject to speak; chariot-racing does not appear to have been introduced before the twenty-fifth Olympiad, when the chariot-race with four full-grown horses was instituted; the horse-race was introduced in the thirty-third Olympiad. Other races—such as the chariot mule-race (*ἀπήνη*), the horse-race with mares (*κάλη*), the horse-race with foals (*πῶλος κέλῃς*), a horse-race in which boys were the riders, chariot-race with four foals, &c.—were introduced in different Olympiads, some superseding others.

The Olympic course was known by the name of Hippodromus; it was bounded on one side by a hill, and on the other by an artificial embankment, which Colonel Leake conjectures was formed for the purpose of keeping the water off the course when the river Alpheus overflowed its banks. The distance from the starting place to the goal around which the horses ran, is considered to have been 2 stadia, or about 400 yards, but we have no precise information upon this point. The general form of the hippodrome was an oblong, with a semi-circular end; at the opposite end was the starting place, which was in the form of the prow of a ship, with the apex directed towards the course, and each of its sides more than 400 feet long. Along both these sides were the stalls for the horses and chariots. The front of each stall had a cord drawn across it, and the necessary arrangements were made for letting these cords fall at the right moments. On the signal being given for the race to begin, the cords in front of the two extreme stalls were let fall simultaneously, and the

the two chariots started, then those of the next pair, and so on, each pair of chariots being liberated at the precise moment when those which had already started came abreast of their position; and when all the chariots formed an even line abreast of the apex of the starting place, it was a fair start. The start was given in the following manner:—About the centre of the triangular area of the starting place was a figure of a bronze eagle with outstretched wings, surmounting an altar; above the apex of the starting place was a bronze dolphin. When all the coursers were ready, up soared the eagle, to apprise the spectators that the start was going to be given, and down sank the dolphin, and the race began. The chariots had to pass several times round two goals, near one of which—probably that one most distant from the starting place—was the altar known by the name of *Taraxippos*, that is, the ‘horse affrightener.’ Of the *taraxippos*, Pausanias, our chief authority, thus writes:—‘In form it is like a round altar; as the horses run past it they are seized with vehement terror without any apparent reason, and this fear is succeeded by utter confusion, for frequently the chariots are smashed to pieces, and the charioteers hurt; on this account the charioteers sacrifice to the altar, and pray Taraxippos to be propitious to them.’*

The spectators had seats on each side of the hippodrome, the best places being reserved for magistrates and other important personages. The management of these races was under the control of three stewards (*Hellandotice*), who decided doubtful cases, bestowed the prizes, and gave orders to the police and other officers. From the number of chariots that frequently entered the lists at these Olympic festivals, and the wealth and importance of the owners or drivers, these races must have been rare treats to the racing public of ancient Greece. We have no information about the regulations relating to the weights of the riders, but as all competitors had to undergo a sort of preliminary training for thirty days before the races, we may suppose such rules to have existed. The ancients rode without saddles, and consequently without stirrups. At the Olympic games the riders discarded all clothing, the bit and bridle and whip formed the sole accoutrements. No person who had been guilty of any sacrilegious act, or had been branded with *Atimia*, was allowed to enter his horses. Competitors had even to prove that they were freemen, of pure Hellenic blood, and that they had undergone the necessary training. The only prize given to the winner was an olive crown, cut from the sacred tree which grew in the

* ‘*Eliac. Post.*,’ cap. xx. § 7.

grove or Altis in Olympia; palm branches were also placed in his hands. His name, family, and native country were publicly proclaimed before the representatives of assembled Greece; his statue was placed in the Altis, and he himself re-entered his native town in a triumphal procession, and poets sung his praises in loftiest strains. Notwithstanding the admirable manner in which these games were conducted, and the strictly honourable feature which they bore, delinquents amongst the competitors were far from uncommon. Every rider or charioteer was bound in honour to win the race if he could. Bribery was strictly forbidden, and punished by heavy fines; but we learn from Pausanias that such instances were frequent, as attested by the numerous statues to Grecian deities to be seen in his time in the sacred grove. The cost of these statues was defrayed by fines for bribery.

The Roman horse and chariot races took place in the Circus Maximus, and although formed on the model of the Greek races, they differed from them in some respects. Horses were drawn ahead of a chalked rope (*alba linea*), which was loosened on one side from the pillar to which it was attached, and a fair start was thus effected. The signal for dropping the rope was given either by the sound of a trumpet, or by letting fall a napkin, hence the expression of Juvenal, '*spectacula mappæ*.' It is said that this latter custom arose from the occasion of Nero throwing down his napkin when at dinner as a signal to start the race, for which the people were becoming impatient.

The usual number of chariots which started for each race was four. The drivers (*aurigæ, agitatores*) were also divided into four companies, each distinguished by a different colour, to represent the four seasons of the year, and called a *factio*; thus, *factio prasina*, the green, represented the spring, whence (Juv. *Sat.* xi. 196), *Eventum viridis quo colligo panni*; *factio russata*, red, the summer; *factio veneta*, azure, the autumn; and *factio alba*, or *albata*, white, the winter. The driver stood in his car within the reins, which went round his back. This enabled him to throw all his weight against the horses by leaning backwards, but it greatly enhanced his danger in case of an upset, and caused the death of Hippolytus. To avoid this peril, a sort of knife or bill-hook was carried at the waist for the purpose of cutting the reins in a case of emergency.* Down the centre of the area of the circus there ran a long low wall called the *spina*, and the course was so many, generally seven, times round this wall. In Rome,

* See numerous figures illustrative of ancient chariot-races in Montfaucon's '*L'Antiquité expliquée et représentée en Figures*.' Paris, 1719. †

unlike Greece, the winning charioteers or riders received, as the prize, money, often in large sums; hence they were frequently men of considerable wealth. Cards of the races (*ibelli*), with the names and colours of the riders and drivers, were handed about, and betting was carried on with perhaps as much vigour in the days of ancient Rome as in those of modern England.* And, indeed, it would be interesting to compare, did space allow, the spirit with which the ancients entered into their various field sports with that of our modern Nimrods. We have seen how fully deserving the ancient Greek sportsman was of the name. He loved sport for its own sake, and we think that he will contrast favourably with many a country squire of our own time; at any rate, we can conceive the contempt with which Arrian would have regarded the modern system of killing, by hundreds in a day, tame pheasants reared under hens, a pursuit whose especial object seems to be to destroy more game than your neighbours, an occupation which too many of our country gentlemen dignify by the name of sport, but which the genuine sportsman will consider more correctly described by words somewhat altered from certain well-known lines, as

Stupid, unmeaning, slaughterlike, degraded,
Spiritless pastime.

- ART. VII.—1. *Le Maudit*. Par L'Abbé * * *. Cinquième Edition. Paris, 1864.
2. *La Religieuse*. Par L'Abbé * * *. Dixième Edition. Paris, 1864.
3. *Le Jésuite*. Par L'Abbé * * *. Paris, 1865.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
A FULL and really philosophical estimate of what have been for centuries the effects on England and France as to character, morals, and religion of the mutual relations of the two nations to each other would be a work which could scarcely be exceeded in interest. In war it is plain at once that the one has ever been the whetstone of the other's chivalry. Pre-eminently is this true of England, whose insular security and large commerce might by degrees have sunk it into Dutch habits of unwarlikeness, if it had not been for the perpetual stirring by our fiery neighbours of the stagnating streams which

* For further information on this subject the reader must consult Pausanias; nor must we omit to mention the admirable articles, 'Hippodrome,' 'Circus,' and 'Olympia,' in Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' from which source we have borrowed some of the above remarks.

are wont to sleep in the level lands of increasing national wealth. Every attack on England, every returning invasion of France, kept alive the martial spirit which might otherwise have slumbered to the death. For the temper which had been bred in those who fought at Agincourt and Cressy spread with the returning army through the island. So Shakespeare describes the return of 'Henry the Fifth':—

'Athwart the sea : behold the English beach
Fales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouthed sea.'

Act V. Scene 1.

In manners too, and even in religion, the same influence, though far more subtle in its action, may undoubtedly be traced. And as to all of these England has for the most part in times past, in spite of occasional outbreaks of Anglomania, been the receiving and France the imparting people. The history of dress may prove and illustrate this. How invariably has Paris reproduced itself in London. What a confirmation of it would our milliners' shop-windows exhibit; what proofs would be furnished by the confidential communications, if they could possibly be published in a Blue Book, which take place between the leaders of fashion and the accomplished artistes who execute and guide their capricious will; and this sparkling foam upon the wave's crest tells accurately enough which way the deeper currents are sweeping.

But though this is true of the past, it seems probable that, except, we trust, so far as regards military rivalry, it will be unspeakably more true of the future. For good or for evil the intercourse which now exists and daily increases between France and England is such as would never have been dreamed of by our fathers. The commercial treaty which has done so much to augment this intercourse is as much a result as a cause of this new unity between the nations. The influence of no single person can for an instant compare with that of the present Emperor in having brought about this result. Having seen with his wonted sagacity that the interests of France would be largely promoted by the upgrowth of kindly offices and increased intercourse between her and ourselves, he has, ever since his reign began, promoted its increase with a steady farsightedness of action possible only in one who combines his deep silent insight into affairs with his resolute and unaltering determination to see at last effected whatever he has once designed.

Every year of his reign has increased, and probably will increase, the straitness of our union; and though at first sight

sight it might seem as if the religious separation of our people from all visible communion with the Church of the West would forbid, as to that subject matter, any influence of France upon us, yet a deeper investigation of the case would show the poverty and lack of insight betrayed in such a conclusion. The lower tier of clouds, which to unenlightened eyes usurp the whole heavens, are themselves acted on and swayed by the higher currents which sweep unseen through the firmament; and tempers of unbelief and of devotion diffuse themselves with a wonderful equality of flow like atmospheric influences, ever present and prevailing, around outward institutions the most various in form and appearance. Separated, therefore, even as we are from others, we cannot safely disregard the ebbs and flows of religious belief on the other side of the Channel. It may be that there is before us the prospect here too of an increased union. Many pregnant signs suggest the possibility of the Empire leading the way to the establishment of a church far more really national than France has ever yet seen; such an one as floated in idea before the eager gaze of the youthful Bossuet; such an one as England's contemporary Archbishop was sanguine enough to believe might one day, when more perfectly reformed, be knit by open bonds of spiritual alliance to the Island Church.

At such a time it must be a matter of more than common interest to English Churchmen, especially, to know the real state and temper of religion in France. This the three notable sets of volumes which we have named at the head of this article are intended to set forth. Their author is a distinguished French Abbé, mixing with the religious and literary society of Paris, and who, though well known as the writer of these obnoxious volumes, has never afforded in his faith or conduct any mark at which the keen eye of religious jealousy could aim, so as to secure his long-coveted suspension from the ministry. For in France it would answer many a page of argument, if the ultra-montane scribe could but indite against the reasoner, 'C'est un interdit.' The three works, taken together, explain the whole question; and the briefest way in which it can be set before our readers is by following the lead of the three works themselves, in the order of their appearance. They bear the questionable shape of novels—a reproach repeatedly flung in the face of their author. He has as constantly replied, that he has adopted that form only because the novel is the most popular literature of the day, and his desire is to be read. He quotes, in self-defence, other great ecclesiastics to justify his form of publication, 'Le prêtre' (he says) 'qui a écrit "Le Maudit" a fait comme
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le Cardinal Wiseman, comme Fénelon, comme Camus.* He says, and says it with perfect truth, that the story is in his hands the simple thread upon which his facts are strung. No one, indeed, could mistake him for a novelist; for from the merits and the defects of that peculiar form of literature, he is almost equally free. There is no sensational writing in any page of these volumes; and there is, on the other hand, very little story. It is not with him, as it is with Dr. Mason Neale, that the intensity of his religious convictions hardly keeps down the natural genius of a master of fiction; he has no such struggle: he labours with his story to make it hold his facts and reasonings; and it does that, and does no more. From the beginning the most inexperienced tyro in novel reading can see what the end is to be, and he is never deceived in the unwinding of the thread. If there is any surprise anywhere, it is evidently quite as great a one to the author, as it is to the reader. All this, which would take utterly away any claim that he might put forth to high place amongst the writers of fiction, only adds to the value of his volumes as a statement of the facts which constitute the spiritual life of which he is recording the history. There is no story, the interest of which must be kept alive by humouring these facts; there is no evidence of lively imagination, which might lead unawares to their being invested with a colour of his own. Any careful student of history, who has followed closely Lord Macaulay's treatment of Sir Elijah Impey, or the Duke of Marlborough, will distrust all his other portraits, because he will know that it is the habit of the artist's mind to form for himself the countenance he is about to depict; but the purchaser of the work of the dullest photographer knows that he is at least free from these misleading freaks of the imagination. That security the reader of these volumes possesses.

Not that the Abbé M. is by any means a dull man; but he manifests no such gifts of imagination as would lead us in any degree to distrust his facts. '*Le Maudit*,' which first created the author's reputation, and of which many large editions have been sold, opens with the history of a young priest in the south of France, well-born, well-nurtured, and endowed with unusual gifts of intellect—Julio de la Clavière—who, with his (supposed) sister, Louise de la Clavière, had been brought up by an aunt, who had adopted the orphan children, and been to them all that a mother could have been.

The opening chapters depict the dealings of the Jesuit Fathers with the ladies of the family. Madame de la Clavière was rich,

* '*Le Maudit*,' p. 2.

and her nephew and niece her natural heirs. She had yielded herself to the guidance of a Jesuit confessor, and he, at the bidding of the Company, was bent on securing for it the worldly substance of the devoted trembling aunt. To secure this the niece was to be persuaded to enter a convent, and the nephew to become a priest. In these vocations a small pension would be all that either would require, and the Company might win the inheritance. These plans are first thwarted by the niece's doubts about her vocation, which, under an attachment she forms for a young friend of her brother's, preparing at first with him for the priesthood, but led by doubts and inquiry to abandon that intention and become an advocate, deepen rapidly into an absolute rejection of the state for which she had been designed. This provoking mischance is traced, in great measure, by the sharp-sighted Fathers to the influence of her brother, who himself has read, and has encouraged her in reading, many works which have carried her thoughts, and interests, and aspirations, far outside the narrow sphere to which her spiritual guides would have restricted them. Thus he becomes early an object of suspicion and dislike to the 'Reverend Fathers.' They were at this time only feeling their way in the provincial town of T.; and it was esteemed by them essential to their success that they should obtain funds sufficient to enable them to raise buildings commensurate with the importance of the Society. France was the country for the support of which they were by far the most anxious. In their estimate, '*Rome est aujourd'hui dans la décrépitude senile: la vie ne part pas de là, pas plus pour la religion que pour le reste. La France c'est la pays de vie exuberante.*' (p. 56.)

To secure the funds needful for erecting these buildings, all their spiritual powers were unscrupulously exerted. We are led by the Abbé into the dark conclave in which business of this delicate kind is conducted:—

- 'The Provincial Father had convoked a secret council. When darkness reigned in every corridor, and the dead silence of the building showed that all the other Fathers had retired into their cells, seven old men entered the convent hall. A single lamp lighted that hall, casting a pale and lurid ray upon the walls. Here and there hung engravings of St. Ignatius, of St. Francis Xavier, of the martyrdom of the brethren in Japan and China, and of the Sacred Heart of Mary. . . . A table covered with green cloth, and chairs for the assembled Fathers, completed the furniture of the room. . . . The Reverend Father Provincial, having deposited on the table a large portfolio, knelt down and repeated in a slow and subdued tone the *Veni Sancte* and *Ave Maria*, the other Fathers joining. They then rose and seated themselves. All eyes

eyes were fixed upon the ground as the Provincial began by opening his portfolio and stating, "I have received from our very Reverend Father General authority to build at T. a house for our order."

He proceeds to state that three million francs must be raised for the building, and raised from local resources. A subdued smile courses over some of those aged lips, as the question is put from whence the needful funds are to come. It appears that all their means of every kind reach to little more than half what they require, and so the several Fathers who act as confessors are stirred up to use more energetically their power over those whom they direct. Whilst each one details his own failures or successes in the common cause, the Father Briffard, with whom we are specially concerned, called upon by the Provincial Father to state his success, produces with a smile of satisfaction, which plays over his lips, the will of Madame de la Clavière, by which, securing pensions of a thousand francs to her nephew and her niece respectively, and one of three hundred to a favourite servant, she leaves all her estate to a Mons. Tournichon, the safe creature of the Company. 'And to what,' the Provincial asks, 'does this amount?' 'It is valued,' is the reply, 'at four hundred and fifty thousand francs.' 'And will the donor die soon?' he responds, and receives the gratifying assurance that she has scarcely a breath of life left in her. The Virgin is thanked in concluding prayers (pp. 57-68) for these special favours, and the commencement of the building is determined on.

It had not been without a struggle that the aged aunt had handed over the orphans' fortune to these grasping hands. 'Remorse,' she had avowed to her confessor, 'and deep disquietude possess me! Louise and her brother are directly my heirs. Can I in conscience disinherit these children of my own and of their uncle's fortune?' 'Yes,' is the answer; 'I have certain means of knowing that the uncle's fortune was amassed by usury.' 'But how? his reputation for honesty was perfect.' 'What matters that; for his unjust gains he is now burning in Purgatory, and your only mode of giving peace to his soul, and saving your own, is by thus making restitution.' 'Ah, but those poor children!' The sacrifice is urged upon her 'as most acceptable to God; the fainting heart of the old devotee yields with difficulty; but the will is extorted from her (pp. 12-15).

Here is laid the foundation of a lifelong persecution of Julio de la Clavière, who at first suspects, and afterwards opposes to the utmost, though in vain, in the courts of law his own and his sister's spoliation. The Cardinal Archbishop Flamarens, one of the best drawn portraits in the book, touched with a play of humour

humour which is the Abbé's forte, gives the true solution of all the life that is to follow, in the few words with which he replies to the objections taken to the ordination of Julio, 'I understand it all; they have robbed him of his fortune, and now they persecute him' (p. 89).

The persecution begins with the endeavour to prevent by secret slander his admission to the priesthood: next it seeks to prevent his appointment by the Archbishop, who is captivated with his whole manner and attainments, to the office of diocesan secretary. The Archbishop, however, is firm, and the entrance of the young man on his new office introduces a capitally executed passage describing the daily budget of a French Archbishop's letters from his diocese, and the treatment by a kind and skilful, though perhaps a slightly worldly hand, of the various cases of his clergy. This chapter might be read with great advantage by many besides French Archbishops. It exhibits with the utmost skill how much acute discernment, mixed with hearty kindness, may do to quiet extremes without the scandal of a scene, to forestal coming evils in their bud, and to stir up sleepy respectability to exertions of which it had never dreamed. At this time the young Abbé seems to triumph, and the astute Fathers to have failed. He is called upon to preach in the Cathedral, and acquits himself so admirably, that at the request of the Chapter he is nominated by the Archbishop an honorary canon of the church. But the Jesuits never leave the prey they once have tracked. They stir up a cry of heresy against the young canon's sermon, and they play off against the Archbishop his chaplain, and above all, his sister who lives with him, and on whom he is dependent for his family and social life; a scene of unusual altercation disturbs his dinner-table; he retires to his room, to be followed by a fierce letter of denunciation, which he traces to the Jesuits, and is seized in his overwrought condition with a fit of apoplexy under which he sinks. Before his death he sends for Julio, to receive his confession, and in the clear atmosphere of those last hours, when one by one the busy illusions of life have all but passed away, the spirit of the dying man rises to the perception of the greatness of the Church's vocation and his own, and he delivers to the young Abbé what is appropriately termed his 'spiritual testament':—

'I die in the bosom of the Catholic Church Apostolical and Roman, of which I have been Priest, Bishop, and Cardinal: about to appear before Him who is the immutable truth, I declare that it has been against the dictates of my own heart, and with an extreme repugnance, that for more than forty years of my life as priest and bishop I have followed the perilous crew which now guides the Catholic Church

Church. I have been forced to repress all the holiest instincts of my soul . . . and to this I have owed my rapid advance in honours. I saw that I must choose between the dignities which flattered my ambition and an agitated, even persecuted, life. I was feeble, and I shrank back from the glory and the sufferings of the new apostolate. I preferred the vain glory of the purple: to reach it I betrayed and slew the truth.'—p. 188.

He sees how the Ultramontane party, directed by the Jesuits, and in everything exalting the Papacy above the Scriptures, the Creeds, and the Church, is destroying all possibility of a religious future for the French people; and he dies penitent for his own share in the mighty evil which has been already wrought. He charges Julio to make his retractations known: gives him as a perpetual pledge his Cardinal's ring, and dies with the adieu of a father leaving his troubled inheritance to a beloved son.

To prevent the publication of this last 'testament' of the Archbishop, which Julio at once sets about preparing, is the first care of the reverend Fathers. All direct threats and cajolery having failed utterly, they turn, according to their wont, to female aid, and bring his aged aunt and his adored sister to persuade him to abandon his intention of making public the revelation to which he had pledged himself to the dying Archbishop. All that can be won from him is that it is published without his name by his friend the advocate M. Verdelon. The sale of the brochure is immense, and the anger of the Jesuits proportionate to the injury they perceive that it will do them. Meanwhile the new Archbishop, Mons. Paul le Cricq, appears on the stage, and Julio soon feels the effect of the loss of his former patron. The new Archbishop, indeed, hates and fears the Jesuits; but fearing even more than he hates, he serves them with the grudging but thorough service which fear can extract from an ignoble spirit. His object is to gain the purple as well as the archiepiscopal mitre of his predecessor. To obtain this he must secure two separate influences which it is not easy for him to combine. He must have the support of the French Government and the nomination of the Pope, and this latter cannot be won unless with the assistance of the Jesuits. Side by side with the lofty throne of the successor of St. Peter is erected the chair of office of the General of the Jesuits.

'There are two kings in the Catholic monarchy. . . . One is the king in appearance, and is named the Pope: he is enthroned at the Vatican, with cardinals, chamberlains, prelates, guards. . . . The other is the actual king; his seat is at the Gesù; he is styled "the General of the Jesuits." He is at the head of the most compact, active, and powerful association of men which the genius of man has ever framed.

You address the first of these great men as "your Holiness," the second as "your Reverence." When you are admitted to an audience with the Pope, you meet, in the antechamber of the hall (not to be reached till after three separate genuflexions) in which the Vicar of Christ will present to you his ring and his slipper to kiss, four or five young prelates, in violet cassocks and gently swelling rochetts, who relieve with their easy conversation the *ennui* of the ceremonial. When you have passed the vestibule of the Gesù, and approach the presence of the General, you pass through a hall in which forty secretaries are writing in every known language, and you will present yourself to one who is charged with immense interests, and who will make you sit and converse with him. The one is the Richelieu of Catholicism; the other is its Louis XIII.*

Here, as everywhere else, the power is with the worker; and the Supreme Pontiff himself, as well as all his archbishops and bishops, must bow at last the gemmed tiara before the hard rule of the Iron Sceptre. It was a difficult task for Monsignor Le Cricq, for Julio had influential friends; the story of the spiritual testament of Monsignor Flamarens had obtained a wide circulation; great interest was felt about him, and he was a man whom it was scarcely safe openly to persecute; yet the needful Jesuit support could not be had without the persecution of the obnoxious Abbé. The nomination of the French Government would be lost, if, in gaining that support, he involved himself in a scandal or awakened a cry; on the other hand, the Pope would not venture to act if the Gesù frowned on the proposal. On the whole the difficult problem was dexterously worked out. Julio was first deprived of his office of Secretary. This could cause no reproach, as it was natural for the Archbishop to desire to see a friend in an office of such confidence; and yet it was indicative and intelligible enough. It was an instalment of the sacrifices to be made to the Jesuits, and as an instalment it was received; but as an instalment only. Next Julio is appointed fifth curate to the Vicar of T.,—a terrible descent on the ladder of ecclesiastical promotion. Simply and earnestly the young man sets himself to his work, and he is soon appreciated and beloved. He is most earnest in enforcing Christianity in its creed, its motives, and its conduct; but he has a detestable habit of preferring these to the advancement of any form of priestcraft. He makes the powerful Carmelites his enemies by counselling the postponement of the irrevocable vow for a young child whose feelings and whose vanity had been worked on to give herself up to the austerities of that severe Order. He offends even more

* 'Le Maudit,' p. 52.

grossly the conventional notions of the modern religionists by exalting before the young the ennobling and purifying character of married love. This last offence is appreciated with peculiar sensitiveness by the Archbishop, and Julio is at once subjected to an honourable banishment from the seats of ecclesiastical influence. The cure of St. Aventin, in the valley of l'Arboust, was vacant, and to it the Archbishop sends him to preach ideal love to the shepherds of the mountains (p. 282).

The news of his intended banishment flew round the town of T., and whilst the Jesuits triumphed, many of the sagest and holiest of the flock mourned for the loss of a pastor who had elevated all their views and lived before them the life of an evangelist. One of the most distinguished professors in the town wrote to 'beseech him, before departing for his mountain exile, to examine seriously whether he ought thus to yield to his mortal enemies; whether this was not a sign from Providence which called him to higher destinies, and summoned him to another sphere, in which, supported by men who yet had faith in the future of Catholicism, he might still labour at his great work of reconciling it with the requirements of the present time. To bury himself in an obscure ministry, amongst a few poor mountaineers, in a region blocked up for eight months of the year with snow, was truly to abandon the mighty task he had so fully contemplated, and the outline of which he had laid down in his sermon at the Cathedral and in all his addresses at T.'

Julio's answer protests that in no degree does he shrink from the hard apostleship to which he has been called; that he is conscious of needing work and study to fit him to fulfil it; moreover, that the time of action is not come for him: that Rome, trusting altogether to its expiring earthly sovereignty, unable to comprehend the march of the human mind, and to fit the instruments by which it conveyed eternal truths to the wants of the present time, would regard as treason all efforts at reform; that for one, therefore, whose calling was not the demolition of the present, but its future reconstruction, when ruder hands had accomplished their vocation of destruction, the present was a time of waiting, not of active labour, and that in such a temper he devoted himself to his mountain cure.

To it he therefore betook himself; and here he read, studied the physical geography of the mountains, acquainted himself intimately with the face of nature round him, and above all laboured with his whole heart to humanise and christianise his mountain flock. In this he is sorely hindered, not only by the grossness of their habits, but even more by the

superstitious system of the Church in which he ministers. First, he is withstood by a Pharisaic devotee, introduced under the indicative name of 'La Mère Judas,' whose claims to extreme sanctity and spirituality he judiciously but firmly resists, and who becomes forthwith his enemy; then, by the clerical encouragement of pretended visions and heavenly visitations amongst the young and enthusiastic females of his flock, and at length by the disturbing labours of a Capucin, who is sent to conduct a mission in his parish: a great eater, a deep drinker, and a noisy preacher, described by the Abbé with the most pleasurable humour, who utterly deranges the whole plan of the young Curé's ministry. Here then, too, in his mountain seclusion as much as in the town, the whole tone of the existing Church is against him.

But he is not left to the isolation and rest of his mountain home. His aunt dies, and he resolves on challenging the iniquitous will which had been the handiwork of the Père Briffard. Mons. Verdelon the advocate, his own friend in youth, and now the lover of Louise, undertakes the conduct of the suit, and speaks with all the ardour of a lover, and all the force of one maintaining the highest principles. At first it seems that the Jesuits will be foiled. M. Tournichon, to whom, on their behalf, to avoid the laws against captation, the inheritance had been bequeathed, had been so unwary as to allot far less than she conceived to be her share of the prey to the favourite attendant of Madame de la Clavière, whom he had been forced from the influence she possessed over the mind of her mistress to admit into his secret councils. Disappointed of her reward, the inflammable Pyrenean is at once smitten with horror at the injustice done in disinheriting the niece and nephew, and she makes revelations on which Mons. Verdelon relies. The aunt had shrunk from the injustice she was being compelled to perpetrate. She had even summoned a notary to alter her will, but had yielded at last in her feebleness to the spiritual terrors brought to bear upon her; had postponed the projected alteration, and died before it was accomplished. Such evidence would have destroyed the validity of the will; but the witness is at length, by flattery and gifts, prevailed upon to declare that her first assertions were the result of irritation, and not warranted by fact. Unsupported by this evidence, Mons. Verdelon's eloquence fails to convince the court, and the inheritance is given to Mons. Tournichon, the nominee (and as the Provincial Master complains bitterly when he receives the account of his expenses, the spoiler) of the Jesuits. But Julio will not so yield up his cause, and if he cannot gain the verdict of the court, he resolves to

to gain that of France to his side. He sets himself accordingly about the preparation of a memoir of the whole transaction. The effect of such a statement from his pen is so greatly dreaded by the reverend Fathers, that every attempt is made to persuade him to suppress it. In the armoury of the Gesù are weapons of every shape and kind, and the one drawn forth on this emergency illustrates some of the chief peculiarities of the Society. A reverend Father, who is supposed to possess the special gift of affecting the female heart rather than any peculiar attribute of sanctity, is sent down into the province to stir up the Marchioness of * * * to undertake the task of preventing, through the influence of Louise, the publication of the dreaded memoir.

The Marchioness had been an early friend of the late mother of Louise, and through the fond remembrances of the daughter's heart, soon won her confidence. Louise was now living with her brother at his remote cure, and they were everything to each other. She had passed through the great trial of finding that with the loss of her dower she had lost her lover, who, with ambitious views filling his mind, could not bring himself to wed the disinherited damsel. On her fears the Marchioness works through the sole earthly avenue remaining open in her heart. She shows her that Julio will certainly incur an interdict, that he will be lost here and hereafter, and that she must be his saviour from the misery before him. But Julio will not yield, and under the crafty guidance of the Marchioness, Louise is to try the effect of withdrawing herself for a time from him, and extorting as the condition of her return, his withdrawal of all future resistance of the reverend Fathers. Meanwhile other influences were brought to bear on Julio. The General of the Jesuits wrote to the Archbishop, in terms which showed that he would endure no longer trifling. Either Julio must be silenced, or the dreaded interdict must issue, or the Cardinal's hat must evaporate in disappointment. So imperative was the summons, that the Archbishop would probably have yielded, had not a most unlooked-for incident protected Julio. A priest named Loubaire, whom, when vicar of a parish near St. Aventin, Julio had saved from death and dishonour, was devoted to him with all the burning ardour of his Southern blood. Of a not unspotted life himself, he had seen and venerated the saintly character of the young Abbé, and now formed the insane resolution of saving the innocent martyr from archiepiscopal persecution by the threat of assassination. He insinuates himself into the palace and presence of the Archbishop in his hour of perfect solitude, and obtains, by the threat of instant death, an oath that Julio shall not be

be' made a victim, and then attempts, and almost executes before the face of the prelate, his own destruction. The effect produced on the Archbishop's mind is terrible, and it is whilst it is at its full that the irresistible Society requires the sacrifice of its victim. To combine a regard to his oath with a performance of the mandate of the General was not easy, but it was effected by the Archbishop. A letter of unwonted kindliness brings Julio to the Prelate, who discourses with him in the most affable terms, laments the hard necessities which surrounded him, and have made him seem unkind to one he so highly values.

'There is so much to manage—all is so far from being rosy around the Episcopate. Oh! how much happier, oh! how much more peaceable is the condition of a good pastor in his parish. Still, one must bear one's cross. But to come to the point. My dear Abbé, you are attacking an Order venerated in the Church; you remember the words of your Breviary—"an Order established by God in the last times for the conflict with heresy" and how have you attacked it? Terribly, because with such moderation. . . . Meanwhile, all the world is against you. I hear from Rome that you are in *The Index*. What would you have me do? You have set the Jesuits at my heels; they will give me no repose. Do you know that the good Fathers comprehend no raillery, and that they will abuse an Archbishop of T. quite as readily, and with as little remorse, as a vicar of Avenin? I know them well. . . . But I would prove to you my love: I will not be the executioner of their hatred: only deal kindly by me. You can live honourably on the annuity secured to you: abandon the ministry for two or three years. . . . Alas! my dear Abbé, who knows what in three or four years may have become of Rome or of the Jesuits? Events pass so fast now a days. Do kindly what I ask; resign this vicarage of St. Avenin . . . take an "*Exeat pro quâcumque diocesi*." When calm has been restored, when events are more advanced, when perhaps Garibaldi and his *chemises rouges* have had their way with Rome, and the *Index*, and the Jesuits, you will come back to some good post in the diocese.*

The Abbé yields to this gentle handling, takes his *Exeat*, returns to St. Avenin to prepare for his departure, and finds Louise gone, and no trace of her to be discovered.

Then follows what the Abbé M * * * has entitled the *Odyssey* of Julio. He sets out to find his sister, whom the Marchioness had carried off and got safely conveyed to a remote convent in Italy. Julio's search for her exhibits many other traits of Jesuit power and management. He is perpetually dogged by one who enacts the character of a free thinking and free living Abbé, himself a victim of the Jesuits, but who is in reality their

* 'Le Maudit,' vol. ii. pp. 333, 339.

spy, set to watch Julio, and if possible to beguile him to Rome, and the yet remaining prison of the Inquisition. In the course of this search he at last discovers Louise, rescues her by a sudden abduction from the church in the services of which she is taking part, carries her safely to the mountains, there is parted from her, and wounded by banditti, and is rescued by the Jesuit guard, to be consigned safely to the cells of the Holy Office at Rome. Thence all efforts made by the French Government and by private friends, stimulated by the efforts of Louise, who had reached Paris in safety, alike fail to relieve him, until Loubaire reappears on the stage, and, with the aid of some mountaineers, delivers him by force from the prison of the Inquisition. As soon as he had effected this, Loubaire hastens back to his mountain charge. But he is not allowed to resume it. His letters to Louise, whilst at Rome he was seeking to effect the liberation of his friend, had all been intercepted. He had been delated to the Archbishop of Chambéry, as the enemy of the Society of Jesuits and of the Papal Chair. On reaching his cure of Lans-le-Bourg he meets the news: 'You are summoned before the Archbishop at Chambéry; you are no more vicar of Lans-le-Bourg, your successor is appointed.'—P. 162. He obeys the summons to Chambéry, and is told that his powers to execute the functions of the priesthood in that diocese are removed, but that he will be granted an Exeat, but unaccompanied with a recommendation, without which he would in fact be admitted into no other diocese. He breaks away with the natural impetuosity of his character with the last words, 'It is a sentence of death, Monseigneur.' 'It is all that I can do for you,' replies the complacent prelate.

He betakes himself to Paris, where, as he says to his friend, 'If your shoulders will bear this, you may carry burdens or accustom your hands to break stones for the macadamized streets of Paris.'—Vol. iii. 160. We will not interrupt here our outline of the story, but we shall have hereafter to return for a little to this subject.

Loubaire finds work at a printing establishment, and to Paris in due time comes the Abbé Julio. Louise had met with noble and distinguished friends of her aunt's, and for a time had been admitted to their society. But even here Jesuit intrigue and influence had followed her, and forced upon her reluctant friends the breaking up of their old alliance. On reaching Paris Julio sought for employment as a priest in that Church which possessed all his affections and his trust, and for the reform of which, in its temper and administration, he longed so ardently. Through all his disasters he had retained the warm affections of one enlight-
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ened prelate, the Bishop of A.; and armed with his recommendation, he applied to the Archbishop for employment. The Jesuits at once seek to bar the entrance to all sacerdotal work against the doomed man. At all hazards, with his oratorical powers, every pulpit must be closed against him. But at first they fail. They dared not approach directly the Cardinal Archbishop. It is not every Bishop, especially when the Cardinal's hat has been already won, who will suffer the reverend Fathers to govern his diocese for him; and his Eminence was known to be rigorously just as well as full of kindness; so they first try to reach him through M. le Promoteur, an official charged with the immediate discipline of the diocese—one who in Paris has need to be of the acutest intelligence, and endued with all the skill of the ablest member of the detective police; one who can deal with all the false Bishops from the East, who with long beards and most doubtful pretensions come to collect in Paris alms for the poor Christians of Lebanon, or for the erection of a Carmel amongst the rocks of Mount Tabor.

This office, so little likely in its administration to breed charity in any spirit, was held at the time by the Abbé Baraminos (known among the young and gay curates of the metropolis by the sobriquet of M. Gare-à-Minos), a priest large in stature, dry and sharp of aspect, and of very uncertain temper. The supplest of the reverend Fathers lodged, during the familiar intercourse of the salon of the Duchess de Chantenay, in the faubourg Saint-Germain, in the mind of M. Baraminos the most violent prejudice against Julio de la Clavière. But the commendation of the Bishop of A. prevailed for the time with the Archbishop against M. le Promoteur; he received the Abbé with kindness and attention, and appointed him at once as second Almoner of the Lycée of St. Louis. But his Eminence lacked the firmness needful to maintain his appointment. The busy tongues of a multitude of well-trained instruments assailed the name of Julio with every conceivable calumny; and at length in full council M. Baraminos ventured to express the general feeling of horror with which the appointment of Julio to so distinguished a post had been received. 'But what am I to do with him?' asked the Cardinal, 'for there is really nothing against him as a priest.' 'Surely,' replies the ready M. le Promoteur, 'he would be well placed as *diacre d'office* in a parish church.'

Now this is an office which the ritual of Rome and the luxurious habits of fashionable life have combined to create as it exists at Paris. You go into St. Roch or La Madeleine and see the gorgeous rites of the high mass proceeding in their splendour. You see the curé officiating between two priests with

with white hair, clothed with dalmatics as stiff and splendid with their gold lace as the chasuble of the Vicar himself. You suppose that the first pastor of a great Church is there in the exercise of his sublime function, surrounded by two high dignitaries, his clerical equals. But you are mistaken. They are two unhappy priests who are retained for this special office—and who must not eat anything till the late mass—at one perhaps on Sundays, at noon on ordinary days—has been concluded. These men are often poor priests exiled it may be from Poland for their religious opinions, or hunted down by the hatred of the Jesuits; they are men without a future: the least distinguished candidate for the priesthood may rise to any height in his profession, but the wretched *diacre d'office* can only sink lower as he grows older. From the splendours of the Madeleine or Sainte Clotilde he falls to La Villette, to Grenelle, even to Montrouge, and at last his bones are sent with those of the lowest of the populace to the common trench at Ivry or Clichy la Garenne.*

A curt announcement from M. de Baraminos informs Julio that to this hapless office, in the little church of Notre-Dame des Champs, he is degraded, and that even from this on the first complaint he might reckon on being removed. Julio received the blow with calmness, Louise with tears. She would have had him refuse the offered post. His reply reveals his heart. 'The house of Christ at Nazareth was less distinguished; Pope, Archbishop, or Diacre d'Office, what matters it in God's eyes? It is to fill a function of His priesthood. . . . Beloved sister, you are a tempter to your brother.' With a suppressed sob she answered, 'You are right, I spoke as a woman: it is great to make yourself little.'†

But Julio had still friends with some influence, and through one of these he is appointed to preach a Lenten sermon at St. Eustache. The whole Jesuit class was convulsed by this announcement. It was what above all they dreaded, and what before everything must prevent. They besiege the Archbishop, but he stands firm in protecting the Vicars of Paris in their right to choose their own Lenten preachers, and it is plain that the pulpit must be open to Julio, and the sect is driven to its last and lowest machinations. The old Jesuit spy who had haunted him as an ever present imp through Italy is employed to assemble a crowd of the charitable dependents of the body to fill the church, and, as Julio mounts the pulpit, to raise a riot within it which shall not only prevent the sermon being preached, but suffice to warn every other Vicar in Paris of the danger of allowing such

* 'Le Maudit,' vol. iii. 212, 215.

† lb. p. 218.

a firebrand

a firebrand to climb the steps of his pulpit. The plan succeeds perfectly, and the orator's voice is drowned utterly in the disgraceful noise of the rabble.

Julio now turns to the attempt to utter through the press that voice which he is prevented speaking from the pulpit. The most triumphant success attends a religious journal which he edits, and in which contending earnestly for all the truths of the Church Catholic, he temperately combats the extreme views of the ultramontane section. This completes the measure of his crimes. An immediate ostracism on his sister and himself from all religious and from the higher social circles is his first visitation; his next the withdrawal of his powers to officiate in Paris, with a recommendation that he should return to his old diocese. Hardly through the strong influence of powerful patrons is the Archbishop of T. persuaded to restore him to a small country cure. There for a short time he labours with his former success, though haunted by a new and terrible anguish which we purposely pass over. Then he loses his sister, whose delicate frame could no longer support all the exposure, privation and anxiety of the lot which the sharing her brother's sorrows had made her portion. Whilst he is in this last anguish the ambitious views of Mons. le Cricq approach their highest fulfilment. He had sheltered Julio from the open attack of a certain bigoted prelate in a council at Limoux, and this incident had been so well used by his friends at Paris that the French ambassador was instructed to ask for the liberal Archbishop the coveted Cardinal's hat. The application was received with favour, when the Pope was assailed by the head of the Jesuit Society for intending such an honour to one who had sheltered so notorious an offender as Julio. When the Archbishop next saw the Holy Father it was evident that a storm had swept over the heavens of the Vatican. The Archbishop's discerning agent at the Roman Court soon learned the cause, and suggested with admirable dexterity the only remedy. The Archbishop retires into a 'retreat,' to be accomplished at the Gesù, and to perfect his good work consents to place Julio under an interdict. He wins his hat; and Julio, suspended from his ministry, degraded, in fact, from his orders, broken in body, and worn out in spirit, retires to the southern slopes of the mountains to die in the Hospice de Bigorre, ministered to in his last moments by a friendly stranger priest, whom the hand of persevering bigotry strives in vain to banish from his dying chamber.

We have traced the first of these stories thus at length because without doing so it was not possible to display, with any clearness, the lesson it is framed to teach. We need not enter with
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the same fulness on the remaining volumes. Their plan is the same as that on which '*Le Maudit*' is constructed. The first of them relates the story of a woman given up to a life of charity and devotion; in the present state of the Church of France she is passed from religious house to house, and from order to order, to find the same repulsive features perpetually reproduced in every society she joins. Pettiness, intrigue, jealousy, and debasing superstition mar at every turn the fair professions of a 'religious life,' until she is driven from it to spend her fortune and her powers in organising for the girls of France a system of education, which, by setting them free from the present dominant priestcraft, shall fit them to be wives and mothers, instead of breeding them up in ignorance of themselves and of the world round them, to become hereafter either free-thinkers or devotees. The third story is intended to reveal, by similar processes, the interior life of those terrible Jesuit priests—the Prætorian Guard of the Papacy, at once its defenders and its dread—of whose work the history of Julio is a specimen.

We should in a great degree repeat what we have already said if we followed out this story in detail, and we shall not, therefore, do so, but we are tempted to lay before our readers one passage from it, because it is pleasantly characteristic of a vein of genuine humour which is continually reappearing amidst the deep convictions, profound sadnesses, and high hopes, which fill the volumes. The hero of these volumes is the younger of two sons of a father of high birth and large fortune, who would himself have given them a liberal education based on the idea of what, as an emigrant to our shores, he had seen as an English education. The mother, under Jesuit directions, opposes with all a woman's power the father's resolution. After incessant conflicts the matter is adjusted by the elder son going to the University, and the younger being handed over to the teaching of the 'Reverend Fathers.' The mother suffers in after years a bitter punishment for this early victory. The elder son dies in consequence of an accident, and she is then bent upon the younger taking his brother's place, and continuing the ancient line of his noble family. But the Jesuit yoke to which she had herself submitted him was not thus to be broken from his neck. As a rule the Jesuits, far less than any other order, seek to make their pupils renounce the active world and choose the 'religious' life. Their long-sightedness enables them to see that their power will be increased by their pupils holding high places in the world, and providing a new generation of youth for them to train. But there are exceptions to this rule. There are some whom they

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are most anxious to secure; and from three descriptions of men, when they can, they always seek to replenish their numbers: these are the nobly born, through whom they hope to spread their ramifications amidst the higher ranks of society; the rich, because better than any other they know the value of possessing largely the sinews of war; and the men of intellectual power through whom they can act upon every rank and class of society.

Our hero combined these three advantages, and they early marked him for their own, and held him with an iron grasp in spite of his dying father's sobs and his broken-hearted mother's shrieks. This, however, was at the close of his training. The incident to which we refer belonged to his boyish days in the Jesuit seminary. He is visited in the seminary of Saint-Acheul by his father's friend, the great advocate, M. Dupin. The young Jesuit élève had himself already learned to entertain so doubtful a regard for the distinguished friend of his father as an enemy of the Company, that when he has to tell the Reverend Père who it is that has come to see him, he makes the reluctant confession '*rougissant jusqu' aux oreilles*.' But the Jesuit Fathers manifested their wonted discretion. As soon as they had learned who their visitor was, the ordinary Father who was in attendance on the young pupil was at once withdrawn, and the distinguished rector of the seminary substituted for him. Then begins the play between the two men. M. Dupin had recently uttered, in defending the '*Constitutionnel*,' the stinging mot, '*l'Institut de Loyola est une épée dont la poignée est à Rome, et dont la pointe est partout*.' In the midst of their conversation he is playfully reminded of his mot by the courteous Father, who, when the utterer would apologise for it as the trip of an extemporaneous speaker, defends and justifies it as being no more than a declaration of the universal watchfulness of the Company over the cause of truth. Their converse is followed by a dinner, in which the best seasoned viands and the richest wines are bestowed upon the honoured guest; pleasant and seemingly impromptu honours are paid to his eloquence and fame; until at length, at the close of a religious service in their chapel, he is won to carry a wax taper in their procession, and to utter a complimentary oration.

After the oration in praise of his eloquence he is fairly conquered:

'Ce fut là le bouquet. Or les flatteries du recteur, les vins fins, les chants religieux de la chapelle, le sermon, peut-être les cordons du dais, et l'improvisation du rhétoricien produisirent un tel effet que M. Dupin, transporté, ému, prit congé des Pères par un petit discours,
où

où lui aussi prodigua l'encens, mais sans le moindre mélange épigrammatique.*

And so the purposes of the wily rector were accomplished. Perhaps the great advocate had been in some degree taken captive by the Order; perhaps that stinging tongue would be found sweetened when the next great call elicited one of his forensic triumphs; but however that might be, Samson was exhibited to France as just released from the arms of the Philistine idolatress: 'Le lendemain vingt lettres apprenaient à Paris, que M. Dupin avait diné chez les Jésuites à Saint Acheul, et porté les cordons du dais; les lettres moqueuses jetèrent un ridicule sur l'avocat.'—(Vol. i. p. 98.)

This is a fair specimen of one of the humorous descriptions of the Abbé M. But it is not on these lighter traits that the volumes depend for their interest. They are, indeed, full of manifold and curious instruction. They exhibit, we believe, with studied fairness the strange working of religious opinion and principle, under the perplexing action of the present widespread of unbelief on the one side, and of a bigoted maintenance of the most extreme tenets of the Papacy on the other.

Their testimony upon one point which has recently been discussed somewhat largely amongst ourselves is not a little curious. When the unhappy Curé Loubaire is driven for his support to undertake some lay pursuit at Paris, he is represented as taking no peculiar or unusual step, but that for which the French clerical mind was thoroughly prepared, and with the sight of which the Parisian world was perfectly familiar. He labours as a journeyman printer, and finds around him a multitude to whom similar causes had prescribed like employments. A recent statement in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury that such things prevailed in Paris, woke up an angry rejoinder from a certain French Abbé, and appeared to many of our journalists to be probably exaggerated. The Abbé M***'s volumes would prepare us to believe in its entire accuracy, and to think that it probably rather understated than exaggerated the truth; for we see here the absolute dependence of the priests upon the mere will of their bishops: we become acquainted with the many just grounds, and the far more numerous personal and party motives, which must multiply such interdicts. We see, too, that the interdicted priest has commonly no other resource by which to gain a livelihood than Paris and its menial occupations. Drawn as the French priesthood is almost universally at the present time from the lowest grade of social life, there is in it nothing so

* 'Le Jesuite,' tom. ii. 498.

terrible as there would be in such a descent amongst ourselves. The French priest is almost always the child of some labouring man. If not raised by the school and the seminary to the priesthood, he would, like his father, have supported himself by the labour of his hands. When he falls from the priesthood there is no intermediate point at which he can stop. He is again, and naturally, an *ouvrier*; and as naturally it is in the great city that he seeks his bread. There he is unknown, and escapes the shame of being seen to fall; there he escapes the enforced celibacy which, wherever he is known, the law of France binds upon him as the remaining burden of his priesthood; there he is sure to find a company of like spiritual lepers, to receive him gladly into their disowned sodality of priestly Bohemians. We should therefore be prepared to expect what we think this recent controversy has proved even to demonstration. The matter socially and religiously is of so much moment that we will place on our pages a concise statement of the question, abridged from a long resumé written by one thoroughly acquainted with the subject.

The discussion originated in a statement made by the Bishop of Oxford, on the authority of a friend, at a meeting of Convocation, with reference to the number of interdicted priests living in Paris, and pursuing all sorts of manual and menial occupations. The Bishop's statement was however misreported in the 'Times.' He was made to say that there were 800 interdicted priests in Paris employed in driving cabs, whereas what he really did say was that there were 800 priests so interdicted in Paris, and pursuing secular and menial occupations, *some* of whom were engaged in cab driving. The mistake afforded Abbé Rogerson, who calls himself 'Chaplain to the English Catholics at Paris,' an opportunity to step forward and engage in a little controversy with the Bishop of Oxford, who contented himself by informing Mr. Rogerson that the statement actually made in Convocation, or something very much like it, had already appeared in print, and by referring him to an article published in the 'Christian Remembrancer,' a year and a half previously. In this article it was alleged, on high Roman Catholic and Parisian authority, that there were no less than '600 priests serving as coachmen, or connected with the public conveyances, or playing street organs, or serving as porters, or begging.' The Bishop however added that the estimate supplied to him, apparently by the reviewer in the 'Christian Remembrancer,' made these amount to some 750. The Abbé was not however yet satisfied, and he went on writing. In the mean time an able Parisian Roman Catholic periodical, the 'Observateur Catholique,' edited by a committee of

of learned clergymen and laymen of the Gallican school, published a short article on the controversy, charging Mr. Rogerson with slandering the Bishop of Oxford, and terminating thus :—

‘Il est bien certain que les prêtres interdits se réfugient en grand nombre à Paris de tous les diocèses de France. Le nombre fixé par l’Evêque d’Oxford est *plutôt affaibli qu’exagéré*. Tous ces prêtres sont cochers de fiacre, cochers ou conducteurs d’omnibus, cabaretiers, vitriers ambulants, &c. Si l’Abbé Rogerson connaissait un peu mieux l’état où se trouvent les malheureux prêtres interdits et leur nombre, il ne lui aurait pas pris fantaisie de contredire M. l’Evêque d’Oxford.’

Forth again came Mr. Rogerson, as well as ‘the knightly papal champion of all England,’ Sir George Bowyer, both of whom addressed letters to the ‘Times.’ Sir George described the ‘*Observateur Catholique*’ as a ‘newspaper,’ and its editor, the learned Abbé Guettée, as himself an interdicted priest, and as one who had ‘joined the schismatical Greek Church,’ and whose testimony was therefore unworthy of credit. He also stated that he had been ‘informed by a dignitary of the French church that the whole number of interdicted priests in France is under 100.’

But Sir George Bowyer and the Abbé Rogerson called forth a formidable opponent in the person of the Abbé Guettée himself. In a memorable article in the ‘*Observateur Catholique*,’ which is reprinted in full in the ‘*Christian Remembrancer*,’ he answers his assailants for himself, and inflicts a well-deserved castigation upon these ‘néophytes Anglais de fraîche date.’ He denies having ever been interdicted, and says with reference to his own theological principles :—

‘Si le Sieur Bowyer avait lu nos ouvrages, il saurait que nous avons été constamment et que nous sommes encore Catholique, et que nous ne faisons la guerre à la papauté qu’en nous plaçant sur le terrain catholique, c’est-à-dire, en enseignant la doctrine formulée dans les actes des conseils oecuméniques et dans les écrits des Saints Pères. Il paraît qu’en bon papiste, le Sieur Bowyer met la parole du Pape audessus de la voix traditionnelle de l’Eglise. Ceci le regarde, mais du moins, qu’il ne traite pas de *schismatiques* ceux qui sont avec la *tradition catholique*, et qu’il garde cette qualification pour le Pape et ses fidèles qui bouleversent toute la doctrine de l’Eglise, qui fabriquent de nouveaux dogmes, et qui sont assez impies pour attribuer à DIEU les fantaisies de leur pauvre intelligence.’

The committee of the ‘*Observateur Catholique*,’ so far from considering the number given by the Anglican Prelate exaggerated, affirm that it is *under* the mark. Cavour, in a speech in the Italian Parliament, estimated the number of the Paris ‘unfortunates’ at 800; and so do other authorities given by the ‘*Christian Remembrancer*.’

Remembrancer.' The learned Abbé Guettée, who has resided many years in Paris, and who must be well informed, estimates them at some 1400: '*Nous savons de source certaine que le nombre des prêtres interdits, exerçant d'infimes professions à Paris, s'élève à environ 1400. Les Bowyer et les Rogerson pourront nier, tant qu'ils voudront, et tout ce qu'ils voudront, notre affirmation n'en sera pas moins d'une parfaite exactitude.*' The celebrated Abbé Migne, who is at the head of an immense printing establishment in Paris, and who publishes for a large number of French Bishops, calculates that there are at least 800 of the fallen priests in Paris, and he affirms that many hundreds have applied to him at different times for work. The Abbé Rogerson asserted that he had been informed by 'the chef of the bureau which charges itself with what concerns street conveyances,' that 'for the last eight years he had not known more than three cabmen that were in priest's orders.' We now have it from an official source that no fewer than eighty-one have acknowledged that they belonged to the priesthood; but how many more are there who have not acknowledged?

It would, indeed, be easy to quote a whole list of distinguished names which would establish the unsparing tyranny with which priests of even the highest character and standing are at once placed under interdict if they resist the dominant superstition which is defacing their Church. All the priests who exposed the miserable imposture of Salette were marked out for persecution. The Abbé Guettée has shared it with the most ignorant member of the priesthood; the Abbé Prompsault and a host of others are witnesses to the same evil. 'We ourselves,' writes a well-known clergyman in a recent article, 'are personally acquainted with an excellent clergyman, formerly a vicaire of one of the most important churches of Paris, who was *suspected* by the last Archbishop of reading the "*Observateur Catholique*," and who was interdicted in consequence, and is now living on the alms of his friends in a wretched garret.'*

It is only as one of the signs of the whole state of religion in France that this particular question is of much moment. But it is important as being one amongst a multitude of symptoms that the deadly influence of ultramontane poison is everywhere threatening the very life of the faith. The same insane jealousy of all freedom has prevented any attempt to give a really liberal education to the French clergy. The spirit which has shown itself amongst ourselves, when it was proposed to give our Roman Catholics access to a college of their own in our Univer-

* 'Christian Remembrancer,' No. cxxii. p. 336.

sity of Oxford—the spirit which has succeeded hitherto in thwarting every such attempt, even when advocated by Dr. Newman; which suppressed, by Papal command, the one periodical organ of Roman Catholicism in England which possessed any claim to intellectual merit—‘The Home and Foreign Review’—and which we fear will only be strengthened by the appointment of Dr. Wiseman’s successor, has triumphed absolutely in France. What has been the consequence may be read in the calm words of Döllinger, certainly no willing witness against, if not a biassed witness in favour of Romanism.

In his speech on ‘The Past and Present of Catholic Theology,’ he says:—

‘Better things, much better things may fortunately be said of France [than of Italy]. There we find above all what is entirely wanting in Italy, a courageous, vigorous, and well chosen band of learned laymen who defend the cause of the faith and the Church in literature with emphasis, dignity, spirit, and ability. And as for the clergy, I need only pronounce the names of Gerbet, Maret, Lacordaire, Gratry, Baintain, Dupanloup, Ravignan, Felix, and it will be admitted that there are men in the ranks of the French clergy who understand the wants of their age and nation, who know how to animate intellectually and to penetrate into the spirit of the doctrine which has been delivered to them by their school, and by that means to act mightily and successfully on the religious and moral feelings of their fellow countrymen. But if we ask, is there no Dalberg there? where are there in France the true theologians, the equals and followers of Petau and Bossuet and Arnauld? where the men of fundamental and comprehensive learning? There is no answer. *France has no theologians* because she has no high school of theology, not one school even which teaches the theological sciences. She has only eighty or eighty-five seminaries which may be very good, even excellent, as pastoral educational establishments, but which to German ideas, at least, can scarcely count as scientific institutes, and which furnish such scanty primary instruction that for the greater majority of their pupils it is quite impossible at a later time to rear the solid edifice of thorough and comprehensive theological learning on such a frail and faulty foundation. I do not know what reasons have deterred the French Church during the last fifty years from making any attempt at founding a common and central school for theology and the kindred branches of science. One main difficulty, which no means have been found for obviating, may be the state of the institutions for the education of the lower and middle classes, as indeed it was lately found when the Catholic University of Dublin was established that in the absence of good intermediate schools a University is like a ship without water. But things will not remain thus much longer. There is increasing anxiety that the French clergy will be driven more and more out of the bosom of society and national life, will be forced

more and more into an isolated and caste-like position, and will forfeit more and more its influence on the male parts of the population which has already been so much weakened. Looking at such a state of things, we Germans have every reason to be thankful that Universities still exist among us, and that theology is represented at them.'

This is the terrible alternative, we believe, before that nation. The great Church of France is being so weakened by the spread of this subtle poison of ultramontane principles that she can no longer witness for the truth of Revelation with her ancient power, before her sharp-witted and busy people. It needs long and careful thought to estimate the wonderful change which has passed over her before those spiritual heavens in which the Eagle of Meaux soared with so majestic a flight could be overshadowed by such dark clouds as those which hang so thick around us everywhere now. We have ourselves, when arguing with a distinguished French ecclesiastic, been met, when we quoted Bossuet, by a shrug of the shoulders, and an assurance that the great champion of their faith himself was '*Vraiment presque hérétique.*' At such a time it is well to be reminded what these Gallican Liberties were for which he strove.

He had just been promoted after the termination of the Dauphin's education to the see of Meaux when he preached the opening sermon at the assembly of the clergy of France in 1682. The sermon was an omen of what followed, for it claimed the primacy for St. Peter, with an accompanying caution as to the humility with which the exercise of such a power should be accompanied. Under Bossuet's influence the assembly of the clergy passed the four celebrated propositions which are the basis of that claim for limiting the assumptions of Rome, which is so well known under the name of the Gallican Liberties. The first declares that the Papal power extends only to things spiritual which concern eternal salvation. The second, that it in no way derogates from the authority of the decisions of the Council of Constance, in its fourth and fifth Decrees on the authority of General Councils. The third, that it should be limited by the Canon, and by the rules and usages adopted by different National Churches, and so amongst others by the Church of France. The fourth, that though the Pope is expected to decide questions of the faith for all Churches, yet that his decisions can be revoked so long as they have not been sanctioned by the consent of the Church.

Innocent XI. utterly repudiated these propositions, and demanded of Louis XIV. their formal disavowal. His response, characteristic of the man, was to order by an edict that they should

should be registered by all the Parliaments and Universities and theological faculties, and that none should be made licentiate or doctor till he had maintained a thesis in support of them.*

Throughout the Pontificate of Innocent XI. there was no adjustment of the conflict. The short Pontificate of Alexander succeeded. On the 4th of August, 1690, he passed a Constitution, annulling all that had been done in the assembly of 1682. But he did not venture to publish the bull till the 30th of January, 1691, the eve of his death. The informal bull was simply overlooked by Louis. Cardinal Pignatelli, who succeeded as Innocent XII., was supposed to be far more favourable to France. But the conflict between the Regale and the Pontificale still continued. The new Pope, like his predecessors, refused bulls for the consecration of thirty-seven Bishops unless the king yielded. The necessities of Louis forced him to a certain amount of concession in the year 1693. Bossuet, the great author of the propositions, repaired to Rome, and, after three successive attempts, a form of so-called retractation was adopted, with which the Pope was satisfied. Each one of the Bishops-designate wrote severally to the Pope the stipulated letter, in which he declared that he regarded all that was determined or ordered in the proscribed assembly with regard to the ecclesiastical power or action of the Pontiff as if it had not been ordered, and they bound themselves to deliberate no more on what had been by him held to be contrary to the interest of the Church.† The King suspended his order. With this Rome professed itself satisfied; though the claims to liberty which the French Church had always maintained, and which the four celebrated propositions only embody with greater distinctness, were never really disavowed, and were energetically repeated in the letter of Louis to the Cardinal de la Tremoïl, in 1713.‡

How different is this aspect of the great French Church from that which it exhibits now. Then the Episcopate, headed by Bossuet as its chosen chief, was doing noble battle for the freedom of their own communion. The same body is now seen bowing abjectly before the whisper of the Vatican, trembling before the secret threats of the General of the Jesuits, or flocking obediently to Rome to take their humble part in registering the infallible decrees of the occupant of the Chair of St. Peter in favour of the Immaculate Conception in 1854; submitting to have, by simple Papal power, a disputed opinion—against

* Sismondi, '*Histoire de la France*,' xviii. 25-28. (1842.)

† Sismondi, '*Histoire de la France*,' xviii. 183.

‡ See '*Histoire de Bossuet*,' par le Cardinal de Bausset, 298-302.

which none had stood more firmly than their own fathers—turned into an article of the faith; or declaring, in 1862, the absolute necessity of the temporal sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff.

All this, moreover, is in exact accordance with every other change in this once famous Church; with the surrender of its ancient liturgy and the adoption of the Roman in its place; and lastly—though not least—with the new extravagance of its Mariolatry. It is most painful to see the growth of this terrible development. It possesses not only the frivolous and weak, but seems to subdue to itself all the most robust spirits of the existing French Church. How fearful is it to read that almost the last words of such a man as the Abbé Desgenettes were, '*La dévotion au saint et immaculé Cœur de Marie est le principe et le centre de toute dévotion!*'* But so it is: this is the natural development of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and it is stamping its revolting features on the literature, the devotion, and the art of Roman Catholic France. Dr. Wordsworth, in his '*Tour in Italy*'† notes one instance of this which is too remarkable not to be repeated. The favourite Roman defence for the whole system of Mariolatry is, that it is nothing more than a high honour paid to the great doctrine of the Incarnation; that the Blessed Virgin is, as it were, the nimbus surrounding the humanity of the Eternal Son; that she is never contemplated in the acts which we condemn as separate from Him, but always as the shrine wherein HE dwelt when He deigned for our sakes to become man; that in this sense '*the Glories of Mary*' and such offices, with which we reproach the present Church, would, if our minds were duly filled as theirs are with the great mystery of the Incarnation, be more fitly termed the Glories of her Incarnate Son. All men whose minds are properly endued with Christian charity will delight to believe that so indeed it has been with many devout souls who seem to those without to have drawn perilously near to creature-worship. Such an idea seems to be stamped upon many of the great creations of the ancient painters' genius. In these the Virgin—beautiful and royal as she is in her simplicity—is felt to be the adjunct of the Divine Babe. Wonderfully is this expressed in Raphael's noble picture in the Dresden Gallery. Even in that blaze of glory, the countenance of the Infant speaks of commanding majesty, that of the Virgin of faith and supplication. But it is not only in such vast creations of matchless genius

* '*Vie de l'Abbé Desgenettes,*' par M. Desfossés.

† Vol. ii. pp. 286, 287.

that this subordination of the Mother to the Child is expressed. It is the traditional rule of all the earlier Christian painters. Let any one cast his eye over the walls of our own National Gallery, and he will mark everywhere the same feature, running through every school, and more or less distinctly impressed on every picture. He will find it preeminent in Pietro Perugino, Francia, and Domenico Ghirlandajo; but he may trace it as essentially present in the Madonnas of Filippo and Filippino Lippi, of Pinturicchio, of Marco Basante, of Battista Cima, of Mantegna of Padua, and of Garofalo. It was, in short, then the rule which religion had imprinted upon art. 'But now,' Dr. Wordsworth tells us his friend, 'a distinguished French layman, a member of the *Institut*,' said to him, 'now, you see, they have taken away the Divine Child from His mother's arms, and they exhibit the Blessed Virgin *standing as a goddess* on the altars of our churches, with her hands outstretched towards the people, as if she alone were the Arbitress or the Dispenser of all graces and favour to man,'—"Comme dispensatrice de toutes les graces," were his words. 'I observed this attitude,' says Dr. Wordsworth, 'also in the *Maison Mère* of the "Sisters of Charity," in the Rue du Bach, No. 140. This change has been introduced since my former visit in 1854.'*

What will be the end of this new course on which the Gallican Church has entered it is most difficult to forecast. Its immediate effect, beyond all question, has been to alienate from her, to a fearful degree, the whole educated and masculine mind of the nation. Who can calculate what might not have been the return to faith and worship in that people, on whose whole character of old the lines of religious belief and devout action were so deeply marked, if, in the first great reaction from the horrors of their infidel Revolution, the Church of their fathers had stood before them in the simplicity and love of the Gospel; if she, with God's words and the ancient creeds on her lips, had shown them how to reconcile reason and Revelation, true liberty and ardent Faith? That opportunity has been let slip; and let slip in spite of all the efforts of some of her noblest sons. Even of her bishops, some foresaw the evils which this blind exaltation of the Papacy was bringing on her; none, perhaps, with greater clearness than Monseigneur Claude-Hippolyte Clausel de Montals, the able and venerable Bishop of Chartres, and cousin of the eloquent and noble-hearted Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis. It is touching to find the old man in almost his latest publication mourning

* Dr. Wordsworth's 'Tour in Italy,' vol. ii., p. 287.

over the depressed and divided condition of the Church which he had done so much to restore from its ruins ; whilst it is not a little instructive to find him attribute all these evils to the spread of the ultramontane cabal, 'Cabale,' as he calls it, 'nombreuse, pleine d'âpreté et de violence, qui s'est établie à Rome et qui a un grand nombre d'associés résidant en France et en Italie.'* Such words may seem strong, but in his long life he had seen enough to justify their use. Who can say how far even the overthrow of the throne of Louis Philippe was not, in a great measure, to be traced to the intrigues of that ultra section? We cannot forget the strange sight exhibited by so many of the high French ecclesiastics at that troubled time. Amongst the turbulent utterances of these friends of revolution, no voice was clearer in its note than that of the then Archbishop of Lyons (De Bonald), himself intimately connected with the Jesuits, who promised to the clergy, as the result of the Revolution, the liberty for which they had so often thirsted when they contemplated its enjoyment by their North American brethren. Surely burning words may be excused from one who had seen the acting of the 'Cabal' under so many phases. And how sadly are all his auguries of evil being even now fulfilled. The men of France—and especially the thinking men who ultimately set the general tone of opinion—are, as a rule, severed from, if not hostile to the Church. If any one doubts this, let him go, as we have gone, in the early Sunday morning to the Churches of La Madeleine or St. Roch in Paris, and stay there till the midday mass, and note the proportion between the men and the women who have attended the various services. With all our own dangers—and we have shown repeatedly that we are not disposed to undervalue them—the difference in this respect between the congregations in the great Parisian churches we have named and those which assemble every Sunday morning in St. James's and St. George's, London, is most marked. Everywhere are tokens of the same fact. The whole tone of French literature exhibits a like divorce between literature and religion. As a rule, all that is fresh, vigorous, and powerful is unchristian ; that which professes to be religious is trashy, meretricious, and effeminate. Here again the difference between the two countries is remarkable. There is, as we sadly know, sweeping over us too a wave of unbelief ; the vial poured upon the air has tainted our own atmosphere ; we have philosophers who sneer and even

* 'Coup d'œil sur la Constitution de la Religion Catholique, et sur l'état présent de cette Religion dans notre France,' p. 5.

divines who cavil at eternal truths. But, with all this, there never was a time in our literary history when the best and strongest writers were more honestly pervaded by an outspoken faith in the Christian revelation. Only let any one compare the answers which have been drawn forth in the two countries by the recent assaults upon the Faith, and he will be able to estimate the marvellous difference which exists between them.

What then is to be the future of a Church so circumstanced? More and more alienated from all the commanding thought of the nation; more and more leaning first upon the immediate physical support of the Imperial Government (which, however, is now markedly averse to her ultramontane tendencies), and secondly upon Rome, which is carrying on daily her favourite work of denationalising the vassal communion; becoming more and more a mere parasite of the Papacy—that Papacy itself to all appearance in the spasms which, whilst they lend it for the moment a preternatural and shocking strength, show like the surest tokens and the most immediate forerunner of a coming dissolution—what, we ask, is to be its end? Will it once again be swept away by some terrible storm of unbelief? Are all these evil symptoms signs of the approach of that day of which it is written, ‘When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?’ Or is there yet before it the possibility of a mighty reaction? May it be, as we have hinted above, that Imperialism will yet restore the nationality of this once noble Church? If Dr. Wordsworth be right, Imperialism owes to it this retribution. He traces much of the ultra-Roman tendency of the present Gallican Communion to—

‘the inquisitorial interference of the State in religious matters, such as the erection of churches, which are dealt with in the same way as *hôtels de ville*, bridges, prisons, and railway-stations. . . . This *patronage* of the Government, which dates from the days of the Organic Articles and Laws of 1802, has estranged the affections of the Church from the Government, and has placed the Church in an *extra-national* and *anti-national* attitude. It has made it anti-Gallican and *ultramontane*. It has produced a result which was never anticipated by Napoleon I., who framed the Organic Articles, nor by Louis Philippe, whose policy in Church matters was in accordance with their spirit. It has given a predominant influence to the Papacy over the French Church. It has done more for the extension and triumph of Ultramontaniam than could have been effected by Hildebrand himself.’*

There are not lacking signs which seem to show that amongst the deep purposes revolving in the mind of the present Emperor

* Dr. Wordsworth's ‘Tour,’ vol. ii. p. 294.

have been some which would indeed redress this wrong by re-animating the national character of the Gallican Communion. But we anxiously ask, Can even he effect this mighty change? Can he roll back the wrongs of years? Can he arouse the French clergy to see that such a course would indeed secure, not as they now speak, their 'servitudes,' but their truest liberties? Can it be that future Bossuets shall arise within her, not as now to be frowned coldly down or persecuted even to the death, but to form, and guide, and enlighten the mind of her own people; to reform her developments and abuses; to give back, as he would fain have done, the communion in both kinds to the worshipper, and a reasonable Faith to the inquirer; and to stretch out the hand of welcome to every effort for the re-union of Christendom? Is there such a day in store for her? God grant that it may be so, and that we may share the benefit: that with the two Reformed Churches, linked in loving alliance, France and England, the great twin arbiters of the world's destinies, may contend together against the Common Enemy, and maintain the Common Truth.

One conclusion, where so much is doubtful, seems, however, inevitable, and it is this: that those amongst ourselves who are lured away from their fathers' Church by the boasted profession that they will thus leave discord for unity are the victims of the very shallowest of impositions. The differences which exist within the English Church, and which all wise and good men will ever seek to reduce in their proportions and to clear of their bitterness, are the expression of differences in the mind of man, and must be found wherever all liberty of thought is not absolutely stamped out by the foot of arrogant assumption. The deep policy of Rome may throw around these differences such a veil of authority, and such a halo of devotion, that they seem to have disappeared; but they are just as certainly present beneath the veil, and the stumbling steps of him who enters ignorantly into the folds of that mist will soon strike heavily against them. He who quits the liberty of the English communion in order to find in that of Rome a perfect and unquestioning rest for his weary spirit will, unless he is essentially servile in his nature, meet undoubtedly with the heaviest disappointment. He will find that the concealed acting of old perplexities is more entangling than ever was their avowed presence, and that he has but increased the difficulties of believing when he has substituted for the Scriptures and the Creeds of the Universal Church the voice of an ultramontane director, requiring him to view with equal faith the impostures of La Salette and the Miracles of Christ; or the Immaculate Conception

Conception of the Virgin and the Incarnation of the Lord. He will have sheltered himself from the wind, but he will have fallen into the jaws of the whirlwind; or rather, to express it in the Prophet's words, it will be to him 'as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him, or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him;'* the end, we fear, of many a wearied spirit, which for very hopeless weariness stays in the disappointing shelter it chose so blindly from its own perplexities.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Narrative of the Russian Military Expedition to Khiva under General Perofski in 1839.* Translated from the Russian by J. Michell. 1865.

2. *The Russians in Central Asia.* Translated from the Russian by John and Robert Michell. London, 1865.

3. *Invalide Russe.* 1865.

TO those who remember the Russophobia of 1838-39, the indifference of the English public to the events now passing in Central Asia must appear one of the strangest instances of reaction in Modern History. At the former period there was no special cause of jealousy or ill-will between England and Russia. On the contrary, as far as the state of Europe was concerned, Russia was regarded by us with rather a friendly eye. She was the great conservative power of the West, and might be expected to render important aid to the cause of peace and order, by checking the revolutionary mania of France and Germany. In the East, too, it required a very bold effort of imagination to conjure up a sense of impending danger; for at that time Russia was hedged up along her Asiatic frontier by a series of barriers, which promised to prevent—and which, indeed, while they lasted, did actually prevent—any possible extension of her territorial limits towards India. The Caucasus was then unsubdued, and the tribes inhabiting that range found occupation for above one hundred thousand of the soldiers of the Czar. The Caspian was unapproached by rail, and boasted of but two solitary steamers, which timorously trod its waves and peered curiously into the creeks and roadsteads of the Gilan coast. Ashoor-ada, the island at the entrance of the Bay of Asterabad, which is destined, perhaps, one day in the hands of the great Northern Power to become the Aden of this inland sea, had been but recently detached from

* Amos, v. 19.

Persia, and was still a naked sand-bank. Above all, the boundary of Russia, confronting India, was drawn from the Ural River, north of the Caspian, to the old Mongolian capital of Semipolatsinsk, or 'the Seven Cities,' by a cordon of forts and Cossack outposts, called the Orenburg and Siberian lines,* which abutted on the great Kirghiz steppe along its northern skirts, and, to a certain extent, controlled the tribes pasturing in the vicinity, but by no means established the hold of Russia on that pathless, and, for the most part, lifeless waste.

A great Tartar empire which should unite Siberia with the fertile valleys of the Oxus and Jaxartes, had been imagined by the Russian Czars as early as the sixteenth century, and would probably have been realised either by Peter the Great or Catherine but for the intervening wilderness of the Kirghiz-Kazaks. Extending for two thousand miles from west to east, and for one thousand miles from north to south, and impassable, except to a well-appointed caravan, at certain seasons and along particular tracks, this vast steppe seemed to have been placed by nature as a 'buffer' between the power of civilised Europe, and the weakness and barbarism of Central Asia.

Moreover, at the period in question, our British Indian empire, freed for the moment from internal throes, and warming into active life under the influence of Lord William Bentinck's beneficent administration, was confined within the modest limits of the Sutlej and the north-western desert; so that a broad zone of above twenty degrees of latitude, peopled by strong and independent races, intervened between the most northern districts of India and the most southern settlements of Russia. Yet at such a time, and under circumstances calculated to inspire so just a confidence in our own position, the appearance of a Russian Envoy at Cabul, and the advance of the Shah of Persia against Herat in suspected collusion with Russia, were sufficient to create a panic in India, which shortly led us into a war with the Afghans, the most momentous that has ever occurred in the history of our Indian Empire; both in regard to the immediate sacrifice which it entailed of treasure, life, and honour, and still

* This famous line commences at Guriev, where the Ural River debouches into the Caspian. It follows up the left bank of the river to Orenburg and Orsk, and then crosses by the head streams of the Tobol River to Troitska. From hence it is drawn to Petro-paulovsk on the Ishim, and so on to Omsk on the Irtysh; and from Omsk it follows up the left bank of the river to Semipolatsinsk and Bukhtarminsk on the Chinese frontier. The total measurement of the line including sinuosities is 3360 versts or 2200 miles, and the Cossacks employed to guard it number over 20,000 men. It has been often proposed to erect a continuous rampart, like the Chinese wall, along the northern part of the line, so as to connect Orsk on the Ural with Omsk on the Irtysh; but no great progress has ever been made with the work, and it is now definitively abandoned.

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more in regard to its effects on our 'prestige,' from which we are still suffering.

Whether the danger apprehended to India at this period was, or was not, imaginary, is a separate question. Those who are best acquainted with the East believe that if Herat had fallen to the Persian army in 1838, and if in pursuance of that victory an alliance, which was actually proposed, had been concluded, under the guarantee of Russia, between the Shah of Persia on the one side, and the Baruckzye rulers of Afghanistan upon the other, the effects of such a combination would have been sensibly felt beyond the Sutlej,—the more sensibly, indeed, that the Calcutta Government had exaggerated the importance of the supposed hostile demonstration against India, and had made its success or failure the gauge, as it were, of British supremacy in the East. Our object, then, in recalling the panic of that fatal period is, not to show that it was wholly unreasonable, but to contrast its excessive violence with the apathy which, under greatly aggravated circumstances, we are now displaying.

At present, whether we regard the geographical extension of the Russian and Indian boundaries, or the material development of the two Empires, or the political condition of the countries which still separate them, the gravity of the situation is certainly much increased. We have, in the first place, greatly advanced our own frontier. British India has now absorbed both Sind and the Punjab. Our detachments guard the passes and occupy the valleys which indent the mountain-chain from Peshawar to the Bolan. The shadow of our power still hovers over the more distant points of Candahar and Cabul. Farther eastward, too, Cashmere and Thibet, though nominally independent, are in reality mere outworks of India, and the boundary of our political empire in this direction is the Kara-Koram range. Russia, on the other hand, in the due course of events, and by her own natural growth, has become much more formidable as a prospective limitary power. The Caucasus, after half a century of resistance, has been finally subdued, and although powerful garrisons may yet be required for some time to come for the military occupation of the mountains, still a considerable portion of the one hundred thousand soldiers formerly employed in the field against the Circassians, Chichenses, and Daghestanis must needs have been set at liberty, and thus rendered available for new conquests in Central Asia. At the same time the material development of Russia towards the East has been enormous. A railway now connects Petersburg with Nijni-Novogorod; and there are three hundred steamers plying on the Volga between this point and the Caspian. On the Caspian

pian itself the steam-vessels of all classes available for purposes of war number over fifty, and there is besides a small subsidiary flotilla on the Aral, which is being steadily increased. The geographical approximation, however, is, perhaps, the most important feature in this re-cast of Anglo-Russian relations in the East. While England, in taking possession of the line of the Indus from the seaboard to Peshawer, has penetrated on one side nearly one thousand miles into the 'Debateable land' of former days, Russia, on the other side, by incorporating the great Kirghiz Steppe into the empire, and substituting the Jaxartes for the Siberian line of forts as her southern frontier, has made a stride of corresponding dimensions to meet us; so that, instead of the two empires being divided by half the continent of Asia, as of old, there is now intervening between their political frontiers a mere narrow strip of territory, a few hundred miles across,* occupied either by tribes torn by internecine war or nationalities in the last stage of decrepitude, and traversed by military routes in all directions.

If, then, there was danger to British India from the attitude and possible designs of Russia twenty-eight years ago, that danger must be increased a hundred fold at the present day; yet so far from being now betrayed into any paroxysm of alarm, so far from thinking of intervention in the countries beyond our frontier in order to arrest her progress, her proceedings fail even to excite our curiosity, and we seem, as far as the public is concerned, to await the threatened contact of the two empires with supreme indifference.

In the opening paragraph of this article, so singular a state of quietude on a subject of real national importance has been ascribed to the effects of reaction. No doubt the sense that our alarm formerly betrayed us into errors, will account for much of the indisposition now shown even to consider whether there is danger or not, but there are also other influences at work—influences of a loftier and more legitimate character—which have contributed, and still contribute, to the same

* From the most northern point of the Thibet frontiers in the Kara-Koram range to the most southern point of the Russian frontier in the Thian-shan range overlooking the upper valley of the Naryn River, the direct distance across the level plains of Chinese Turkestan cannot be more than 400 miles. If we adhere, however, to our real military frontier, instead of calculating from the point to which our political influence extends, and measure the road distance, the result will be somewhat different. A recent British Envoy, Moola Abdul-Mejid, travelling from Peshawer by Cabul and Badakhshan and across the Pamir Steppe to the Jaxartes, found the entire distance between Peshawer and the town of Kokand to be 1075 miles; and even the direct route by Bajore and Kafferistan to Badakhshan and Pamir which was also followed by one of the envoys from Kokand, does not diminish the distance by more than 200 miles.

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end. A considerable section of the community—a section numbering in its ranks the principal organs of the Press and the leaders of public opinion, and representing much of the highest intellect and the purest feeling of the age—believes, and proclaims its belief, that the extension of the Russian power in Central Asia is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. To substitute civilization—albeit not of the highest type—for the grovelling superstition, the cruelty, the depravity, the universal misery which now prevail in the Uzbeg and Afghan principalities, appears to this class an object of paramount importance, in regard to the general interests of humanity; of such importance indeed as to over-ride any nice question of right or wrong involved in the substitution of one rule for another, and to throw entirely into the shade any possible injury which our political or commercial interests may sustain in consequence. Another class of thinkers, who are not prepared to carry their humanitarian feelings to *so* extreme a length, believe, nevertheless, that the less notice we take of the pending Russian proceedings the better. They remember the axiom uttered by Sir Robert Peel, in the *Sinde* debate of 1844, that ‘when civilisation and barbarism come into contact, the latter must inevitably give way,’ and they believe therefore that, as Russia is now fairly in contact with the Uzbegs, the extinction of the separate Governments of Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokand must follow with the unerring certainty of a law of nature. They go further, indeed, and would regard any interference on our part to arrest the movement as positively mischievous; inasmuch as such interference would not only end in a miserable failure, but would recoil upon ourselves, by intensifying the effect of the Russian advance in the countries beyond our frontier, and by more completely unhinging the public mind in India. There are also, perhaps, a few who honestly think that it would be for the advantage of the British rule in India that the country should be conterminous with Russia, and that for two reasons; firstly, because we should then have a reasonable and responsible neighbour with whom to conduct political negotiations, instead of hordes of fanatical savages on whom no reliance can be placed; and secondly, because Central Asia, in a settled condition and under a European Government, would naturally be a better customer, both in regard to the export and import trade of India, than the barbarians who now encircle our North-West frontier with transit duties and prohibitive tariffs;* who are too poor

* Mr. Davies, in his *Indian Report on the Trade of Central Asia, 1862*, has certainly given a most formidable list of duties on imports from British territory into Kashmir, the rates of duty on all our staple articles of produce and manufacture

poor to purchase our manufactures, and too indolent to supply our markets with their own produce. But such reasoners leave entirely out of consideration that India is a conquered country, where a certain amount of discontent must be ever smouldering which would be fanned into a chronic conflagration by the contiguity of a rival European power. They forget, too, that although Russia is at present friendly and pacific, occupied with internal reforms and disposed, perhaps, to relax in our favour the stringency of her commercial code, there is no security that such feelings will be of long duration. Let the advocates of Russian neighbourhood consider what would be the effect on the French position in Algeria, if England were to occupy the conterminous territory of Morocco, and they will obtain some notion of our probable political embarrassments when confronted with Russia on the Indus. Such a state of things may possibly be brought about in the fulness of time, and, when it does arrive, will no doubt be met by us with fitting resolution and resource, but every Englishman who has at heart the honour and interests of his country, should pray that the day may yet be far distant.

To understand the true bearing of the events now passing on the Jaxartes, and to determine the best mode of meeting, or avoiding, a crisis with which these events may threaten us, it is necessary to take a careful retrospect of Russian and English policy in Central Asia since the period of the Afghan war. This retrospect will not be entered on with any unfriendly feeling to Russia. On the contrary, the views which have actuated Russia in her Asiatic policy, during this period of history, will be given, as far as possible, on the authority of her own officers, and will be compared, in a fair and candid spirit of inquiry, with the views which are believed to have influenced England in the same matters; the object being to show how the two systems of policy have acted and reacted on each other, and thus to arrive at a just appreciation of the difficulties of the present juncture.

There is no need to dwell on the career of the Russian arms in Asia in the early part of the century. It is certain that the absorption of Georgia, the acquisition of the frontier provinces of Turkey and Persia, and the gradual subjugation of the Kirghiz Steppe, although cited by McNeill in his famous pamphlet 'On

facture varying from 30 to 150 per cent. *ad valorem* (see 'Report,' p. 32); but it may be doubted if a Russian tariff in the same quarter would be more favourable to us. Mr. Lumley, indeed, in his valuable Report on the Russian trade with Central Asia, says that an attempt is made to exclude superior English cottons from some parts of Russia by a prohibitive tariff of 60, 100, or even 200 per cent. *ad valorem* ('Reports of Her Majesty's Secretaries of Legation,' No. 5, p. 297); and a similar scale of protective duties applies to all those articles which are likely to compete with the native industry.

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the progress of Russia in the East,' as proofs of her insatiate thirst of conquest, were amply paralleled by our own annexations in India during the same period. 'The law of Nature' above quoted was, in fact, allowed full scope both in one quarter and the other; the provinces conquered, or annexed, are believed to have benefited by the change; excepting, therefore, that a certain mutual distrust was created between the two European powers, no great evil arose from their respective territorial extension. It is now declared by Russia that during the ten years antecedent to the Afghan war, while she was suspected of a systematic policy of encroachment towards India, she was in reality exclusively occupied with the consolidation of her hold upon the Kirghiz Steppe, and with measures directed to the development of her commerce in Central Asia. Her proceedings in Persia—where she certainly encouraged, if she did not instigate, the expedition of Mahomed Shah against Herat—merely aimed, as she asserts, at the improvement of her position in that country; and the appearance of her agents at the Uzbek Courts is explained by the previous activity of English agents in the same direction.

In tracing out, indeed, the origin of those misunderstandings between the two great powers which culminated in the Afghan and Khivan expeditions, allowance must always be made for the fact that they viewed their relative positions in regard to Central Asia from entirely different stand-points. Russia maintained, in the first place, that she had a prescriptive right to the Khanat of Khiva,* which she was justified by the law of nations in seeking to realize whenever an opportunity offered. During the 18th century five different rulers of the country had proffered allegiance to the Russian Emperor. The province, indeed, was still viewed as the patrimony *de jure* of the Kirghiz of the Little Horde who had been Russian subjects since 1730, and the present Uzbek occupants, whose rule only dated from the beginning of the 19th century, were regarded as intruders. The interference, therefore, of any other European power in the affairs of Khiva was almost equivalent, in her

* The narrative of the Russian Expedition to Khiva, translated by Mr. Michell, asserts this claim categorically in numerous passages. The following is an example:—'Thus, from the very commencement of the eighteenth century the Khivans had chosen five Khans who were Russian subjects. In 1700 Khan Shah Niáz paid voluntary homage to Russia; in 1703, Khan Aran-Na'amet did the same; from 1741, Abul Khair Khan and his son, Núr Ali, both Russian subjects, ruled over Khiva till 1750; and Khan Kaip, another Russian subject, held the same position from 1770 to 1780. Hence arises the positive right of Russia to the Khanat of Khiva. Notwithstanding this indisputable claim of Russia to Khiva, the Russian Government only sought one thing; that is, protection for the Russian trade in Central Asia,' &c. &c.

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estimate, to fomenting rebellion in her own empire; but it was not only on the territorial question that Russia adopted a tone which to us appears extravagant. She also seemed to consider that her geographical position gave her a claim to the monopoly of the trade of Central Asia, and we accordingly find her officers on all occasions resenting the proposed participation of England in that trade as an invasion of Russian rights which was to be opposed at all hazards. The successive travels of Moorcroft and Trebeck, of Arthur Conolly, of Bailie Fraser, of Alexander Burnes, and even of the Missionary Wolff, seem to have excited the gravest suspicions. 'The English,' it was said in reference to the state of the East in 1835, 'have great facilities for strengthening their influence in Central Asia, the principal market for the manufactured goods of Russia, and for doing her serious damage by establishing regular commercial relations with that country. It is only necessary indeed to allow the possibility of the English supplying the Khivans and the Turcomans, the nearest and most hostile neighbours of Russia, as well as the Kirghiz, with arms and ammunition, in order to be convinced of the necessity of counteracting the schemes of England, whose agents do not even try to conceal their hopes, in their published accounts, of becoming masters not only of the trade between the Indus and the Hindú-Kúsh, but likewise of the market of Bokhara, the most important of Central Asia.'

Now it is certain that England has always considered, and does still consider, that she is entitled to exercise a fair amount of influence in Central Asia, and to enjoy a fair access to the markets of Bokhara, and the other markets of that region, equally with Russia; but it is also certain that she has never taken any active measures to assert or realise her right, and that the apprehensions of Russia, therefore, on this score, which urged her on to an armed intervention, were altogether unfounded. What England really dreaded 30 years ago, and what she had a perfect right to impede by all the means in her power, was that Russia would gradually absorb,—or would, at any rate, extend her influence, either by treaties or by political pressure, over—the independent countries intermediate between the Caspian and India, and would thus complicate our position in the latter country. We may have been deceived as to the extent, as well as the imminence of the danger, and we undoubtedly adopted very unwise measures for meeting it; but there is no reason to question the correctness of our view in principle, nor is any excuse required for our having inaugurated a policy of resistance which was strictly defensive. If it be borne in mind that the mainsprings of action in the English and Russian movements in
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Central Asia from this time forward, were a feeling of political jealousy on the one side, and a spirit of commercial rivalry on the other, a light will be thrown on much that would be otherwise unintelligible. When Lord Auckland, for instance, persisted in marching an army across the Indus in 1838, notwithstanding that the object for which the expedition was originally organised, the relief of Herat, had been already accomplished by the retirement of the Shah's forces, under the pressure of our demonstration in the Persian Gulf, it was avowedly to prevent the spread of Russian influence towards India.

The Proclamation, indeed, of November 8, 1838, stated that the main object of Lord Keane's expedition was 'the establishment of a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression upon our north-west frontier,' and Lord Auckland had really at the time very plausible grounds for his alarm; for clouds appeared to be gathering on all sides. Persia had been entirely alienated by our interference to save Herat. The Sirdars of Candahar had offered to coalesce with the Shah, if the Russian ambassador at Teheran would guarantee the arrangement. Dost Mahomed, exasperated at his treatment by us, had expelled Burnes from Cabul, and was ready, under the inspiration of Vitkevitch, to welcome the agents, or even the arms, of the Emperor. Russia was further known to have been most successful in coercing the recalcitrant Kirghiz. She had fairly broken ground against Khiva by arresting all the Uzbek merchants resident at Orenburg and Astracan, and her intercourse with Bokhara, ever since the mission of Mons. Demaison, in 1834, and the unaccredited visit of Vitkevitch in 1835,* was understood to be of the most friendly character.

* There seems to have been a strange fatality attending the movements of this unfortunate officer. It can hardly be doubted that he visited Bokhara in 1835, under instructions from the Governor-General of Orenburg, yet his official character was never recognised. In Mr. Michell's published work on the 'Russians in Central Asia,' p. 436, he is spoken of as 'the Russian traveller Vitkevitch, who visited Bokhara in 1835;' and in the other work on Khiva, which is not yet printed, it is stated that 'Vitkevitch, when sent in search and for the release of two Russian prisoners reported to be amongst the Kirghiz, wandering on the rivers Irghiz and Turgäi, was driven by a snow-storm to Bokhara, from whence, however, he returned in safety.' It certainly must have been a prodigious storm to have driven before it this hardy young Polish officer across the Kara-kum sands; across the Jaxartes; across the still more difficult Kizil-kum desert, a distance of at least 700 or 800 miles from the Irghiz and Turgäi rivers to Bokhara.

The biography of Vitkevitch, given in the note from which this passage is extracted, is full of interest, but we doubt its entire authenticity, particularly in regard to the closing scene of his career. The Russian account says that, 'on the return of Vitkevitch to Petersburg, at the end of April, 1839, he was very well received by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, by whom he was immediately recommended for promotion in the Guards, and he was rewarded by an order of

character. What Lord Auckland probably contemplated as the result of this menacing combination, was the immediate establishment of a Russian mission at Cabul, and the opening of friendly relations between the Emperor and Runjeet Singh, and who shall say that the Governor-General was in error in judging that such a demonstration, backed by the whole weight of Mahommedan Persia, required to be arrested by energetic measures of self-defence? That the measures which he did adopt were unsuited to the occasion, and failed as much from their impracticable character as from lamentable faults of execution, is a matter upon which history has already pronounced its verdict, and of which, therefore, it is useless here to re-open the discussion.

Closely following on our own occupation of Afghanistan, occurred the famous expedition of Perofski against Khiva. This expedition had been long contemplated. As a measure of mere frontier police, and irrespective of all considerations of external policy, it was urgently needed. With the exception, indeed, of the claim of prescriptive 'suzerainté' over Khiva, dating from the proffered allegiance of the old Kirghiz rulers, there was not a single weak point in the Russian bill of indictment. The Uzbeys of Khiva, either directly or through the Turcomans and Kirghiz who obeyed them, had for years committed every conceivable atrocity against the Russian government. To man-stealing and raids upon the friendly Kirghiz were added the constantly recurring plunder of caravans; attacks upon the Russian outposts; burdens upon trade, which weighed it to the ground; outrages upon Russian subjects who ventured into the country; indignities to the government; and finally a systematic course of agitation in the Steppe, undertaken with a view of inciting the Kirghiz to rebellion. The provocation, indeed, offered by Khiva was not less complete as a '*casus belli*' than the invasion of India by the Sikhs, which led to the battles of Firoz-shahr and Sobraon, and terminated in our own annexation of the Punjab; but curiously enough, blending with these legitimate grounds for hostility, and not improbably of superior weight in determining the precise time of attack, there was the old feeling of commercial rivalry with England. Perofski, it is

Knighthood and a sum in money. About eight days after his arrival at Petersburg, Vitkevitch shot himself, leaving behind him a short note, in which he said he had burnt all his papers before his death. The cause of this suicide remains hidden up to the present time.' This may be compared with Kaye's account of the same transaction ('History of the Afghan War,' vol. i. p. 200, foot note), in which it is distinctly stated, and we believe, on the authority of Prince Saltykof, that Vitkevitch blew out his brains and destroyed his papers in consequence of the chilling reception he met with from Count Nesselrode, and the conviction he derived from it, that he was to be disavowed and sacrificed.

true,

true, in his proclamation of November 26, 1839, merely stated that one of his objects was 'to strengthen in that part of Asia the lawful influence to which Russia has a right, and which alone can ensure the maintenance of peace;' but in the Russian account of the expedition, translated by Mr. Michell, the sore point is laid bare, without any attempt at diplomatic glozing. The object is there stated to be 'to establish, not the dominion, but the strong influence of Russia in the neighbouring Khanats, for the reciprocal advantages of trade, and to prevent the influence of the East India Company, so dangerous to Russia, from taking root in Central Asia.' In fact, Russia desired to redress the balance which had been so rudely shaken by our advance to Cabul; and what is still more remarkable, as an evidence of her morbid apprehension both of the designs and the power of England, she actually anticipated, by several months, the previously arranged date for the departure of the expedition, dreading lest in the interim English agents should penetrate to Khiva, and, like Eldred Pottinger at Herat, should incite the Uzbeqs to a more determined resistance.*

We cannot here afford space to follow out the details of the expedition. The narrative translated by Mr. Michell, and compiled from official sources, is replete with interest, both in a military and political point of view. It is very instructive in the first place to find that a force of 5000 men (3000 infantry and 2000 cavalry), with 22 field guns, and 4 rocket-stands, was considered sufficient for the reduction of a country which is said to have a fixed population of about 500,000 souls, and to be supported by an equal number of tributary nomades. And it speaks well again for Russian providence and humanity, that upwards of 10,000 camels should have been provided for the carriage of the camp equipage and the ordnance and commissariat stores of this little army, six months' rations for each man, besides a liberal allowance of warm clothing and comforts, being carried with the force; although the distance to be traversed was only 1000 miles—about the same distance as the interval between Karachí and Cabul—and the march was not calculated to require more than three months, at most, for its performance.

In real truth the expedition, considering the season selected

* The object is thus stated in the narrative of the expedition to Khiva. 'It was, therefore, of the greatest importance to hasten the expedition for the punishment of Khiva, so as to prevent the English from supporting the resistance of this Khanat against Russia, and to anticipate the possibility of any other Central Asiatic rulers being induced to join Khiva by means of threats or promises of reward that might be employed by the English agents.' The departure of the expedition was originally fixed for April, 1840, whereas it actually left Orenburg in November, 1839.

for its march, seems to have been *too* well appointed, and to have broken down in consequence. To have attempted, indeed, to carry with so small a force an unwieldy mass of ten thousand camels across the desolate tract of the Ust-Urt in mid-winter, when the ground was covered with snow, and there was no atom of herbage to be seen for many hundreds of miles, argues the most extraordinary confidence in the power of discipline to overcome difficulties, or the most culpable ignorance of the physical features of the country to be traversed. As is well known, Perofski's force, after advancing into the middle of the desert, became completely crippled, and was obliged to retrace its steps to Orenburg, with the loss of a very considerable portion of its 'matériel' and men. The exceptional severity of the season is usually alleged as the cause of this unexpected failure; but it may be doubted if, under the most favourable circumstances of weather and climate, a force composed as Perofski's was could have crossed the steppe from the Emba to the Khivan frontier. On the other hand, an Indian General, of the school of Sir Charles Napier or of Sir Hugh Rose, would probably have found little difficulty in pushing across the waste, with the assistance of the friendly Kirghiz, a succession of flying columns, equipped in the lightest manner consistent with safety, and capable of holding their ground after reaching the cultivated land until a sufficient force had been concentrated for an offensive movement in advance; so that we do not consider the problem of the Russian subjugation of Khiva by a direct movement either from Orenburg or Orsk to be at all solved by Perofski's failure.

There are officers still living who were on the point of starting for General Perofski's camp—where, however, they would hardly have been very welcome visitors—when the report of the Russian discomfiture first reached the English head-quarters at Cabul; and they well remember that the news was received, not with exultation, but certainly with a feeling of intense relief; for we were then preparing to occupy Syghan, on the northern slope of the Hindú Kush, and a further advance on Bokhara, for the purpose of dislodging Dost Mahomed and his son Achar Khan, was being much canvassed; so that it really seemed, as Baron Brunnow is said to have remarked to the then President of the Board of Control, 'that the Sepoy and the Cossack were about to meet on the banks of the Oxus;' and a collision of this nature, although not unpleasing to the army, was viewed by sober diplomatists almost with dismay; since, however it might have terminated, it could not fail to bring on an irretrievable complication of our relations with Central Asia.

So impressed, indeed, were our authorities at this time with a
sense

sense of the importance of preserving the independence of the Uzbek principalities, in order to prevent the contact of Russian and English power, that every effort was made to remove those grievances which had drawn the Russian hostility upon Khiva, and which might at any moment involve Bokhara, and even Kokand, in a similar danger. Stoddart had been originally sent to Bokhara by McNeill on the retirement of the Persian army from Herat in the summer of 1838, upon an errand of this nature. He was to endeavour to persuade the Amír to liberate the Russian prisoners still held in captivity by his subjects, and to abstain from any other provocation, either through unjust exactions upon trade, or through the encouragement heretofore held out to the Turcomans to pursue their kidnapping practices upon the Caspian and along the Orenburg line, by permitting the purchase of Russian slaves in the Bokhara Market. Conolly, who followed in 1840, had general instructions of the same nature in regard to the Khanats of Khiva and Kokand, to which, however, he superadded a certain philanthropic policy of his own; for being naturally of an enthusiastic nature, and having a confidence in the force of a just cause, which the Uzbek character hardly justified, he seriously proposed to bind the respective Governments of Khiva, Kokand, and Bokhara, by a tripartite obligation to each other, to abandon the slave-trade altogether, and to cultivate friendly relations both with the Russian and the Persian Governments. It was in Khiva, however, that the danger of a renewed Russian intervention appeared especially imminent, since the grievances which had led to the late attack remained unredressed; and thither accordingly were successively despatched by Major Todd, Envoy at Herat, the British officer nearest to the scene of action, his two assistants, James Abbott and Richmond Shakespeare. James Abbott appears to have exceeded his instructions, which only referred to the liberation of the Russian slaves, and to have given just cause of umbrage to a friendly Power, by proposing, after the fashion of the days of Malcolm and Elphinstone, that Russians should be permanently excluded from the province, an offensive and defensive alliance with England being suggested as a reward for thus breaking with the common enemy. Of course any such extreme measures were repudiated as soon as reported to head-quarters, and the Mission of Richmond Shakespeare was undertaken mainly to repair Abbott's mistake. Shakespeare, however, arriving at Khiva at a very favourable moment, when the Khan had, for the first time, begun to realise the extent of the danger he incurred in continuing to brave the power of Russia, succeeded in bringing about the long-pending restoration of the slaves, and himself

himself escorted the liberated band, numbering four hundred men, from Khiva to Orenburg. Now it would be difficult to find anything in these proceedings injurious, or even derogatory, to Russia. With the exception, indeed, of Abbott's unauthorised overtures, there was nothing that a friendly Power might not with perfect propriety have undertaken in relation to its Ally; yet Russia took grievous offence at the whole train of negotiation. She seemed to consider that the interposition of England in her behalf was almost an insult; that she was humiliated by accepting of any favour at our hands; and she thus refuses to the present day to admit that she was indebted to Shakespeare's intercession for the recovery of her kidnapped subjects.* The extreme sensitiveness, indeed, which she has betrayed upon this subject can only be explained by her pretension to exclusive relations with the Uzbeg principalities, both commercial and political; a pretension which of course has never been recognised by England, and which it may yet be of national importance to us distinctly to disavow.

Among the many curious revelations in Mr. Michell's volume on Khiva, there is one of unusual interest at the present time from its bearing on passing events. It is stated to have been determined by the Emperor, in the event of Perofski's complete success, not to bring the country under the direct jurisdiction of Russia, but merely to rule vicariously through a Kirghiz nominee.† There are, it appears, several families among the Kirghiz-Kazzaks

* Mr. Kühlewein, who was Secretary to General Ignatieff's Mission to Khiva in 1858, thus refers to Perofski's Expedition. 'The expedition which numbered 5000 men, had the effect of bringing the Khan to his senses, though temporarily. In the summer of 1840 he released all the Russian prisoners. Shakespeare, an English officer, who had arrived at Khiva from Cabul in 1839, undertook to conduct the prisoners to Russia;' ('Russians in Central Asia,' p. 549); and in a still more disparaging spirit, Mr. Michell's second volume says, 'Both these agents (Abbot and Shakespeare) strove to take an active part in the Russian affairs with Khiva; especially Shakespeare, who wished to take credit for the release of the Russian prisoners. These, however, prior to his arrival at Khiva, had been collected and registered by the Russian Cornet Altof.' Now Shakespeare was doubtless favoured by circumstances, but still it was mainly owing to his individual energy, tempered by discretion, that the Russian prisoners were allowed to leave Khiva; and he is fully entitled therefore to the credit of having effected their liberation.

† It seems that a special commission was appointed to consider and report on an Expedition to Khiva; and that the Emperor on March 24, 1839, approved of the following measures which had been recommended by the Committee.

'1. To commence at once the organisation of an expedition against Khiva, and to establish the necessary dépôts and stations on the route without delay.

'2. To conceal the real object of the expedition, which should be given out as a scientific expedition to the Aral Sea.

'3. To postpone the departure of the expedition until after the settlement of English matters in Afghanistan, in order that the influence and impression of the Russian

Kirghiz-Kazáks of the Little Horde dependent upon Russia which claim to be of the 'White bone,' as lineal descendants of Jenghiz Khan, and these families, which had supplied Governors to the Khivan territory in the last century, still retain a powerful hold on the respect and veneration of the Nomades. If one of these Sultans, then, combining the requirement of undoubted fidelity to the Emperor with an hereditary claim on the affections of the Khivans, had been raised to the 'White felt' ('Vambéry's Travels,' p. 387), it would have been a wise, and probably a successful, solution of the difficulty; inasmuch as it would have secured to Russia the full advantage of political supremacy without the expense or the danger of a permanent military occupation. And arguing from the known to the unknown, it may thus fairly be inferred that, should the Russian arms in Central Asia attain that dominant position which is promised by their hitherto unchecked career, there is reserved for all the three Uzbeg States an intermediate stage of tributary dependence upon Russia under Kirghiz rulers, before their final incorporation in the empire.

There can be no doubt that these demonstrations and counter demonstrations of the great European Governments powerfully affected the Uzbegs. Bokhara had ever been less inimical to Russia than the sister States of Khiva and Kokand. While she continued, indeed, to overtax Russian trade, and even held Russian subjects in slavery, she still kept up an appearance of friendliness, and despatched frequent Envoys to St. Petersburg. It thus happened that, in compliance with an urgent appeal from the Ameer, who was seriously alarmed at the position of the English in Cabul, a singularly well-appointed Russian Mission found itself at Bokhara in 1842. The real object of this Mission—which was presided over by Colonel Butenef, and which numbered amongst its members Mons. Nic. de Khannikof, who was even then an accomplished Orientalist, together with Lehmann the naturalist, and special officers for the contemplated

Russian proceedings might have more weight in Central Asia; and that England, in consequence of her own conquests, might no longer have any ground for calling on the Russian Government for explanations. On no account, however, to delay the expedition later than the spring of 1840.

'4. In the event of the expedition terminating successfully, to replace the Khan of Khiva by a trustworthy Kazák Sultan; to establish order and security as far as possible; to release all the prisoners and to give full freedom to the Russian trade.

'5. To assign 425,000 silver rubles and 12,000 gold ducats for the expences of the expedition.'

It is further curious to compare the estimated expences of the Russian expedition, which are here given at about 70,000*l.*, with the actual expences of our own Afghan expedition, amounting from first to last to about 15,000,000*l.* sterling.

mining

mining and exploring operations,—was to repair the damage caused by Perofski's failure. Bokhara, in fact, was to be made, through political influence, to subserve—though, perhaps, in a minor degree—the same purpose in regard to Russia, as Afghanistan had been made to subserve in regard to British India, by military power; and it is not improbable, if all had gone on smoothly at Cabul, that Butenef might have succeeded in his object. But storms were now gathering around that city, and the effect at Bokhara was to involve English and Russians in a common disgrace. No sooner, indeed, was the news of the murder of Burnes and Macnaghten and the insurrection at Cabul known at Bokhara, than Stoddart, and Conolly, who had recently joined him, were consigned to a rigorous imprisonment, from which, after months of suffering, they were led forth to public execution; while, the necessity of Russian mediation or support having passed away with the danger of an English invasion, Butenef was in the mean time dismissed with studied disrespect, and the various proposed arrangements which were 'to strengthen Russian influence, and to develop Russian trade in this part of Asia,' were one and all scattered to the winds.

One of the most remarkable portions of Mr. Michell's miscellaneous volume is the 11th chapter, containing M. Zalesoff's account of the diplomatic relations between Russia and Bokhara from 1836 to 1843. The narrative of Col. Butenef's mission, in 1841, is of especial interest, for it not only places us, as it were, behind the Russian scenes during the most eventful phases of our own Afghan occupation, but it also presents us with a report by an eye-witness of many details relating to the captivity of Stoddart—that most melancholy episode of a period fraught with error and misfortune—which were before but imperfectly known to any of us, and which are now for the first time rendered accessible to the ordinary English reader. That the Russian Government had throughout exerted itself to the utmost to obtain Stoddart's release has been frequently stated on the best authority, and that Col. Butenef would, on his arrival at Bokhara, carry out his renewed instructions on this head with loyalty and firmness, was no more, perhaps, than might be expected; but the terms in which the Russian envoy notified his success to his colleague at Khiva are entirely new to us, and deserve to be specially recorded, because they convey a spontaneous and most favourable tribute to the personal qualities of the British officer, a tribute indeed all the more striking, that the two agents, representing adverse systems of policy, must necessarily have regarded each other with feelings of official mistrust. 'Lieut.-Colonel Stoddart,' says the Russian envoy, in his Report to Nikiforof,

Nikiforof, at Khiva, 'a very clever, well-educated, and agreeable man, has, to my great pleasure, been removed this day to the house we occupy;' and in this house, as the honoured guest of the Russian mission, did Colonel Stoddart dwell for a period of two months, during which time he was at any moment at liberty to have taken his departure to Orenburg.* Lord Clanricarde, indeed, our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, had urged him to adopt this mode of escape from the country; but a nice—most persons will say an exaggerated—feeling of honour forbade him to acquiesce. It was inconsistent, he thought, with the dignity of England, and consequently with his own duty as a British officer, that he should owe his liberation to the intercession of a foreign Government. He preferred to wait until the British Government could interfere directly in his behalf; but that opportunity never occurred. In the middle of November, as already stated, he was, on receipt of the Cabul news, a second time thrown into prison, and although the sojourn of the Russians at Bokhara was prolonged till the following April, they never again could obtain access to the English prisoners, nor exert any influence on their fate. During the latter part of their stay, indeed, they were even apprehensive of sharing Colonel Stoddart's captivity.

For several years subsequent to the Afghan war there was a lull in Central Asia. Nikiforof had visited Khiva at the same time that Butenef had been despatched to Bokhara, and they had both sought to place the Uzbek States under treaty obligations to Russia; but the moment was not propitious. A year later, that is in 1842,—while 'the avenging army' was doing its work at Cabul, Colonel Danilevski made another attempt; and on this occasion he succeeded in concluding, for the first time, a direct

* Mr. Kaye, whose chapter on the Bokhara tragedy is one of the most thrilling portions of his classic work on the Afghan war, was evidently not aware of this intimacy between the Russian and English envoys; the only evidence, indeed, which he could obtain on the subject was the statement of a servant that 'There was an ambassador at this time from the Russian Government at Bokhara, who came twice to see the English gentlemen who also visited him.' ('*Afghan War*,' vol. ii. p. 506). We may also notice a discrepancy between the dates given by the two authorities for the commencement of Stoddart and Conolly's captivity, which is, to say the least of it, embarrassing. Kaye, calculating from Conolly's letter of March 11, 1842, which is stated to be the 83rd day of the captivity, shows that the two officers must have been thrown into prison about the 17th of December; whereas Butenef would antedate the event by at least a month; but in truth the Russian dates are not only irreconcilable with the English dates, but with each other; for Butenef reports in one letter that 'Conolly was arrested on his arrival at Bokhara in October,' whilst in other Reports he says that the Amfr only returned from Kokand on November 7; and that he then promised the Russian envoy, before the arrest of the British officers, that they should accompany him back to Russia. These perhaps are small points, but they are important as tests of trustworthiness.

treaty between Russia and Khiva. The precise terms of the Danilevski treaty are nowhere given, but it is understood to have provided for the due protection of the Russian trade; for an entire cessation of slave-dealing, and for restraining the Turcomans, Kara-Kalpáks, and Southern Kirghiz, from all inroads on the Russian territory or molestation of Russian subjects; and it is only fair to say that until Russia, five years later, proceeded to establish a military station on the Sir-Daria, or Jaxartes, and thus undertook to exercise a control over tribes, hitherto dependent upon Khiva, the Uzbeks of the Oxus observed with sufficient fidelity the stipulations that had been imposed on them. During this same period, too, commenced that internecine conflict between Kokand and Bokhara, which, up to the present time, has raged with varying intensity, and in more ways than one has facilitated the Russian advance.

We have now arrived at a point in the recent history of Central Asia, where a more careful record must be observed of facts, and a more careful consideration must be given, both to motives and results, than have been attempted in the earlier stages of the inquiry. It was in 1847, contemporaneously with our final conquest of the Punjab, that the curtain rose on the aggressive Russian drama in Central Asia, which is not yet played out. Russia had enjoyed the nominal dependency of the Kirghiz-Kazáks of the Little Horde, who inhabited the western division of the Great Steppe, since 1730; but except in the immediate vicinity of the Orenburg line she had little real control over the tribes. In 1847-48, however, she erected three important fortresses in the very heart of the Steppe; the Karabutak and Ural forts on the Irghiz river, intermediate between Orsk and the Aral Sea, and the Orenburg Fort on the Turgái river, where the great caravan route from the Jaxartes bifurcates to Orsk and to Troitska. These important works, the only permanent constructions which had been hitherto attempted south of the line—excepting the Mangishlak Fort, on the Caspian, and the Emba and Ak-Bulak entrenchments thrown out as supports to the expedition against Khiva, and afterwards abandoned—enabled Russia for the first time to dominate the western portion of the Steppe, and to command the great routes of communication with Central Asia; but the Steppe forts were after all a mere means to an end; they formed the connecting link between the old frontier of the empire and the long-coveted line of the Jaxartes, and simultaneously therefore with their erection arose the fortification of Raimsk, near the embouchure of the river, subsequently called Aralsk, or 'the fort of the Aral,' and now bearing the official designation of Fort No. 1.

In

In the manifesto which Russia has lately presented to the various Courts of Europe in explanation of her Central-Asian policy, she has traced with some ingenuity the successive steps by which a civilized Government, in contact with nomadic tribes, may be compelled to advance in the mere interests of order, and without any aggressive tendency whatever. She undertakes to show that the territory inhabited by a migratory population is an impossible frontier for a fixed Government; that there is no resource indeed but to push on, until a point is reached where the liminary nations are sufficiently advanced in social organization to admit of definite relations being established with them. The argument seems to be made for the occasion, rather than to be of general application, and is, besides, strained to an extreme point to furnish the required ground of justification. It is quite conceivable that the occupation of the valley of the Jaxartes may have been judged by the Emperor Nicholas to be indispensable to the due development of Russian power in Central Asia, and indeed it is well known that this has been the traditional creed of the empire since the days of Ivan Vasilevitch; but it is impossible to admit that the southern skirt of the Great Steppe is in reality a more defensible barrier against aggression than the northern skirt; and it is really pushing the prerogative of civilization to an absurd extent to pretend that it was necessary for the legitimate exercise of trade, or in the general interests of humanity, to assume the government of 2,500,000* independent Kirghiz. At any rate the recent British annexations in India, which are alluded to in the manifesto as parallel cases, repose avowedly on very different grounds, the Punjab having been forfeited in retribution for the invasion of our territory by the Sikhs, and the treachery of the Amírs having, as it was always maintained, led to their expulsion from Sindé.

* Humboldt in his '*Asie Centrale*,' tom. ii. p. 129, note 2, has collected and compared all the most reliable evidence with regard to the strength of the Kirghiz population, and the result of his calculation is a total of 2,400,000 for the aggregate of the tribes in 1843. In this estimate, however, he includes the Kara-Kirghiz, or Buruts, whom he persists in regarding as a portion of the Great Horde, though the Russians have conclusively shown that no such connexion exists. In collating the English and Russian accounts of Turkestan it must be borne in mind that we apply the name of Kaszák alone to the Kirghiz of the three hordes, called by the Russians Kirghiz-Kaisak; and that when we speak of the Kirghiz we mean the Buruts, or Kara-Kirghiz, usually named by the Russians Dikokameni. It is worth observing, too, that the Kipcháks, who, according to Vambéry, confirmed as he is by the reports of the recent English envoys, form the most influential section of the Kokand community, are hardly mentioned by the Russians as an independent body; in fact, Valikhanoff asserts ('*Russians in Central Asia*,' p. 103) that the Kipcháks, together with the Naimans and Kitáis, have to a great extent become incorporated with the Kara-Kirghiz, or Buruts. See also p. 89 for the common origin of the Kipcháks and Kirghiz.

Before

Before tracing the Russian progress up the course of the Jaxartes it may be as well to glance at the previous condition of this country. At the end of the last century the Kara-Kalpáks (or 'black bonnets'), then a very powerful tribe, who had proffered their allegiance to Russia at an earlier period (1723), and had furnished a ruler to Khiva, Khan Kaip, a Sultan of the 'white bone,' in 1770, pitched their tents on both sides of the lower portion of the river, and were regarded as masters of the region. The Kirghiz of the Little Horde, who were Russian subjects in name, though certainly not at that time in reality, gradually dispossessed the Kara-Kalpáks, and these Kirghiz were in their turn subjugated by the Uzbegs of Kokand, who, between the years 1817 and 1847, erected a series of forts along the river from Turkestan as low down as the 64th degree of longitude, from whence they levied black mail on passing caravans, and exacted tribute from all the nomads in the vicinity. The Khivans, too, who had always claimed a right of sovereignty over the country adjoining the Aral and intermediate between the mouths of the Jaxartes and the Oxus, established, in 1846, a strong position on the Kuvan-Daria, one of the chief southern arms of the Delta of the Jaxartes, which took the name of 'the Fort of Khoja-Niáz,' from its first Governor, and which besides commanding the two routes through the Kizil-kum (or 'red-sand') desert, leading respectively from the Russian frontier to Khiva and Bokhara, also effectually controlled the Kirghiz in their migrations to the south of the river. When the Russians, therefore, by direction of General Obruchev, Governor-General of Orenburg, first planted their foot on the Jaxartes, both the Khivans and the Kokandis at once took the alarm and commenced a series of desultory hostilities, sometimes against the Russian detachments traversing the Steppe from Orenburg and Orsk, sometimes against the Kirghiz who assisted their advance. In fact, from this time, Danilevski's treaty of 1842 must be considered to have been virtually abrogated, the Khivans on the Kokand frontier resorting to every sort of opposition short of an open declaration of war.

In the meantime the Russian progress was necessarily slow. Notwithstanding the support afforded to troops crossing the Steppe from the Orenburg line, by the Ural Fort upon the Irghiz, there was still a tract of considerable difficulty to the southward of that point, and skirting the north-eastern shores of the Aral, across which all the Russian convoys and detachments must necessarily pass in their onward march to the Jaxartes. This tract has been hitherto but very imperfectly understood. By some it has been supposed to be almost impassable: by others it has been

been deemed so easy as to be called 'the highway to India.' In reality the road across it is in no way comparable, either in length or in difficulty, to the desert portion of any of the other Steppe routes, leading to Khiva westward of the Aral, or more to the eastward to Fort Perofski or Tashkend. The Kara-kum, or 'black sands,' which enclose the Aral to the north-east, are not traversed on this line from north to south, but are merely skirted on their western border, and the worst part of the road,—the only really bad part indeed—is its lower portion which crosses the saline Steppe from the extreme corner of the Aral to the bed of the Jaxartes. The utmost extent, moreover, of this difficult portion, bordering the Kara-kum Desert, is under two hundred miles; and even here, according to the Russian description of the route, translated by Mr. Michell, 'wells exist at every stage in sufficient numbers for the supply of considerable caravans.*' While therefore, owing to the limited supply of water and to a general scarcity of forage along the entire route, it may be held to be impassable to any large number of troops marching in a united body, there would not seem to be any serious hindrance to the passage of detachments of moderate strength; and in fact it is along this track, which is everywhere practicable to wheeled carriages, that have passed, not only the troops, supplies, artillery, ammunition, and stores belonging to the Russian field-force and garrisons now serving on the Jaxartes, but also the boilers, iron plates, machinery, and heavy armament of the steamers and vessels of war that were put together at Fort Aralsk.

Simultaneously with the erection of the fortress of Aralsk the Russians prepared to launch a small flotilla which might occupy the sea of Aral and facilitate the further ascent of the Jaxartes. Three small vessels, accordingly, which were built at Orenburg and afterwards taken to pieces and transported overland to the Jaxartes, first carried the Russian flag upon this inland sea in 1847-48. They were followed in due course by two iron steamers, which, being constructed originally in Sweden, were then passed on in pieces *viâ* Petersburg to Samara, on the Wolga, and ultimately to Aralsk, where they were put together and launched in 1852; the total cost of the two vessels, including their conveyance to the Jaxartes and the salaries of the artisans employed in constructing them, amounting to no more than

* 'Russians in Central Asia,' p. 310. In tracing the routes and marches described in Mr. Michell's work, great care must be taken to distinguish between the Ural Fort or Uralsk, on the Irghiz, and the Aral Fort or Aralsk near the mouth of the Jaxartes; for, throughout the work in question, the orthography of Aralsk is employed for both positions indifferently. See particularly pp. 340, 370, and 391.

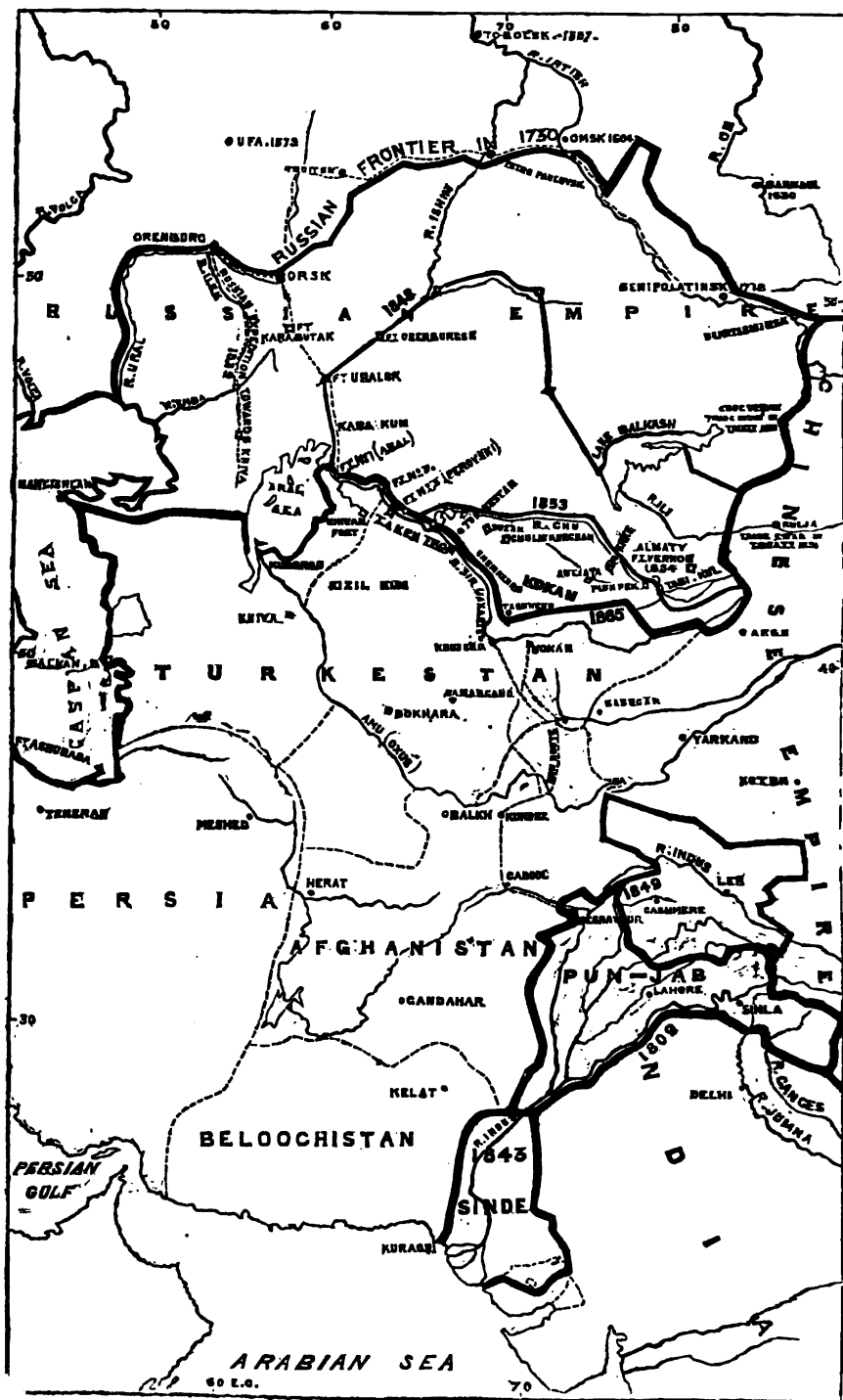
74007. Having thus prepared a secondary base of some strength on the Sea of Aral, Russia proceeded to put in execution her great scheme of occupying the lower portion of the valley of the Jaxartes, her avowed object being to establish, in the first place, a line of fortresses along the river as far as the point where the Kara-taú range sinks into the desert, and from thence to supply other links, either along the old frontier of the Chú or by the more southern line of the Talas, which should connect the Jaxartes chain with the eastern settlements about the Issi-kúl. In this arrangement she professed to recognise no territorial encroachment, as her own Kirghiz already camped on the right bank of the Jaxartes, and the Chú had been adopted long previously as the southern frontier of the Steppe; but, nevertheless, there is no doubt that the Uzbeqs of Kokand, who were then in possession of the great river, considered the Russian approach as a direct invasion, while the despair of the Khivans on the southern bank found vent in their piteous exclamations that 'if the Russians were to drink the waters of the Sir-Daria with them they could no longer exist.'

The principal fort on the Jaxartes, which had been constructed by the Kokandis in 1817, and had ever since dominated the river, was named Ak-Mesjed (or the 'White Mosque').* It was situated at the distance of about three hundred miles from the mouth of the river, and in Uzbek estimation was a place of very considerable strength. The first offensive movement of the Russians was a reconnaissance in strength against this place, an expedition being organised for the purpose, the details of which are calculated to impress the military reader with a very high opinion of Russian daring. That a small detachment, indeed, of four hundred men, with two field-pieces, should have been sent forth into an unknown country, and have been directed to penetrate to a distance of 220 miles from their base, with no support in the interval, and liable to be attacked at any point of the march by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, would have been considered an act of foolhardiness, had not the expedition been crowned with signal success. The detachment being unprovided with heavy guns, or scaling ladders, was unable indeed to capture the inner citadel of Ak-Mesjed, which was defended by stout mud walls,

* In the Russian maps and geographical papers this place is usually called Ak-Meshed, which is nonsense. *Meshed* signifies 'the place of martyrdom,' being the locative noun of the root *shahad*, to witness, and the name thus very properly applied to places like Nejef, the scene of the martyrdom of Ali, Meshed in Khorassan, where the Imam Raza was martyred, &c.; but *Mesjid* (from whence the corrupted form of Mosque) simply means 'the place of worship,' being the locative noun of the root '*sajad*,' 'to bow down,' or 'make obeisance,' and is thus of much more general application.

twenty feet high; but it made a complete reconnaissance of the locality, destroyed and burnt all the outer works and buildings, and, on its return-march, demolished three auxiliary forts which the Kokandis held lower down the river. The temper of the enemy having been thus tried, and found to be far from formidable, in the summer of the next year, 1853, a second expeditionary column, amounting to 1500 men, with ten pieces of artillery and three mortars,—being part of a much larger force which had been sent from Orenburg, especially for the reduction of the Jaxartes valley,—marched again from Aralsk up the river, supported on this occasion by the steamer ‘Perofski.’ When the column reached Ak-Mesjed, the place was found to have been so much strengthened since the reconnaissance of the previous year, as to be only assailable by regular approaches. The first battery was accordingly erected on July 5th, and, after three weeks’ labour, a covered sap having been run across the ditch, and a breach effected by springing a mine, the place was stormed and taken by assault on the 27th of the month;—230 bodies of the Kokandis, which were counted in the ditch and about the breach, testifying to the obstinacy of the defence. At the same time that Ak-Mesjed was captured, a small detachment from the Russian column took and destroyed the fort of Julek, one hundred versts higher up the river; and this was the extreme point of the Russian advance for the next eight following years. The object of the Russians, indeed, seems to have now been to consolidate their position, which at first was far from secure, instead of attempting further conquests. For some months after the loss of Ak-Mesjed, repeated efforts were made by the Kokandis to recover the place; and on one occasion (December 14, 1853), a pitched battle was fought under the walls of the fort, in which the Kokandis were said to have lost two thousand men. The Khivans also,—without avowedly breaking with the Russian authorities,—from the fort of Khoja-Niáz, which flanked the Russian line, were continually threatening the detached forts between Aralsk and Ak-Mesjed, until at length General Perofski (in 1857) deemed it necessary to send a detachment to destroy the fort. Even the Bokharians, although at war with Kokand, showed great dissatisfaction at the Russian advance. But the most serious impediment to further progress, which assailed Russia at this time, was the unsettled state of the Steppe. A Kirghiz leader of the name of Izzet Kutebar, an hereditary robber, threw the whole country into disorder from the Orenburg line to the Aral; and, for five years, from 1853 to 1858, set at defiance all the Russian efforts to capture or expel him. During this interval, too, the exhaustive effects of the Crimean war were felt, even at such a remote

MAP OF ENCROACHMENTS OF RUSSIA UPON TURKESTAN.



remote point as the Jaxartes, and Russia was only too well satisfied to hold her ground, without provoking the further active hostilities of the Uzbegs. Instead of extending her line of forts, therefore, she merely gave them a fresh distribution with a view to their better mutual support. Fort Aralsk was thus transferred to a more convenient position, at the point where the Cazala branch of the Delta left the river, and was officially named Fort No. 1, retaining, however, in the country its more correct geographical title of Cazala, under which name it will now be found at the passage over the Jaxartes, in all the itineraries leading from Orenburg, either to Khiva or Bokhara.* A second fort, called No. 2 (originally Fort Karmakchi), connected Cazala with Ak-Mesjed, which, under the Russian rule, took the name of Fort Perofski in honour of the Governor-General of Orenburg, who in 1853 sent the famous expedition against it. Above Fort Perofski, also, another position was established as late as 1861, at the old Kokandi settlement of Julek; and it is these four fortifications only, which form at the present day the Russian line of posts along the desert portion of the Jaxartes valley. It must be remembered, indeed, that the physical features of this river are somewhat remarkable. Watering with its numerous affluents in the upper part of its basin one of the most fertile and delightful countries in the world, and fringed throughout its course with the richest cultivation, it debouches below the town of Turkestan upon a saline steppe, and its character becomes entirely altered. Where the banks are high, a thin belt of jungle alone separates the river from the desert; where they are low, inundations, forming reedy lagoons and impassable morasses, spread for hundreds of miles over the face of the plain; in the intermediate portions alone, where the banks admit the river over the adjacent lands at the time of flood, but cut off the supply of water at other seasons, is there at present much cultivation or pasturage. In such positions the lands are said to be still exceedingly fertile, the irrigating waters overlaying the surface with a rich alluvial loam, which, in combination with the saline soil, is found to be peculiarly favourable to agriculture. Whether Russian engineering science, by a skilful management of the waters of the river, will be able to conquer the general sterility of the adjoining steppe to any appreciable extent remains to be seen; but it is certain that in all history the lower basin of the river has been regarded as an irreclaimable desert, the town of Otrar, the scene of the great Timour's death, and situated a short

* See for instance the pamphlet published last year by the Italian silk merchants, relating their captivity at Bokhara. Pp. 4 and 5.

distance from Turkestan, at the confluence of the Arys with the Jaxartes, being the last inhabited place in the descent of the river towards the Aral.* The Emperor Baber, indeed, who, as the king of the country and a man of singular intelligence, ought to have been well acquainted with its geography, states positively that 'the river is wholly swallowed up in the sandy desert below Turkestan, and disappears.'

We must now briefly trace the march of events to the eastward. It was not merely in the country of the Little Horde that Russian power had been making its way since Perofski's expedition of 1839. Similar success had attended the efforts made from the Siberian line to bring under control the Kirghiz of the Middle Horde in the northern division of the Steppe, and of the Great Horde around Lake Balkash. The Russian occupation, however, of Zungaria or the Trans-Ili region, as it is usually called by them, to the south-east of Lake Balkash, is of quite recent date. Fort Vernoe, on the site of the old Mongolian city of Almaty, was founded in 1854, and the extension of the line to the westward, by Kastek and Tokmak to the Uzbek fort of Pishpek, was only gradually effected between that time and 1862. Vernoe is one of those military-agricultural colonies which Russia provides for her veteran soldiers, and which, wherever they can be planted, under favourable circumstances of soil and climate, give so much solidity to the frontier. Between four and five thousand colonists were here congregated at the outset, and their numbers have since much increased, as the two great commercial routes from Kokand to Kulja, west and east—and from Kashgar to Semipalatinsk, south and north—cross each other at this point and thus attract traders to the spot. In the vicinity of Fort Vernoe and Lake Issi-kul, which is immediately to the south,† the Russians

* Admiral Boutakoff of the Russian Navy, already well known to geographers for his admirable survey of the Sea of Aral in 1849-50, recently submitted to the Société Impériale Géographique de Russie (December 2, 1864) a most interesting report of his ascent of the river Jaxartes, for a distance of 1505 versts, above 1000 miles, from its embouchure to the vicinity of Taskend. He was unable to ascend higher on account of the exhaustion of his fuel, but understood that the river continued navigable for several hundred miles further on. Admiral Boutakoff's tracing of the river, verified throughout by astronomical observation, is being now published at St. Petersburg.

† Lake Issi-kul (or 'the warm lake') has attracted much interest in modern times, from the singular fact that in the famous Catalan Map of 1374, which gives the caravan route pursued by the Genoese traders from the northern shore of the Caspian to China, an Armenian monastery is noticed to the north of the lake, apparently in the position of Almaty (the modern Fort Vernoe), which is said to contain the body of St. Matthew. Modern criticism is not disposed, in default of other evidence, to recognise this isolated settlement of Armenian monks at a distance of nearly 3000 miles from Echmiadzin, but no other reasonable explanation has

Russians first came in contact with the Kara-Kirghiz or Buruts^{*} (usually named by the Russians Dikokameni); but neither from this tribe, whose wanderings extend from Fort Vernoe over the whole Kokand territory to Badakhshan, nor from the Kirghiz of the Great Horde, who, throughout the south-eastern part of the steppe, are a good deal mixed up with the Buruts, was any serious opposition experienced in the establishment of the authority of Russia in this remote and almost unknown region. Her officers, combining the zeal of explorers with the national passion for fresh acquisition, surveyed and mapped, and took possession,* until the frontier of the empire attained in one direction the crest of the Tian-shan or 'Celestial Mountains' overlooking Chinese Turkestan, and abutted in another upon the line of forts with which the Kokandis had tessellated their north-east border.

According to the original programme which Russia had put forth, the work of reconstruction was now complete without any further dislocation of territory. As her position had been consolidated to the East by the settlement of Kopal, Fort Vernoe, and Kastek, between the Chinese border and the Kokandi outpost of Tokmak on the Chû; and as a chain of forts had been also constructed to the west, along the Jaxartes from the Aral to Julek, it merely remained to establish a cordon of outposts along the valley of the Chû, which should connect these two flanking portions of the frontier together, in order to possess the great desideratum of a continuous military line to the south of the Steppe, in substitution of the old Siberian line to the north. It was hardly to be expected, however, that Russia would remain content with the arid and inhospitable line of the Chû, when, at a short distance to the south beyond the Talas, which runs parallel to the Chû, and along the northern slopes of the Karatáu

has been offered of the old Spanish notice. We would suggest, however, that the monastery alluded to was Buddhist and Thibetan, similar to, or perhaps identical with, that visited by Semenoff in 1857 at Alma-Arassan, near the southern shore of the lake, where he found 'inscriptions in Thibetan characters still in excellent preservation.' (See '*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*,' vol. xxxi. p. 362.)

* A series of very excellent papers on the geography of this part of Asia, by Semenoff, Golubeff, Abramoff, and Veniukoff, have been translated from the Russian by J. Michell, Esq., and published in the 31st and 32nd volumes of the *Royal Geographical Society's Journal*; and others of still greater interest remain untranslated. The travels, indeed, of Wilyaminow-Sernow (written by Michell as Veliaminof-Zernof), who appears, from the extracts in Mr. Lumley's Trade Report, to have visited most of the cities of Kokand; and the routes by which Valikhanoff—the Russianised Kirghiz whose adventures form the most curious portion of Mr. Michell's volume—passed to and fro, between the Tian-shan Mountains and Kashgar, would be of surpassing interest at present to the English reader. It is to be hoped, also, that we shall be favoured with an English version of Boutakoff's survey and map of the Jaxartes.

and Boroldāi ranges, a chain of forts were ready to her hand, which the Kokandis had constructed to protect their own frontiers from invasion from the Steppe, and to curb the predatory Kirghiz. These fortresses, indeed, bearing the name of Suzak, Cholak-Kurgan, Avliata,* Merké, and Pishpek, were so conveniently situated for the Russian purpose as almost to invite attack. Although nearly isolated from support, in no case did they surrender without a struggle. At Pishpek, indeed, in October, 1862, and at Avliata early in 1864, the garrisons offered a most determined resistance; but eventually they one and all succumbed to the Russian power. Even this advanced position, however, did not now satisfy the Russian requirements. The line within the Talas was still too near the desert. It failed also to furnish the troops with sufficient supplies, and, above all, it did not circumscribe the unruly Kirghiz tribes who had sought refuge in the fastnesses of the Kara-tāú and Boroldüi mountains. The Russians, therefore, seem to have now laid aside all further scruple; and having already cleared away in 1860-61 the two intermediate outposts of Yañi-Kurgan and Dín-Kurgan, which the Kokandis had erected beyond the last Russian settlement of Julek, to cover the approach to the town of Turkestan, they boldly continued their advance up the valley of the great river, so as to include within their frontier the ranges north of Kokand, and intervening between that fertile region and the desert. The bulwark of Kokand, on this side, was the town of Hazret-i-Turkestan, so called from the tomb of a famous saint, otherwise known as Khoja Ahmed;† and this place surrendered to the Russians early in 1864. The Kokandis then fell back on their next defensible position, Chemkend, a city about 100 versts in the rear,‡ which they proceeded to fortify to the best of their ability, and from whence they directed a series of attacks on the Russian outposts, intended to impede their further advance. In repelling such attacks, the Russians assert that they were led on

* This name is usually written in the maps *Avlié-Ata*, but in the Russian official papers it appears as a single word, *Avliata*. It is supposed to mark the site of Taraz or Talas, which was the most westerly point laid down by the missionaries Arochi, Espigny, and Hallerstein, in their astronomical survey of Turkestan, conducted under the orders of the Chinese Emperor in 1755.

— † The Russians usually name this place *Aret* for Hazret; but Hazret or Hazret Sultan is merely a title of honour which was borne by the famous Saint, Khoja Ahmed, who was buried at Turkestan. Turkestan is constantly mentioned in the Memoirs of Baber, as the chief place of a district of the same name beyond Ferghaneh and on the confines of the desert; but the name is not old, and is not found in the Arabic geographers.

‡ Chemkend is also a new name, the town having apparently risen into note since the time of Baber. The chief place of this very fertile district was anciently Seiram, which is now stated to be a mere village.

to the town of Chemkend itself, the capture of which in the month of October closed the campaign, and placed them in command of one of the richest districts of the provinces, a district, indeed, which the 'Invalide Russe' describes from the official reports as 'le grenier de toute la contrée entre le Tchou et le Syr-Daria.'

So grave a violation as this invasion of Kokand and capture of its chief cities involved of the principles on which Russia had hitherto professed to be acting, and which merely regarded the strategic requirements of her southern frontier, could not fail to attract the serious consideration of England, interested—and very properly so—as we always had been in the preservation of the independence of the Uzbek states. The circular letter, already alluded to, which was in November last addressed to the 'Legations and Embassies of the Russian Emperor in Foreign Countries,' and which professed to place before Europe in its true light the Asiatic Policy of Russia,—this letter, although somewhat grandiloquently expressed, was nevertheless to a certain extent reassuring; for it explained how the late territorial acquisitions had been brought about 'by imperious necessity,' and in opposition to the wish of the Emperor; and it further asserted, with categorical precision, that the expansion of the empire in Central Asia had now reached its limit. The only unsatisfactory part of the explanation was the doubt which it seemed to imply, whether, in spite of the best intentions on the part of the Russian Government, the peace of the East was not liable to be compromised at any moment by the indiscreet or over-zealous conduct of a military commander.

There will probably be abundant opportunity in the sequel for testing the value of Prince Gortchakoff's Circular; indeed the prosecution of the Kokand campaign during the present year has already furnished an instructive commentary, having completely stultified the Russian assurance of a finality of conquest. The peroration of Prince Gortchakoff's Circular, however, is so important, and is so likely to become the subject of future reference, that we make no excuse for quoting it *in extenso* :—

'En effet, la ligne primitive de nos frontières le long de la Syr-Daria jusqu'au fort Pérovsky d'un côté, et de l'autre jusqu'au Lac Issyk-Koul, avait l'inconvénient d'être presque à la limite du désert. Elle était interrompue sur un immense espace entre les deux points extrêmes; elle n'offrait pas assez de ressources à nos troupes, et laissait en dehors des tribus sans cohésion avec lesquelles nulle stabilité n'était possible.

'Malgré notre répugnance à donner à nos frontières une plus grande étendue, ces motifs ont été assez puissants pour déterminer le Gouvernement

vernement Impérial à établir la continuité de cette ligne entre le Lac Issyk-Koul et la Syr-Daria, en fortifiant la ville de Tchémkend, récemment occupée par nous.

‘En adoptant cette ligne nous obtenons un double résultat ; d’un côté, la contrée qu’elle embrasse est fertile, boisée, arrosée par de nombreux cours d’eau ; elle est habitée en partie par des tribus Kirghises, qui ont déjà reconnu notre domination ; elle offre donc des éléments favorables à la colonisation et à l’approvisionnement de nos garnisons. De l’autre, elle nous donne pour voisins immédiats les populations fixes, agricoles, et commerçantes du Kokand.

‘Nous nous trouvons en face d’un milieu social plus solide, plus compacte, moins mobile, mieux organisé ; et cette considération marquée avec une précision géographique la limite où l’intérêt et la raison nous prescrivent d’arriver et nous commandent de nous arrêter, parce que, d’une part, toute extension ultérieure de notre domination rencontrant désormais non plus des milieux inconstants comme les tribus nomades, mais des Etats plus régulièrement constitués, exigerait des efforts considérables, et nous entraînerait, d’annexion en annexion, dans des complications infinies ; et que, d’autre part, ayant désormais pour voisins de pareils Etats, malgré leur civilisation arriérée et l’instabilité de leur condition politique, nous pouvons néanmoins assurer que des relations régulières pourront un jour se substituer, pour l’avantage commun, aux désordres permanents qui ont paralysé jusqu’ici l’essor de ces contrées.

‘Tels sont, Monsieur, les intérêts qui servent de mobile à la politique de notre auguste maître dans l’Asie Centrale, tel est le but final que les ordres de Sa Majesté Impériale ont tracé à l’action de son Cabinet.’

Now the ink was hardly dry with which this Manifesto was written when hostilities had been resumed on the Jaxartes with greater bitterness than ever. According to Russian accounts the Kokandis were again the aggressors, and it is possible that, exasperated by the loss of Turkestan and Chemkend, they were determined to keep the Russian lines in a constant state of alarm. Skirmishes seem to have been incessant, and one very serious affair occurred near the close of the year, in which a ‘Sotnia’ of Cossacks, which threw itself, at Ikhaneh, in the way of an Uzbek army marching from Tashkend upon Turkestan, was almost annihilated. With the new year was promulgated an Imperial decree, constituting ‘the Province of Turkestan’ which was to be subordinate, according to the official statement, both in civil and military government, to Orenburg, but which in reality seems to have exercised, ever since, that autonomy which belongs of necessity to an exposed frontier territory. Turkestan comprised the whole country stretching west and east from the Aral to Lake Issi-kul and north and south from the Chû to the Sir-Daria ; but it

it seems to be still a matter of doubt whether the name was given with a view to its general geographical propriety, the province in question forming one of a group with Uzbeg Turkestan and Chinese Turkestan, or whether, as in the time of Baber, the chief place in the district, Hazret-i-Turkestan, was allowed to impose its name on the surrounding region.* General Krishanovski of Orenburg was nominally at the head of the civil administration of this territory, but General Tcherniaieff, who continued to command the army, was virtually the governor. In April last, the Bokharians, having again invaded Kokand, and possessed themselves of Khojend, according to the normal routine of their campaigns, Tcherniaieff marched out of Chemkend, as is alleged, 'to observe the Bokharian proceedings.' He had a preliminary skirmish with the Kokandis at Niáz Beg, on the river Chirchik, upon the 27th of April, and fought a pitched battle with them on May 9th, in the immediate vicinity of Tashkend, the Kokandi leader, Alim Kúl, who was Regent of the State during the minority of the Khan, Sultan Sahib, falling in the fight with three hundred of his followers. It would have been only natural that the Russians, after this signal victory, should have marched at once to the assault of Tashkend;† and indeed why they remained for another five weeks, hesitating to pluck the pear which was ready to fall into their hands, can only be a matter of conjecture. According to their own reports, they expected that the inhabitants of Tashkend, a commercial race who ardently desired, as it is said, to come under Russian protection, would themselves rise and expel the Kokandi garrison; and it was only when they found this to be impracticable, and that in default of Russian assistance the Tashkendis were prepared to call in the aid of the Bokharians from Khojend, that Tcherniaieff decided to

* The 'Journal de St. Petersburg' of Feb. 26, 1865, in replying to the criticism of the 'Morning Post' on the creation of this new Government of Turkestan, has the following passage:—'C'est à cette même insuffisance de notions géographiques qu'il faut sans doute attribuer les communications du 'Morning Post' sur la nouvelle dénomination du province de Turkestan que le Gouvernement Russe vient de donner à la région des Steppes Kirghises ayant pour chef lieu et point central la ville de Tourkestan ou de Hasrett, région qui fait depuis longtemps partie de l'Empire. Pour ne pas voir dans une simple mesure administrative qui s'explique d'elle même, un motif d'alarme ou d'appréhension, il suffirait de jeter un coup d'œil sur la carte de l'Asie Centrale. On y verrait que le nom de Turkestan est donné d'une part à la contrée qui s'étend des rives méridionales de la mer Caspienne aux frontières de la Chine, et de l'autre à cette partie de l'Empire Chinois lui-même qui se trouve enclavée entre le Thibet et les Montagnes Célestes.'

† Tashkend is the ancient *Shash*, a place of great celebrity from the very earliest times. For a good account of its modern state see Vambéry's Travels, p. 384; and Lumley's Report on the Russian Trade with Central Asia, p. 283.

avoid this threatened complication by leading the Russians to the assault. The place was accordingly stormed on the night of June 15th, 1865, and from that hour the fate of Kokand may be considered to have been sealed; for although it has been stated that the conquest of Tashkend is exceptional, and, being directed to a temporary political purpose, will not be persevered in beyond the period required for the ratification of the military frontier, and for assuring the future independence of the city as a free emporium for the trade of Central Asia, there is in reality, as far as can be seen, no possible reason for the abandonment of Tashkend, that would not equally apply to Turkestan and Chemkend. The loss of Tashkend is in fact a death-blow to the independence of Kokand. It places the commerce of the country, on which its prosperity depends, entirely at the command of Russia, since all the great lines of communication from the north concentrate at this place, and the only question therefore for the consideration of the Emperor's Government would now seem to be, whether the new province of Turkestan should be made to comprise at once the whole Khanat of Kokand, or whether it may not be more prudent to employ a friendly Kirghiz Sultan—and there are many such who have strong family claims on the allegiance of the Kokandis—in the administration of the country, until Russia may be prepared to enter on the direct government of this noble principality, which stretches north and south from the Kirghiz Steppe to the mountains of Badakhshan, and west and east from the Aral Sea to the Chinese border at Kashgar.* Before we proceed, however, to show the probable

* There is one other point in Central Asia to which Russia has been directing her attention with some earnestness, and upon which, therefore, it behoves us to bestow a passing notice. We allude to the city of Kashgar, the northern capital of Chinese Turkestan. Russia acquired a right, by the late Treaty of Peking, to establish a factory and nominate a Consul at Kashgar, but she has not yet attempted to realize that right. Her persistent declaration, however, throughout the Turkestan discussions, that Kashgar is the aim and limit of her commercial policy in Central Asia, betrays her real anxiety on the subject; and such anxiety—as in the case of Tashkend—but too often foreshadows military occupation. Now Kashgar, with some rare intervals of independence, has been for the last century in the position of a conquered state, held in subjection by the presence of a foreign garrison; and notwithstanding, therefore, the great size of the city—containing 16,000 houses—and notwithstanding the fauultical disposition of its Mahomedan inhabitants, the transition from Chinese to Russian rule would not be likely to be of a very violent character. Nor, we presume, would there be much difficulty in establishing direct military communication between Kashgar and the new Russian settlements on the Upper Naryn (Kurtka, Truz, &c.), and through them with Fort Vernoe and the districts beyond the Thian-Shan range. Again, it is probable that Kashgar in the hands of Russia would become a great emporium of trade, being centrally situated, with China to the east, India to the south, Turkestan to the west, and Siberia to the north; and it is further certain that

probable course which the Russian policy will take in the new field now opening out to her ambition, it is important to review the position of England in regard to Central Asia, and especially in regard to Afghanistan,—the portion of Central Asia which most concerns us,—during the period of this great development of Russian power to the North.

It was not so much our retirement from Afghanistan, in 1842, as the circumstances under which that retirement was effected that disparaged our position in Central Asia. Had we remained in the country for another year after the recovery of the prisoners; and had we then withdrawn in an orderly and honourable manner, and in pursuance of an arrangement with the parties into whose hands we had committed the Government of the country, the effects of our previous disasters would have been mitigated, if not entirely removed; but retiring as we did, without any understanding with the Doorání chiefs, and pursued by an implacable foe down to the last pass debouching on the plains, the previous ill effects on our reputation were no doubt enhanced; the general impression, indeed, being, both in India and Central Asia, that we were fairly driven from the mountains. It is not unusual, even, to find a belief amongst our own officers, that in retiring from Afghanistan we yielded to superior strength; whereas in reality the country was more completely in our power at the moment of our retreat than it had been at any previous period of the occupation. If we except, indeed, the fatal winter of 1841-42, when by the strangest concatenation of accidents our forces at Cabul had become completely demoralised, there never was an occasion on which the Afghans could stand for an hour against either British soldiers or Indian sepoy. No officer, we are confident, who served through the Afghan war, would hesitate with a well-appointed brigade of British troops to meet in the field the whole assembled forces of Cabul and Candahar combined; and even in mountain warfare, where the Afghan marksman with his 'jezáil' had formerly an undoubted superiority over 'old Brown Bess,' the substitution of the Enfield rifle has now redeemed our only weakness. We make these observations, not by way of encouraging the idea of our again ascending the passes; for it is

that the presence of the Russians, if securely seated in this Tartar capital at the distance of 300 miles from our political frontier, would be sensibly felt in India. But on the other hand, Kashgar, owing to the sterility of the adjoining territory, could never become a nucleus of extensive colonization like the rich districts on the Jaxartes; and so long, therefore, as the Russians remained quiescent, and merely occupied with commerce, the advanced geographical position would be of little real moment, the impassive and prayer-grinding Thibetans, indeed, serving the purpose of a 'buffer' far more effectually than the restless and impressive Afghans, who cover the more western portion of our northern frontier.

hardly

hardly possible at present that such a movement—at any rate in the direction of Cabul—could be of political advantage, but in order rather to correct the erroneous impression which is generally entertained of the military strength of Afghanistan, and which, so long as it exists, must vitiate any estimate of the difficulties of a Russian advance.

For many years after the Afghan war we studiously avoided all intercourse with the country. Cabul, Candahar, and Herat had resumed their old position of independent governments, and Persia was too much occupied with domestic affairs to attempt any interference to the eastward. It was not until the death of Yar Mahomad Khan, the too famous Vizier of Shah Kamran, in 1852, that we were again brought, even indirectly, into connexion with the Afghans. At that time, Persia, reviving her old project of Eastern aggrandisement, would have sent an army against Herat, which distracted as the city then was would almost certainly have achieved its conquest; but we interfered to arrest the march of the troops, and, under the pressure of a threatened suspension of diplomatic relations, compelled the Shah into a convention, which debarred him from any future attack upon the Afghan territory. This convention was much canvassed at the time, as it was foreseen that it might commit us to hostilities with Persia at an inconvenient moment; but the importance of rescuing Herat from the risk of dependence on Persia, through which the place might possibly be transferred to Russia (in exchange, for instance, as it was at one time proposed, for Erivan), was judged to be paramount; and this doctrine of the necessary maintenance of the independence of Herat, as against these two powers, has remained a standard article of our political faith ever since.

In due course of time the contemplated contingency came to pass. The troubles at Herat continuing, and the Khorassan frontier being much disturbed in consequence, Persia again sought to bring this outlying Afghan state under her rule; and as the British Minister, at this particular juncture, had already broken off relations with the Court of Teheran on other grounds, there was no further check on her proceedings. In the spring of 1856, accordingly, the Shah's troops for the first time occupied Herat; and as this was done in defiance of England, and in violation of the convention of 1852, it was at once accepted as a 'casus belli,' and resented on our part by a declaration of war.*

The

* There were other causes of offence, it is true, connected with the notorious Mirza Hâshem, and with personal affronts offered to the British Minister, which fully justified the suspension of diplomatic intercourse, and which were duly considered

The war, however, was neither very long nor very bloody. Persia had no political purpose to subserve, either on her own account or on that of Russia, in retaining possession of Herat. Her military ambition had been satisfied by the conquest of the place; and she did not scruple, accordingly, to purchase peace by its abandonment, after a year's occupation. But in settling the conditions of the treaty concluded at Paris in 1857, our traditional dread of Russian encroachment towards India again showed itself by special provisions about Herat. Persia was required to bind herself to exercise no interference whatever in the affairs of that state. If she was attacked or threatened in that quarter, she was not even to send troops to the frontier until our good offices had been tried and had failed to preserve peace; and immediately after invasion had been repelled she was to withdraw within her own limits. It was preposterous to suppose that these precautions which saddled us with a sort of responsibility for the police of the Afghan frontier, could have been adopted merely to prevent aggression on the part of an effete government like that of the Shah. Although Persia was alone named in the treaty, the phantom that loomed behind was Russia, then just beginning to rally after the exhaustion of the Crimean war, and showing, perhaps, her first tendency to retaliate by the increased activity of her movements in Central Asia. There is no reason to imagine that Russia has been actuated by any direct feelings of hostility to England in her recent aggressions on the Jaxartes. She certainly has not contemplated anything like an invasion of India;* but it would be to convict her of the strangest political blindness

considered at the conclusion of peace; but they certainly were not of such importance as to require the despatch of an expeditionary force from India, and the capture of the chief places on the sea-board of Persia, for the vindication of the national honour. We say advisedly, then, that the Persian war was undertaken for the recovery of Herat, and was directed against Russian rather than Persian aggression.

* The question of the invasion of India has been purposely omitted from these pages, lest it should distract attention from the immediate subject of inquiry. On two occasions, however, since the commencement of the century British India has been thus threatened. The project of a joint invasion by a French and Russian army is well known to have been submitted by Napoleon to Alexander at Tilsit, in 1807, when it was hoped that Persia, under the inspiration of Lucien's counsels, who was to be sent on a special mission to the Shah, would have also joined in the scheme. But a similar proposal of an earlier date is not so well known, and has, in fact, as we think, been first brought to notice in this country in Mr. Michell's work. 'While yet First Consul,' it is said in Mr. Michell's Khiva volume, "Napoleon I. in 1800, proposed to the Emperor Paul the plan of a combined French and Russian campaign to India; and as at that time a rupture had broken out between England and Russia, the despatch of Don Cossacks to India was agreed on; and the Cossack Hetman, or commander-in-chief, Count Orloff-Denisof, received orders to march on India with all the Don regiments. The rescript of the Emperor Paul I. relating to this is inserted in

blindness to imagine her ignorant of what is patent to all the rest of the world, that if England has any vulnerable heel it is in the East; that, in fact, the stronger may be the position of Russia in Central Asia, the higher will be the tone she can command in discussing with us any question of European policy.

So indisputable is this view of the Anglo-Russian relations in the East that surprise has often been expressed at our unaccountable forbearance during the Crimean war. If we had taken advantage, it is said, of Russia's crippled condition in 1855 to throw a strong body of British troops into Georgia, supporting them with the auxiliary resources of Persia, and perhaps also with an expeditionary column from India, there can be no doubt but that we could have driven all the Russian garrisons beyond the Caucasus; and as Shamil was then unsubdued, and the mountaineers were in a position which admitted of their being organised for permanent defence, the growth of Russia in this part of the East might have been retarded, perhaps, for a generation; while a little encouragement to the Uzbeks and Turcomans would have cleared off the intruders from the Jaxartes and the eastern shores of the Caspian, and have relegated them to the Kirghiz Steppe. Schemes of this nature were, it is probable, before the Government, and, if the war had been continued, might, perhaps, have been put in execution; but there were counterbalancing considerations of great weight, which prevented their adoption at the time, and which it may not be amiss to glance at, as they partially affect the present question at issue.

In the first place the Government of the Emperor Napoleon was notoriously sensitive in regard to the Eastern phase of the war, the popular notion in France being that the quarrel with Russia was an Asiatic quarrel which exclusively concerned the English, who made use of their French allies very much as the monkey made use of the cat's paw in the fable. We could thus never reckon on French co-operation in an invasion of Georgia, and had we undertaken the task single-handed it might have seriously imperilled the alliance. In the next place we should have incurred a fearful responsibility had we compromised the Georgians and Persians with Russia; for, although we

in the appendix of General Milutin's work on Suwarrow's campaigns in 1779, published at St. Petersburg in 1853.' An invasion on this colossal scale would have been quite impossible at the commencement of the century. Even at the present day, with all the appliances of modern art, it would be barely within the reach of possibility. The utmost that Russia proposes at present is thus stated by Mr. Michell: 'With respect to a military expedition to India, the Amú-Daria (or Oxus) may be used for despatching a small force to its upper course; not with an idea of conquest, but for making a demonstration with the object of alarming the enemy and diverting his attention from other points.' ('Russians in Central Asia,' p. 404.)

might

might have insisted on an amnesty-clause at the conclusion of peace, nations so accessible to attack would assuredly have sooner or later paid to Russia the penalty of their resistance, without the possibility of our rendering them any efficient aid. And, thirdly, we had every reason to wish to avoid a contest with Russia in the far East; the ground was too dangerous for both of us to be tried except in the last necessity, as it might have led to endless complications and to the gravest consequences. It was, in fact, the localization of our last contest with Russia that deprived the war of all its worst features. Had it spread over the East from the Black Sea to Lake Issi-Kül, its reverberations would be echoing up to this day.

Whether it was prudent, as a precaution against the possible approach of Russia to Herat, to burden ourselves with a liability at any moment to attack Persia in the event of her marching to the Eastward may well be doubted. Still more open to objection would seem to have been a barren stipulation in the Paris treaty against the Shah's interference with the Government of Herat, which, being unaccompanied by any safeguard against the voluntary dependence of the Afghan Governor upon Persia, turned out in practice to be wholly inoperative, and in fact led to nothing but our own stultification. Sultan Ahmed Khan, a nephew of the Amír Dost Mahomed, who was a refugee at Teheran at the time of the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, and was really the most eligible candidate for the vacant chiefship, was sent by the Shah to assume the reins of government on the withdrawal of the Persian garrison from Herat; and in this position he remained for the next five years in undisguised dependence upon Persia, striking money in the name of the Shah, receiving 'Khelats' (or robes of honour), arms and pieces of artillery from Teheran, repairing to Court even to render personal homage; exhibiting in fact every token of direct vassalage, although the British Government and the Shah, in deference to their mutual obligations, continued ostensibly to proclaim his independence. During this transition period when Herat was thus oscillating between Afghan and Persian nationality, there was some more indirect skirmishing between the two European powers on the Afghan battle-field. A deputation of British officers from the Teheran mission sought, in the first place, to render Sultan Ahmed Khan virtually, as well as nominally, independent by the moral support of England's recognition and sympathy; but this did not satisfy the Afghan chief, and the mission therefore may be said to have failed. The Indian Government, indeed, could render no effective aid to Herat without compromising its relations with Dost Mahomed Khan,

Khan, of Cabul, who regarded his nephew with intense jealousy; while Sultan Ahmed, in default of such aid, was compelled to rely on Persia to shield him from his all-powerful uncle. But if our own policy thus miscarried, the Russian counter-demonstration was hardly more successful. The mission under M. Khannikof, which visited Herat in 1858, may take credit for having confirmed the dependency of Sultan Ahmed upon Persia: but if M. Khannikof proposed, through that dependency, to strengthen Russian influence in Western Afghanistan, or to pave the way to the realization of the long-cherished scheme of establishing in the city of Herat a permanent factory with exclusive privileges, he must have been grievously disappointed; for Persia herself disapproved of being thus enveloped by Russian *antennæ* to the east as well as to the west; and Sultan Ahmed with the remembrance of the old Cabul catastrophe ever before him, when his uncle had been driven into exile for having given countenance to the interloper Vitkevitch, had no inclination, as he said, to provoke a similar fate. Khannikof, it is understood, was prepared to have sent officers from Herat both to Candahar and Cabul, had he met with any encouragement; but we had fortunately at this time preoccupied the ground. The importance, indeed, of securing the neutrality, if not the active friendliness, of Dost Mahomed Khan during the critical periods of the Persian war and the Indian mutinies, had for once induced us to step aside from our policy of non-intervention in Afghan affairs. In 1857, fifteen years after our withdrawal from Cabul, we again sent a friendly mission to the country under Major Lumsden; and although our officers were not allowed on this occasion, from prudential considerations, to proceed further than Candahar, we succeeded in purchasing the Amîr's good-will at a lakh of rupees (10,000*l.*) per mensem for so long as his services might be of use to us. The morality of this bargain may appear questionable, and the price exorbitant to English politicians, but when work is to be done subsidies are still the rule in the East, and experience has ever shown that true economy consists in paying well, or not at all.

Revolutions, however, were now imminent in Afghanistan which had been long foreseen, and the expectation of which had been the main cause of our having so long abstained from any close, or permanent, engagements with the rulers of the country.

The Candahar chiefs at the commencement of the Herat troubles, and before the Persian occupation of the city, had invaded the territory with a view to its entire conquest; but their forces proving inadequate to this end, they had contented themselves

themselves with taking possession of the outlying district of Furreh and its dependencies, which they attached to their own province. When Dost Mahomed accordingly some years later overran the Western Afghan province on the death of Kohandil Khan, the head of the Candahar family, the Herat district of Furreh fell naturally into his hands as a part of the conquered territory. But Sultan Ahmed had never relinquished his claim to this district as an integral portion of the old kingdom of Herat, and in attempting therefore, as he did, to recover it on the first favourable occasion he can hardly be said to have initiated the fatal contest with his uncle. During the continuance of this contest (1862-63) we were placed in a position of some embarrassment. Persia complained that we had instigated—or at any rate that we had not discouraged—the advance of Dost Mahomed on Herat, which was fraught with danger to the Khorassan frontier, and was opposed to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the treaty of Paris. Dost Mahomed, on the other hand, disregarded our counsels and even our protests, which were carried to the length of withdrawing our agent from the Afghan camp; and showed an inveteracy against his nephew, aggravated probably by the latter's Persian predilections, which was hardly natural to his character. As far as our own interests, too, were concerned, it was desirable, on the one hand, that we should be rescued from the undignified position we had occupied, whilst Herat remained a virtual dependency of Persia in defiance of the Treaty of Paris; and, on the other, we were not anxious—as we never have been and probably never shall be—to see Afghanistan consolidated under a single chief. In this dilemma we remained as nearly passive as possible, and the 'denouement' was brought about in the summer of 1863—without any participation in it upon our part—by a triple and almost simultaneous catastrophe, the death of Sultan Ahmed by apoplexy, the fall of Herat to the Cabul army, and the crowning misfortune of the death of Dost Mahomed himself. Since that period Afghanistan has been torn with convulsions, and we have resisted all appeals to favour one pretender or another. Shír Ali Khan, who was designated as heir-apparent by the old Amír before his death, still holds his ground in Cabul, though his position has been successively assailed by his two brothers Mahomed Afzal and Mahomed Azím, who formerly ruled beyond the Hindú-Kúsh, and has been further shaken by the recent defection of another brother, Mahomed Amín, at Candahar. What may be the precise position of affairs at the present moment it is impossible to say, since revolution and counter-revolution follow each other with the rapidity of the shifting scenes of a pantomime. A battle was fought

fought at Candahar during the summer, in which the son of Shír Ali Khan, who led the Cabul forces, engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with his rebellious uncle, and the two warriors, like Paladins of old, fell dead upon the field. The action, however, seems to have been indecisive, and it may be presumed, therefore, that Candahar is still struggling for independence under a brother or nephew of the slaughtered chief; but if Candahar is thus broken off from Cabul, it will be morally impossible that Shír Ali Khan can retain an efficient hold upon Herat. Up to the date of the last accounts the young Sirdar, Mahomed Yacúb, who had been left by his father Shír Ali at Herat when the latter hastened to Cabul to seize the 'musnud' on the Amír Dost Mahomed's death, was still in power, and seemed to show some capacity for government; but in the present distracted state of Afghanistan, and considering that the Persian element has now overpowered and almost displaced the Afghan in the population of Herat, it seems only natural to expect that the influence of the Shah will gradually resume its sway, and that our treaty obligations with Persia will thus again force us to intermingle in the fray. So long, indeed, as the Treaty of Paris remains in force on the one side, while on the other we have no co-ordinate treaty with the Afghans enabling us to control or guide their policy, we must remain in a false position, liable at any moment to be circumvented by intrigue, or to be outraged by a violation of engagement.

With most part of Turkestan we have had little official communication since the period of Thomson's return from Khiva in 1842; but complimentary correspondence has been almost uninterruptedly maintained between the Teheran mission and the Khan Hazret of Khiva, either by direct messenger or through the British Agent at Meshed, ever since the time of the Afghan war; and even from Bokhara we have been supplied with regular intelligence of passing events, though we have never had an accredited agent at the Court. In respect to Kokand, too, from the date of the capture of Ak-Mesjid by the Russians the appeals to India by the Uzbek rulers for mediation or assistance have been incessant. In 1854 a special envoy came from the Jaxartes across the tableland of Pamir to Badakhshan, and thence, as the Cabul road was closed, by the difficult and almost unknown route through Kaferistan and the Upper Kuner and Bajour valleys to Peshawar. The next communication with Kokand took place in 1858, through the agent Mahomed Amín, who was despatched by the Indian Government to ascertain the fate of Adolphe Schlagentweit; but this agent travelled to the Jaxartes by way of Thibet, Yarkend, and Kashgar, and returned along the high road through

through Bokhara and Cabul ; so that the narrative of his journey, which has been printed for the Records of the Political Department in India, differs but very little from the original itinerary of Mír Izzet Ollah in 1812, which first made us acquainted with the physical geography of Chinese and Uzbeg Turkestan.* In 1860 a second envoy of the name of Khodai Nazar appeared at Peshawer with renewed supplications for British aid to stop the advancing Russians, who were then first threatening Turkestan ; and the return mission under Moola Abdul Mejid, which carried back a letter and presents from the Governor-General to Mulla Khan, the reigning Prince of Kokand, if barren of political results, rendered at any rate important service to geography. The detailed itineraries, indeed, which Abdul Mejid has supplied of his journey from Badakhshan across the Pamir Steppe to Kokand, and of his return to the same point by Kara-teghín, Derwáz, and Koláb, fill up a blank in the map of Asia,† which has often been deplored, and which could have been remedied in no other way. The loss of Turkestan and Chemkend wrung forth a third and still more bitter cry of distress, which was borne to India by the Uzbeg Ambassador who appeared in Sir John Lawrence's Lahore Durbar of last winter, and who recounted his country's wrongs to the assembled nobles of the north-west frontier. It was proposed, we believe, by the Government of the Punjab that certain English officers should accompany this Ambassador on his return to Kokand, not in any official character, but merely as travellers visiting the dominions of a friendly power and desirous of information as to passing events ; but in the present state of the Anglo-Russian negotiations respecting Central Asia, there were obvious objections to such a course, which would have been aggravated by the subsequent capture of Tashkend ; and we are glad therefore that Sir John Lawrence,

* Mír Izzet Ollah's journal has been repeatedly published. It was first brought to the notice of geographers in 1816, by Lieutenant Waddington, of the Bombay Engineers, who mainly relied on its authority for the construction of his map of Ferghánéh, to illustrate Leyden's 'Memoirs of Baber.' The journal was then published *in extenso* in the 'Calcutta Quarterly Magazine,' for 1825 ; and later Professor Wilson republished it, in an enlarged form, with copious notes, in the Royal Asiatic Society's Journal for 1843, p. 283. It affords a very favourable specimen of what an intelligent native of India may accomplish in the way of extending our geographical knowledge of countries into which a European cannot penetrate except at great personal risk.

† We would recommend to the special consideration of the Royal Geographical Society Major James's 'Report,' No. 83, of October 19, 1861, which extends to fifty paragraphs, and gives a most interesting detail of Moola Abdul Mejid's outward and return journey through the regions between the Upper Oxus and Kokand, which regions in the best and latest published map, that of Stanford, accompanying Mr. Michell's volume, are marked as 'unexplored.'

on mature consideration put his veto on the expedition.* We have alluded to these repeated journeyings between Peshawar and Kokand of late years not so much for their intrinsic interest—though no doubt they have an interest in the additions which they have furnished to our geographical knowledge—as in order to show on the one hand the feeling which animates the Uzbek Princes, and which leads them to look to British India as their natural protector, and to explain on the other the manner in which the conquests of the Russians on the Jaxartes have come to exercise a disturbing influence over the native mind in the north of India, which justifies, if it does not demand, our protest against further encroachment.

Our retrospect is now complete. We have traced, in more or less detail, the progress of Russia from her first pioneering movement in the Steppe to her final capture of Tashkend, and we have compared the synchronous action of England in Turkestan, in Afghanistan, and in Persia. It remains to consider what is the most probable issue to passing events, and what line of policy it will best suit the interests of England to adopt.

We have no intention of impugning the good faith of the Russian Government in its recent proceedings. It may be assumed that Prince Gortchakoff's manifesto of last November did really express the Emperor's views as to the danger and inexpediency of any further extension at present of the Russian frontier in Central Asia; but experience has proved, as indeed might have been perceived pretty clearly before, that Russia cannot stop midway in the career on which she has now entered. If she merely desires a continuous military line for her southern frontier, she must abandon Turkestan and Chemkend as well as the more advanced position of Tashkend, and fall back on the forts beyond the mountains. If, on the other hand, she determines to sever Tashkend from Kokand, either holding it as her own frontier city, or maintaining it as a free town for the general resort of traders, she will encounter the very same—so-called aggressive—provocations which compelled her to advance beyond her former line. Khojend and Kokand itself will be a standing menace against Tashkend, precisely as Tashkend

* We cannot mention the name of this distinguished officer without paying a passing tribute of respect to the solid judgment, the untiring energy, and the high moral conscientiousness which have ever characterised his public administration. The country is, we think, to be congratulated that in the present juncture there is at the head of our Indian empire a man who is so thoroughly conversant with its external as well as its internal relations, and who is thus so capable of appreciating and meeting any dangers that may arise from the growth of Russian power in Central Asia.

was against Chemkend, and still earlier Chemkend was against Turkestan. Indeed, the further she advances the more imperative will it become for her to take complete possession of the country, since the governmental power, which is nominally vested in the boy, Sultan Sahib, will be usurped in the different districts by Kara-Kirghiz and Kipchak chieftains, and universal anarchy will be the result. A further element of strife is also being now introduced upon the scene which will assuredly acquire grave dimensions as the drama advances towards a climax, and by which, in fact, public interest will probably in future be pretty well engrossed. This element of danger is the position of Russia relatively to Khiva, and especially to Bokhara.

In tracing the advance of Russia along the Jaxartes towards Kokand, we have only incidentally alluded to the condition of the two other Uzbek States; nor, indeed, was a more detailed notice required; for, with the exception of General Ignatief's mission in 1858, which at length effected the release of the Russian prisoners at Bokhara, and confirmed the salutary terror with which the uniform success of the Russian arms on the Jaxartes had inspired the Khivans, there was no political intercourse between Orenburg and the southern Uzbek States for a period of upwards of twenty years. During this long interval most of the grievances of which Russia had formerly complained had been redressed. Her subjects were no longer kidnapped, nor were her caravans plundered, except within the range of the Jaxartes hostilities. Bokhara, indeed, had profited so much by the sustained Russian pressure upon Kokand, that she was inclined to overlook the ultimate danger to herself, and Khiva was only too glad to see the military strength before which she formerly quailed, diverted to another quarter. The time of trial appears, however, to be now approaching for both of these states. As regards Khiva, indeed, the Aral flotilla is considered to have taken possession of the mouth of the Oxus; and on several occasions the Russian steamers have certainly ascended, without questioning, as far as Kungrad, though no permanent settlement has, we believe, been yet formed upon either bank of the river. What this will probably lead to we shall presently see by a quotation from the last Russian work on the subject.

But the more immediate question concerns Bokhara. Here the Russian and Uzbek forces are at present actually in face of each other, and a collision may at any moment occur between the advanced pickets thrown out respectively from Khojend and Tashkend. It is further evident that Russia regards the Bokharians with suspicion and dislike, since she has been content to

incur the obloquy of Europe in the matter of the capture of Tashkend, in order to anticipate their nearer approach to her frontier ; but with all this we venture a prediction that she will not, under present circumstances, hazard an open rupture. Her tenure of Kokand will, for a long time, be too precarious to admit of her having another enemy upon her hands. Willyamminof-Sermof, the only Russian officer who has described the country from personal observation, estimates the population of Tashkend at 50,000, and of Kokand at 60,000 souls, and Khojend, Andijan, Nemen-gán, Oosh, and Ura-tepeh, are of hardly inferior consequence. What number of troops, then, if military occupation were alone attempted, would be required to furnish garrisons for all these numerous towns, and to keep up an efficient line of communication with Fort Perofski and the Aral? It seems to us that the 'manifest destiny' marked out for Russia in the present aspect of the East, is to colonise Turkestan thoroughly before she moves another step in advance. The genius of the nation has already displayed itself in this direction, Amuria and Zungaria having been reclaimed from barbarism through the means of military-agricultural settlements. The basin of the Jaxartes, too, presents greater facilities for successful colonization than any other portion of Central Asia. The fertility of the soil is proverbial, and there is every variety of climate, from the perennial snows of the Belúr-Tágh to an almost tropical heat in the valley of the river ; so that not only may the staple articles of corn, cotton, silk, madder, and tobacco, be produced to an unlimited extent, but in certain situations it may also be found possible to cultivate the sugar-cane, and perhaps even opium and indigo. The rivers, likewise, are auriferous, and mines of silver, lead, copper, and iron are known to exist in the hills on both sides of the Jaxartes ; while a still more valuable product is the coal which has been found in large quantities both in the Kara-taú and Ala-taú ranges, and which may be expected before long to supersede the anthracite of the Don throughout South-Eastern Russia.*

* This account of the cereal and mineral wealth of Kokand, is principally taken from Mr. Lumley's report, p. 281, seq. For a notice of the coal discovered in the Kara-taú and Ala-taú ranges, see 'Russians in Central Asia,' p. 481. Compare also the following passages in 'Leyden's Baber.' Introduction, p. xl. 'Abulfeda ('Chorasm. Descrip.,' p. 38) mentions, that in the mountains of Ferghána (Kokand) they have black stones which burn like charcoal, and when kindled, afford a very intense heat. The fact of the existence of coal in the Ala-tágh range, and to the east of it, is confirmed by recent travellers. It is found in great plenty, and forms the ordinary fuel of the natives.' Mr. Bogoslovski, also, who visited Samarcand in 1842, in company with Khannikof and Lehmann, found coal formations in the upper valley of the Zar-afshan river; and coal of an inferior quality is likewise known to exist in the Mangishlak Peninsula on the Caspian. 'Russians in Central Asia,' pp. 326, and 444. The Don anthracite formerly used by the steamers on the Jaxartes, owing to the enormous expense of carriage cost 12l. per ton.

It is not, indeed, too much to expect that when security has been established in Turkestan,—when the wandering Kirghiz have been induced to exchange a pastoral for an agricultural life,—when Russian colonies are scattered over the country, and European energy and intelligence have been directed to the due development of its resources, this province will resume the title which it enjoyed in ancient times of ‘the garden of the East.’ What England, then, has to apprehend from the progress of affairs in Central Asia, is not the immediate, or even proximate, invasion of our Indian empire, which is a notion peculiar to the panic-mongers of the Calcutta press, and which we should have thought hardly required the serious refutation that was given to it in the Anniversary Address—admirable in all other respects—delivered by the accomplished President, Sir Roderick Murchison, at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* What we really have to apprehend is, that an Asiatic Russia will arise to the north of the Hindú-Kúsh, possessing within itself a germ of vitality and vigour that will enable it to replenish rather than exhaust the parent stem, and will render it, in due course of time, a formidable rival to our Indian Empire. What we may not unreasonably expect is, that under the condition of Russian colonization, the principle of development may be reasserted, which seems to be peculiar to this favoured region of Turkestan, and of which the world has already seen such memorable instances in the career of Jenghiz Khan, of Timour, and of Baber, each of whom, it should be noted, nursed their nascent fortunes in the valley of the Jaxartes before pushing on to foreign conquest and dominion. But the growth of such a Satrapy, acquiring the strength and consistency of an empire, will be a work of time—a work perhaps of ages; and the ‘chapter of accidents’ may at any moment intervene to deliver us from the threatened incubus.

* Sir Roderick Murchison's address appears to have given immense satisfaction in Russia, where it was made the subject of a leading article in the ‘*Journal de St. Petersburg*’ of June 19, 1865. It is unfortunate, however, that the journalist, who probably drew his inspiration from Prince Gortchakoff's Bureau, should have quoted from the original draft of the address, since this draft contained a paragraph on the new frontier at Issi-Kúl, taken from a Russian source, but so strangely incorrect that it was expunged from the later copy prepared for incorporation with the Journal. The Rev. Mr. Long, also, who has recently published an elaborate defence of Russian policy in the East, under the title of ‘Russia, Central Asia, and British India, by a British Subject,’ has been misled by Sir Roderick's authority, and has drawn special attention to this rejected paragraph, as a proof of Russia's moderation, by quoting it at full length and in Italics! p. 20. The additional note on ‘the boundaries of Russia and Northern Turkestan,’ appended to Sir R. Murchison's address in its corrected form, is all that could be desired; clear, accurate, and giving full credit to Russia for the great services she has rendered to geographical science.

The Bokharians, we must remember, are an enemy of a very different calibre from the Kokandis, and their conquest will not, we think, be lightly undertaken by Russia. In actual population there may not be much disproportion between the two states; but in strength they differ widely. The oligarchical constitution, indeed, of the Kokandi Government, where the Khan is in most cases a mere puppet in the hands of the Kara-Kirghiz or Kipchák chiefs, prevents anything like a combined resistance, and thus renders the country an easy prey to an invader; whereas at Bokhara, on the other hand, there is the most complete autocracy, and the Amír can direct the whole resources of the country for the purpose either of offence or defence. The standing army, moreover, of Bokhara is said by Vambéry to consist of 40,000 men, who have been well seasoned by continued conflict; and the Turcomans beyond the Oxus could certainly furnish an auxiliary force of equal strength composed of the best horsemen in Asia. According to our view, then, until Kokand is finally settled, there will be no attempt to coerce the Bokharians, further than by commercial pressure; such as has been this year inaugurated on the Orenburg frontier, where the merchants of Bokhara have been interdicted from appearing at the fair of Nijni-Novogorod to purchase their usual supplies of merchandise and arms; and, even when Russian Turkestan is fully prepared to receive the accretion of other portions of Uzbeg territory, the work of amalgamation will be very gradual, and will probably be consummated through the intermediate stage of a protectorate. If we proceed, then, to quote from Mr. Michell's book the views which are entertained by sanguine politicians at St. Petersburg respecting the future now opening out in Central Asia, to the ambition and the greatness of Russia, it is not that we participate in those views or consider them at present other than premature,—if not chimerical; but that we think it only due to the public in England and especially in India, that they should know what is fermenting in the minds of our northern neighbours, in order to form their own opinions of the practicability and probable results of such a policy—

‘Judging, therefore,’ says a Russian author, ‘by historical precedents, one cannot but foresee that the occupation of the mouth of the Amú-Daria (the Oxus) will necessarily be followed by the appropriation of the whole river. The Russian Government may not have this in view, and will in all likelihood oppose the encroachment; but nevertheless, sooner or later, it will come to pass of itself. Officially, the boundary of Russia will remain unchanged; practically, however, Russian emigrants will ascend the river higher and higher by

by degrees; they will at first open intercourse with Khiva, the nearest khanat, and eventually make their way to Bokhara. Examples of this are afforded by the Amúr and Syr-Daria (the Jaxartes).'

The history is then given of the occupation of the Amúr from its embouchure to its source; after which we have—

'The same order of events is observed on the Syr-Daria, of which the lower course alone is held by Russia; yet this river must now be considered more Russian than Kokanian, more especially as the necessity of possessing it for the whole extent of its course is year after year more urgently and clearly felt. Since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has diligently advanced, and at great sacrifice, through the Steppes that barred her progress. She has passed them and reached the basins of two large rivers—two important waterways—whose sources flow through fertile and densely populated countries. She is fully justified in seeking to be rewarded here for her labours and losses, extending over a hundred years, and in endeavouring to secure her frontiers by pushing them forward to that snow-capped summit of the Himalayas, the natural conterminous boundary of England and Russia.

'From this stand-point Russia can calmly look on the consolidation and development of British power in India.'*

Now it is evident from these and similar passages interspersed among the historical and geographical detail of Mr. Michell's valuable compilation, as well as from the series of elaborate letters published last year by Major-General Fadeieff in the '*Gazette de Moscow*,' that there is a very general feeling in Russia in favour of extending the frontier at once to the Hindú-Kúsh, which of course involves the complete absorption of the independent Uzbeg States. And this extension, be it remembered, is recommended, not by the facilities it will afford for promoting a trade with India, but in the more questionable hope of forestalling the English in possession of the markets which will thus be opened up to Russian enterprise. 'These markets,' it is said, 'are situated on the upper course of the Amú-Daria (or Oxus), whose mouth is in the possession of Russia; and Russia cannot, and must not, relinquish them in favour of England, because she is connected with them by a natural waterway.' The commercial argument indeed, which some among us are wont to use in favour of Russian extension, operates, as we think, exactly in the contrary direction. The trade of Russia, indeed,

* '*Russians in Central Asia*,' p. 400, sqq. It is not clear from what Russian source the end of the 10th chapter of Mr. Michell's work is taken, but it is the portion of the volume which we least like; the worst in point of style, and the most extravagant in tone. It bears a marked contrast indeed to Chapter xii., which is also anonymous, but which is clearly expressed, puts forth moderate views, and is full of the most valuable information.

with

with Central Asia is mainly a trade in cotton, and it is difficult to see how the improvement of that traffic, which is her avowed object, can possibly benefit Manchester.

Russia now exports annually to the Uzbek States goods to the value of about 300,000*l.*, and receives annually from those states about double the amount in raw produce and manufactures; Bokhara counting for about two thirds, both of the export and import trade; and the remaining third being divided between Khiva and Kokand. Of the export trade nearly one half consists of inferior cotton goods, a cheap but showy article being manufactured in the governments of Moscow, Vladimir, Kaluga, and Kostroma expressly for the Central Asiatic market; while of the import trade cotton forms at least three quarters, the larger moiety being the raw staple and yarn for which since the American Civil War there has been a great demand in Russia, while the smaller moiety is a stout and warm but plain fabric, the produce of Uzbek looms, which is greatly preferred by the Kirghiz, Cossacks, and Bashkirs to the cheaper prints and calicoes of Russian manufacture. But Russia now finds that, as the price of labour has sensibly increased, owing to the emancipation of the serfs, she cannot hope in future to supply the cotton goods required for the Central Asiatic market at anything like their former prices; and she sees, therefore, that unless she can devise some method of meeting this difficulty, she will run the risk of being undersold by the English manufacturers, who are striving to push their goods up the Afghan passes and across the Hindú-Kúsh to the valley of the Oxus. As far as the cost of transport is concerned there cannot be much difference between the route from Moscow to Bokhara, and the route to the same place from Karachi. The carriage of goods along the former line has been calculated at 18*l.* 10*s.* per ton; and any sensible reduction of this charge would therefore place the Russian goods in the Bokhara market at a corresponding advantage over the English. The great aim accordingly of Russia seems to be 'to establish spinning and weaving manufactories at a short distance from the Bokharian frontier;' probably at Tashkend itself; from which she would not only continue to supply the cheap and bright coloured goods suited to the local market, but which would also enable her, by the diminished cost of the raw material, to compete with the Uzbek manufacturer in the supply of the superior article affected by her own Mussulman subjects in the Steppe; and 'if at the same time she could establish a Russian factory at or near Bokhara itself, where the native growers might be instructed in the best method of cultivating the cotton plant, while

while the factory-owner would also exercise the function of a broker in condemning all cotton unfit for manufacture in Russia,' she seems to think that she might convert Central Asia into an almost exclusively cotton-producing country, reserving to herself all the profits of manufacture and subsequent traffic. It will be seen from this detail that Russia is now endeavouring to do for Central Asia, very much what the native mill-owners are attempting for Western India; but with this difference, that the Russian manufacturers in Turkestan would have a beneficial premium of 18*l.* 10*s.* per ton upon their goods, instead of the mere saving of 2*l.* or 3*l.* per ton freight from Liverpool to Bombay.*

We have not yet spoken of the prohibitive tariff which Russia still keeps up with regard to the woollen and cotton goods of England; but it is our firm belief that the more her hold upon the Uzbek States may be extended and confirmed the greater will be the difficulties thrown in the way of a trade with India. With the exception, indeed, of articles of tropical produce, such as indigo, opium, spices, coffee, and perhaps sugar, it is not likely that any Indian articles will be allowed to penetrate into Russian Turkestan, and we should fear even that the export of horses, silk, wool, and dried fruits, which are the principal

* This view of the Russian cotton-trade with Bokhara has been chiefly taken from Mr. Lumley's very excellent Report. It is ungracious, perhaps, to find any fault with a paper drawn up with such remarkable ability, and embodying information not easily accessible to the English reader; but we cannot help wishing that some of the young gentlemen in Downing Street, fresh from the honours of competitive examination, had been allowed to test the accuracy of the numbers before the Report in question was submitted to Parliament; in which case we should hardly have had two errors in the simple sum of adding up three sets of figures, in order to find the aggregate of the imports to Central Asia for the decennial period from 1850 to 1859 inclusive. The line in the report is as follows:—

Bokhara.	Khiva.	Kokand.	Total.
£1,607,937	+ 375,789	+ 18,731	= 1,902,447

properly 2,002,457.
See Reports of H. M.'s Secretaries of Embassy and Legation, No. 5, p. 314.

We fear that Mr. Davies was too sanguine in his view of the British trade with Central Asia as compared with the Russian trade. He says, p. 21, 'English cotton piece goods have to a great extent displaced those forwarded through Russia in the Bokhara and neighbouring markets,' but Vambéry in 1863 still found the Russians in almost complete possession of the Bokhara market, and Mr. Lumley dwells throughout his report on the difficulty which English manufacturers have found in opposing the low-class goods of Russia. As the balance of trade, however, with Russia is 100 per cent. in favour of Central Asia, there must be, as Mr. Lumley remarks, 'a considerable surplus balance of roubles for investment in the much prized, though as yet too inaccessible, fabrics and cutlery of England;' and if our manufacturers therefore will consult the peculiar tastes of the Central Asiatics, and the cost of transport through Afghanistan can be somewhat diminished, there will still be some chance of our competing successfully with Russia in the Bokhara market, so long as the country remains independent.

articles

articles that we now receive from that country would be in a great measure diverted to the north.

It now remains to consider the duty of England in the present crisis. We think enough has been said to show that Russia has no right—except the right of the strongest—to impose her rule upon the Uzbek States, and also that her nearer approach to India, however likely, is not desirable in the interests of either one country or the other. As far as can be judged from the tone and comments of the Indian press, there would seem to be coming on—even while Russia is still at so great a distance—that same disturbed and dangerous state of native feeling which was observable at the time of the first Persian siege of Herat, and which has been so well described by Kaye in his history of the Afghan war.

'Even in our own provinces,' he remarks, in narrating the events of 1837, 'these rumours of mighty movements in the countries of the North-West disquieted the native mind; there was an uneasy, restless feeling among all classes, scarcely amounting to actual disaffection, and perhaps best to be described as a state of ignorant expectancy—a looking outward in the belief of some coming change, the nature of which no one clearly understood.'

It has been suggested, in order to calm this troubled feeling—which is already making itself distinctly felt, and which may be expected to increase if left to the mere natural course of events—that the British Government should now form some engagement with Russia; either with regard to absolute immobility within

* 'History of the Afghan War,' vol. i., p. 290. We have no wish to discuss dangers which may not after all be realized, but it must be obvious that the nearer the Russians approach to India, the greater will be their disturbing influence, and the more difficult it will be to maintain order in the frontier districts. If indeed an army of 70,000 Europeans is required for the garrison of India under present circumstances, an augmentation of 50,000 would not be an extravagant estimate for our enhanced necessities when confronted with Russia on the Indus; and considering the strain put on our home resources to meet the present demand, where, let it be asked, is such an additional force to come from? There is one more point connected with this subject which seems deserving of notice, because great stress has been often laid on it, and because it seems likely to mislead the public. We mean the peaceful and enlightened character of the Emperor Alexander II., which is held to divest the Russian neighbourhood to India of all danger and to render it rather a source of strength and profit. When the Italian Parliament was exulting a few years back in having secured the good will of the Emperor Napoleon at the trifling cost of Nice and Savoy, Cialdini reminded it that the Emperor was not immortal, and that under his successors Italy might rue the day when she had consigned the keys of the country into the hands of its traditional enemy. Even so would we remind our readers that the Emperor Alexander is not immortal, that the traditional policy of Russia, as consecrated in the testament of Peter the Great, is hostile to the British power in the East; and that if we acquiesce in placing her in command of the Indian Caucasus, it may be a not less fatal error than Italy's surrender into the hands of France of the Passes of the Alps.

present

present limits, or with regard to certain prospective limits to be mutually agreed upon and notified beforehand, so as to obviate any further doubt or misconception of design; and if it were possible to forecast the map of Central Asia, as a skilful player prepares for 'le grand coup' at whist, this latter alternative would probably be the most successful,—as it would certainly be the most humane—way of solving the difficulty. But with the abnormal elements of calculation furnished by Kirghiz and Uzbek and Afghan nationalities, it seems hopeless to look for stability in any such arrangement of future relations. And with respect to the other plan, of a mutual guarantee against any further advance, the objections to it are of so obvious a nature as hardly to require to be recapitulated. Russia, in the first place, has already pledged herself to observe a certain definite frontier in the manifesto so often alluded to; and we should derive, therefore, little additional security from the formality of a reciprocal engagement. In the second place, it must be remembered that a convention, on the basis of the *uti possidetis*, would be manifestly unfair to England. We do not stand at all in the same position in regard to Russia as Russia occupies in regard to us. Our annexation of Bhootan, for instance, or the substitution of the direct for the indirect dependence of Cashmere could not possibly affect public opinion in Russia, or give the Russian Government any ground for interpellation; whereas the conquest of Khiva or Bokhara would doubtless very sensibly affect us in India by creating a vague impression in the native mind that our Asiatic supremacy was about to be challenged. And thirdly, it appears to us that it would be a suicidal policy on the part of England to place in the hands of Russia such an instrument of possible mischief as the right of interference in the rectification of our north-west frontier which she would derive from any mutual agreement to remain within our present limits. It would be, in fact, to invite rather than to stave off the threatened evil; to call up to the hall-door the wolf that is now merely prowling in the back-yard. On these united considerations, greatly as we desire to see a friendly intelligence prevailing between Russia and Great Britain, we sincerely trust we shall not be committed to any mutual engagement against an extension of frontier. If Russia is bent (as she probably is) on further encroachment, we must accept the position, but above all things, let us preserve an uncontrolled liberty of action, and be guided alone in our future relations with Central Asia by the exigency of the occasion, and an enlightened view of the real welfare of our Indian empire.

The great danger seems to be that, as Russia was led, in 1854,
by

by an erroneous estimate of the state of public feeling in England, which was judged to be essentially anti-warlike, to commit herself to a policy at Constantinople that ultimately led to war, so she may be deceived at present by the apparent apathy of the public on the one side and by the encouragement held out by the press upon the other, into a persuasion that the country at large can really look upon her advance towards the Hindu-Kûsh with approbation, or even with indifference. Were she assured of impunity in this respect, the difficulties of the enterprise would be more than half overcome; but if, on the contrary, it is made plain to her that every step that she advances is watched by England, as it certainly must be when our attention is once awakened, with a vigilant and scrutinising eye; and that in a case of this sort, where the vital interests of our Indian empire are at stake, the general feeling of the country will give a cordial support to whatever Government may be in power, we cannot believe that she will press forward in a policy which must certainly cast on her the odium of bad faith, and may lead to still more serious consequences.

So long as Khiva and Bokhara preserve their independence, there may not be occasion for any more active interference upon our part than a constant reference to Prince Gortchakoff's circular, and a continued protest against the promotion and decoration of contumacious commanders, who—in defiance of orders, as it is said, and to the manifest risk of the peaceful relations of the country—press forward from one conquest to another; but if to the final subjugation of Kokand is added an attempt to subvert the independence of the other Uzbeg States, —if Russia should take possession of the Oxus, as she has already taken possession of the Jaxartes, then, as her outposts will be in contact with the Afghan outposts along the whole line of the mountains from Mymenah to Badakhshan, it will become a question for serious consideration, whether, leaving Cabul and Ghazni, the scene of our old disasters, to struggle on in isolated anarchy, it may not be incumbent on us to secure a strong flanking position by the reoccupation of the open country of Shaul, of Candahar, and even of Herat. There is a strong impression abroad, amongst those best acquainted with the subject, that ultimately—not perhaps in this generation, but whenever Russian Turkestan shall include the basin of the Oxus, and a Russian Governor-General shall be enthroned at Bokhara—it will be necessary, for the due protection of the Punjab and the north-west provinces of India, that we should erect and hold first-class fortresses in advance of our present territorial border and on the most accessible line of attack; and it is thus satisfactory to

to find that the positions of Herat and Candahar, which precisely meet the military requirements of such an occasion, have been already pointed out by one of our most cautious diplomatists as the true political frontiers of India;* while it has been also shown that these districts may be administered with comparative ease, since the Doorání population—the only element of danger in Afghan government—is here outnumbered and neutralised by docile Hazárehs and pliant Parsíwáns, who gratefully remember our former beneficent rule, and would gladly welcome its return. It is to be hoped that we shall not prematurely take alarm. At present there is no pressing danger, no cause for unusual precautions; but the time may come when it will be our duty to remember that outworks are as necessary to the defence of empires as of fortresses, and that in this view Herat and Candahar are the Malakoff and Mamelon of our position in the East.

* See an excellent paper by Sir Justin Sheil in the Appendix to Lady Sheil's 'Life in Persia.'

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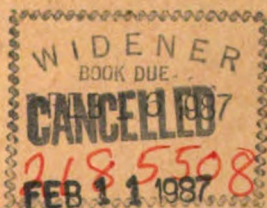
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